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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS
OF
JAMES SHIRLEY,

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS
OF
JAMES SHIRLEY,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED,

WITH NOTES

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq
AND
ADDITIONAL NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF SHIRLEY
AND HIS WRITINGS,

BY THE REV ALEXANDER DYCE

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL VI

CONTAINING

HONORIA AND MAMMON
CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE
THE ARCADIA.
THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE
A CONTENTION FOR HONOUR AND RICHES
THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY
CUPID AND DEATH
THE CONTENTION OF AJAX AND ULYSSES, &c •
POEMS

NEW YORK / RUSSELL & RUSSELL

1966

ERRATA.

Vol VI

p 2, line 2, for " 1562" read " 1659 "

p 47, line 14, for " *Alworth s*" read " *Master Alworth's* "

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HONORIA AND MAMMON.

HONORIA AND MAMMON] This "Moral, dressed in dramatic ornament," was published by Shirley in 1562, in 8vo. It is founded, as the writer observes on the opposite page, on the Interlude entitled the *Contention of Honour and Riches*, given in a subsequent part of this volume. It is addressed solely to the reader, and appears never to have been designed for the stage. If a poet may be trusted, this piece shut up the long list of Shirley's dramatic labours. The title of the old copy is, "*Honoria and Mammon Written by James Shirley*," with the mottoes

"Auri sacra fames, quid non mortalia cogis
Pectora ?

—— Et immensum gloria calcar habet "

CANDID READER.

A small part of this subject many years since had dropped from my pen ; but looking, at some opportunities, upon the argument, I thought some things more considerable might be deduced , and applying myself further, at times of recess, I felt it grow and multiply under my imagination nor left I it then, (the matter being so pregnant in itself,) till I formed it into such limbs and proportions as you now see it Modesty, after this, invited me to cover it, and to cut off many impertinences, and purge some humour, that sate, I confess, unhandsomely upon it

What is now presented, I hope, will appear a genuine and unforced moral, which, though dressed in dramatic ornament, may not displease, in the reading, persons of ingenuity, such whose nature is not to create prejudice where they intend a recreation , and in the confidence of that, I do not repent the superstructures I have made, my pains, nor expenses that have attended to bring it to this It is now public, to satisfy the importunity of friends I will only add, it is like to be the last, for in my resolve, nothing of this nature shall, after this, engage either my pen or invention

The reason why I make no particular dedication to any friend is, because I aim my general respect to all, whose favours and civilities have obliged me At this none will be offended, where none hath the precedence and to conclude with the most serious truth, I know not any that love me so little, whom the payment of my so mean addresses would satisfy as to clear me upon the account of his friendship Let this suffice at present from him, that is

Your Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Conquest, *a colonel,* }
Alworth, *a scholar,* } *lovers of lady Honoria*
Alamode, *a courtier,* }
Fulbank, *a citizen,* } *suitors to lady Mammon*
Maslin, *a countryman,* }
Traverse, *a lawyer, servant to Mammon and Honoria*
Squanderbag, *a captain*
Phantasm, *gentleman-usher to lady Mammon*
Dash, *Traverse's clerk*
A Doctor.
A Captain.
A Serjeant.
Marshal.
Citizens.
Porters.
Soldiers
Countrymen

Honoria.
Aurelia Mammon

SCENE, Metropolis , and twice in the Country.

HONORIA AND MAMMON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street

Enter on opposite sides, ALWORTH and PHANTASM.

Alw. 'Tis not far off I'll ask this gentleman —
Can you instruct me, sir, where the great lady,
Aurelia Mammon, lives ?

Phan. Yes, sir, I can

Alw. Pray do me the civility.

Phan Have you
Affairs with her, my friend in black ?

Alw. Have you
Relation to the lady, sir ?

Phan She owns me
A gentleman-usher With your pardon, sir,
Are not you inclining to a scholar ?

Alw. I have spent time i' the Academy.

Phan The Academy ! another beggar — I
Did think so by your serious face, your habit
Had almost cozen'd me, and your hair, they are
Of the more court edition — This is
A beggar of the upper form of learning. [*Aside.*
Your business with my lady ?

Alw If you please
To prepare my access —

Phan 'Tis to no purpose,
My lady keeps no library, no food
For book-worms, [sir,] I can assure you that

Learning is dangerous in our family ,
 She will not keep a secretary, for fear
 Of the infection

Alw Does she keep no fool ?

Phan Yes, yes, and knaves .

Alw I thought so ,

In which class is your name, I beseech you ?

Phan. We enjoy equal privileges, indeed the knave
 Makes somewhat more of's office , but my lady
 Is not so nice , so we can bring certificates
 That we are sound, and free from the infection
 Of books, or can lay down our understandings,
 And part with that unnecessary stuffing
 I' the head, (you know my meaning,) or renounce
 The impious use of human art and knowledge,
 We are in a capacity of employment
 Perhaps you may, on these terms, be admitted
 With your philosophy, and things about you,
 To keep her horse , do you observe ?

Alw A fair preferment

Phan The fittest here for men of art ; or if
 You can keep counsel, and negotiate handsomely
 The amorous affair of flesh and blood,
 There you may exercise your parts of rhetoric—
 How lies your learning that way ? 'tis an office
 Many grave persons have submitted to,
 And found it a smooth path to court preferment ;
 But she is here, I'll leave you to your fortune.

[*Exit.*

Enter AURELIA MAMMON

Mam With me ? your business ?

Alw The lady Honoria, madam, by me humbly
 Presents her service, and this paper to
 Your ladyship

Mam The lady Honour ! 'tis
 Some borrowing letter

Alw This is not civil

Mam I am so haunted with this mendicant Nobility!—at every ebb of fortune, I must be troubled with epistles from them. What's here? [*reads*]—You are a scholar

Alw I have studied
The arts.

Mam. Your lady writes as much, and would commend you
To my employment, but I want no chaplain.

Alw If you did, I cannot flatter, madam.

Mam I have known wiser men converted by
Preferment

Alw They were things that had no souls,
Or use of that bright entelecheia
Which separates them from beasts

Mam. I did expect
Hard words, and do commend the pure discretion
Of your most learned tribe, that think themselves
Brave fellows, when they talk Greek to a lady,
Next to the Goth and Vandal, you shall carry
The babble from mankind. Pray tell your lady,
Learning is out of fashion in my family

Alw Why should you be an enemy to arts?
The lamps we waste, and watches that consume
Our strength in noble studies, are ill paid
With this disdain, your smile would make us happy,
And, with your golden beam, strike [a] new day
Through learning's universe

Mam You but lose your time,
I know you are writing some prodigious volume
In praise of hunger, and immortal beggary
This may in time advance you to a pedant,¹

¹ ——— to a pedant, &c.] The lady Mammon is pleased to be facetious at the expense of the poor schoolmaster, and parson. One of the crying enormities, however, in the evil days in which this was written, was the scandalous rapacity of the patrons of church livings, who never failed to stipulate with the incumbent for the greater part of the value to themselves. This practice grew up with the Long Parliament.

8 HONORIA AND MAMMON. [*Act I.*

To whip the town-tops , or [a] gelded vicarage,
Some forty marks per annum, and a chambermaid,
Commended by your patron

Alw You are not worth

My anger, I should else—

Mam What, my sweet satire ?

Alw Present your ladyship with a glass, a true
one,

Should turn you wild to see your own deformity

Mam I prithee rail.—now for a storm—

Alw. I will not lose my temper on such a trifle.

[*Exit.*

Enter FULBANK and MASLIN

Mam But here are two come timely, to disperse
All cloudy thoughts, my diligent daily waiters.

Ful. Now poetry be my speed ! my noblest
mistress !

Mam What have you there, dear master Ful-
bank ?

Ful. Lines, that are proud to express your
beauty, madam

Mam. Bless me ! turn'd poet ? I must tell you,
servant,

Nothing in nature is more killing to me.

Ful Umph !

I see my lady Mammon is no wit.— [*Aside*

Do you think I made them ? I have an estate, madam

Mam I know you have fined for alderman

Ful. They were a foolish scholar's o' the town ,
And I made my address to be confirm'd
In your opinion, they were wretched things,
And like the starv'd composer The nine Muses,
I have read, madam, in a learned author,
Were but a knot of travelling, tawny gipsies,
'That liv'd by country canting, and old songs,
And picking worms out of fools fingers, which
Was palmistry, forsooth ! and for Apollo,
Whom they call'd father, a poor silly piper,

That kept a thatch'd house upon cuckold's hill,²
 Not far from Helicon, or old Bride-well,
 Where he sold switches, till his hut was burn'd
 One night by a tinker's nose, that lay in straw there;
 And he, for loss of this poor tenement,
 Ran mad, from whence came all the mighty stir
 Of that, which we now call poetic fury.

Mam 'Tis very likely

Mas Madam, by your leave,
 I am a countryman—what should a man lie for²—
 I ken no college learning, but I have
 Been whipp'd for Latin in my days, that have I,
 And have heard talk of the philosopher's stone
 Although I wear not velvet like his worship,
 My heart's embroidered with love, and I
 Defy the man that thinks me insufficient
 To do what's fitting to be done between
 You and I, madam, as the best *what-lack-you*
 Finical-fartical-cit within the walls.

Ful Take heed how you provoke me

Mas I'll provoke
 Any man living in the way of love

Re-enter PHANTASM.

Mam Did all the ladies sleep well?

Phan Yes, and their monkeys, madam, and
 have all

Their several thanks, and services remember'd
 To your ladyship— but, madam—

[*Exeunt Mam and Phan.*

Ful She has left us
 I'll find a time to make you sensible—

Mas. Me sensible?
 I defy thee

² — upon cuckold's hill, &c] These are but scurvy designations of the “*fonte caballino*” and the *bicipiti* Parnasso. this is a vein of humour in which Shirley greatly delights, and in which, to do him justice, he is always lively and satirical

Ful Be not rampant, and thank heaven
We are not arm'd.

Mas I scorn it

Ful Dar'st thou meet me?

Mas Yes, the next day after Simon and Jude,
I dare, when all your liveries go'a feasting
By water with your gally-foist and pot-guns,
And canvas whales, to Westminster.³ I am not
Afeard of your green Robin Hoods, that fright
With fiery club your pitiful spectators,
That take pains to be stifled, and adore
The wolves and camels of your company:
Next whom the children ride, who, innocent things,
What with the giants, and the squibs, and eating
Too many sugar-plums, take occasion to
Perfume their pageants, which your senators
Ride after in full scent

Ful Thou horrid lump
Of leather, coarse wool, ignorance and husbandry,
Most pitifully compounded ' thou that hast liv'd
So long a dunghill, till the [native] weeds
Had overgrown thee, and but ten yards off,
Cozen'd a horse that came to graze upon thee '
'Thou miserable thing, that wert begot
By the whole town, [that] dar'st call no man father,
Found in a hedge, but bred up in a stable,
Where, with the horse, thou didst divide the beans,
Dung like the beast, and wert as often curried '—
Thus bred, at one-and-twenty thou wert able
To write a legible sheep's mark in tai,
And read thy own capital letter, like a gallows
In a cow's buttock

Mas Suffer this?

³ This most humorous and graphic description of the land and water pageants of the good citizens, is by no means a caricature, scarcely an exaggeration. In some of the "Entertainments" come down to us, and which were given, on different occasions, in honour of Prince Henry, almost every absurdity here noticed is gravely embodied and displayed.

Ful. And more
 Fortune, conspiring with thy own ill nature,
 That durst be damn'd for money, made thee rich,
 And then the country's curses fatten'd thee,
 Time, and thy sordid sins, made thee at last
 High constable, and, now thou hast the impu-
 dence—

Mas. Thou liest! *[Strikes Ful]*

Re-enter PHANTASM with two swords

Phan. Fear not me, gentlemen, I am your friend,
 A friend to both your honours *[gives a sword to each]* Here, be noble,
 You have a just cause, and a gallant mistress
 —Persons of your quality to fight thus
 For bloody noses 't to't like gentlemen,
 And draw blood handsomely, he that gets the victory
 Shall have my lady, and a pardon, though
 It cost her half a million, so I leave you —
 Here will I stay, and observe both their valours.

[Conceals himself]

Ful We are betray'd

Mas I do not like these tools *[Aside.*

Ful It is not for my credit to be kill'd,
 If he have but the courage to advance,
 I am no merchant-tailor of this world,
 And yet he looks less rampant *[aside.]*—Sirrah
 Maslin—

Mas I were best deliver up my cold iron here.
[Aside]

Ful. He does approach.

Mas. And yet I will not *[aside]*—Fulbank,
 I am of thy opinion, we are both
 Betray'd, for my own part, although I carry
 No flesh that fears a sword, yet I do not
 Affect to have devices put upon me

Ful 'Tis something thou hast said, this may be
 a plot,

Some third man has projected, by our ruins
To make his path smooth to my lady Mammon,
And thus her squire promotes it

Mas.—A conspiracy!

I read it in the rascal's face, *to't*, quotha,
Like gentlemen! No, they shall not laugh at me;
An my lady had a mind to have my throat cut,
She shall excuse me.

Ful To my wishes! [*aside*]—But I am not
satisfied

We can, without some blood, come off with honour.
You know th' affront was mine, and though I
would not

Have my revenge writ in too deep a crimson,
Yet something must be done, it will be public,
And we may still be laugh'd at

Mas. Thou say'st right,

Things cannot well be clear'd without some blood.
I have consider'd, and you shall be satisfied

Ful So, I have made fine work, the boar will
fight now [*Aside.*

Mas. The credit of a wound will serve, thus,
then—

Ful Stay, I have a device will bring us both off
Why may not we consent to give each other
A careless wound in the leg, or arm, and so
March off with honour?

Mas This knack was in my very thoughts, 'tis
excellent.

Ful But since I nam'd it first, 'tis my invention,
And I will strike the first blow.

Mas. Hang't! I pass not,
But gently, then, a scratch i' the arm, or hand's
Enough, a small thing does it gently, oh!
Thou hast cut off my sword hand, this is foul play,
I cannot hold my tool now. [*Drops his sword*

Ful But stoop to reach it,
I'll cut thy head off, i' the field we must

Use all advantages. This weapon's mine too ,
Farewell, and say I have used thee honourably.
[Exit

Re-enter PHANTASM

Phan Ha ! ha ' ha ' Are you hurt, sir ?
I see the alderman has outwitted you
Let me see, ha !—A scratch, a very scratch [*Aside*
Bear up, there may be ways to your revenge ,
Leave not your applications to my lady
He counsels this that will assist you But
I ever thought your habit much beneath
The person that should court so great a lady ;
It smells too much o' the team I know you are rich,
Air, air your gold, and make your body cluquant ,
The rest commit to fate and me Consult
Your tailor.

Mas And my surgeon Sir, I thank you

Phan You do not know how I am contriving
for you

Mas. That very word has cur'd me , I'll about it
[Exit

Phan So '
When there's no other mischief to be done,
Let them go on, and love my lady Mammon ,
I'll assist one, in hope the t' other may
Go hang himself , and then it will be hard
To judge which of the two has the better fortune
[Exit

SCENE II.

A Room in Honoria's House.

Enter HONORIA between ALAMODE and CONQUEST

Ala. Bless me but with one smile , if you did know
With what devotion my soul looks on you,

How, next to my religion, I have placed
If not above it, your diviner beauty—

Hon Your name is Alamode, a courtier?

Ala 'Tis sweeten'd by Honoria's breath

Con I have

No stock of perfum'd words to court you, madam,
Can you affect a man? a soldier?

When I have march'd up to a breach, which look'd
Like hell, with all his sulphurous flames about it,
My heart was fix'd on honour, and I took

From gaping wounds the fleeting souls about me
Into my own, and fought with all their spirits;

The mangled bodies that I trod upon,
(For now the dead had buried all the earth,)

Gave me addition to heaven, where, in

My strong imagination, I saw

Thee from thy chariot dropping down a garland.

Hon You are a colonel?

Con I profess a soldier, madam

Hon It appears, a bold one — Art thou come,
Alworth?

Enter ALWORTH.

What said the lady Mammon? [*Alw whispers her*

Ala One that has some relation to her person,
They call him Alworth, and I have observ'd
She looks on him with favour above a servant,
He has not the impudence to court his lady?

Hon. So peremptory? What a strange monster
wealth is!

I have but made a trial of her friendship,
And had no meaning thou should'st leave me,
Alworth.

Depend upon my care, I know your parts,
And shall not be forgetful of their merit:
But thou art come most seasonable to relieve me.

Ala. I do not like their whispering.

Alw If you please, madam, to absent yourself,
Leave me to the excuse

Hon Do so, dear Alworth

Alw I am happy
When you command my service

Hon Be confident,
I keep a silent register of all,
And shall reward them

Alw Your own virtues guide you [*Exit Hon*]

Con My lady's gone—

Alw But has commanded me to let you know
Her resolution, she hath found you both
Ambitious of honour, both deserving,
And such an equal furniture of merit,
She has no art to reconcile her thoughts
Into one fortunate choice

Ala 'Tis very strange

Alw The Gordian, which great Alexander could
not

By subtilty dissolve, his sword untwisted
I use her own words, gentlemen, you may
Infer, that you must either quit your courtship,
Or, by yourselves agree who best deserves her,
And dare[s] do most to merit such a mistress

Ala How ' best deserves her?

Con And dares do most

Alw I should interpret this, to fight for Honour,
But you can best expound, and so I leave you [*Exit*]

Con What says my perfum'd Alamode to this?
Will not a sword quite spoil your satin doublet,
And let in too much air? your lips and language,
Bath'd in the oil of jessamin, will not carry her
You have worn a sword thus long, to shew the hilt,
Now let the blade appear.

Ala It shall I have yet
No ague, I can look upon your buff,
And punto beard, yet call for no strong water.
I am no tavern gull, that want protection,

Whom you with oaths do mortify, and swear
 Into the payment of your ten pound surfeits ,
 Upon whose credit you wear belt and feather,
 Top and top-gallant Go to your Lindabrides
 I' the new brothel, she's a handsome leveret ,
 If she deny free quarter, tear her trinkets,
 Make cullice of the matron , yet be friends
 Before the constable come in, and run
 O the ticket for the dear disease

Con Go on, sir ,

I will have patience three minutes longer,
 To hear thy scuril wit, and then correct it

Ala Answer but one cool question - if Honoria
 Should possibly descend to think well of thee,
 And by some philtre should be brought to love thee,
 What jointure could we make? what's the per
 annum?

Con Have you done yet ?

Ala 'Tis not impossible

You may have a catalogue of towns and leaguers ,
 The names of bridges broken down, your nose
 In time may keep them company in landscape
 You will tell of bulwarks, barricados, forts,
 Of outworks, half moons, spurs, and parapets,
 Of turnpikes, flankers, cats and counter scarps ?⁴
 These things will hardly pawn with Jew or Christian
 But I'll come closer to you you may have
 In ready wounds some twenty, I'll admit,
 And, in diseases, can assure her forty ,
 This will not do she cannot eat a knapsack,
 Or carry baggage, lie in your foul hut,
 And roast the pullen, for whose precious theft

⁴ *Of turnpikes, flankers, cats and counter-scarps,]* By *turnpikes*, probably, are meant the revolving bars placed to prevent horses from breaking into the foot-way, and by *cats*, the pointed spikes thrown on the road to check the advance of cavalry —but this perhaps is too gravely taken, as he is evidently sporting with military terms For *counter-scarps*, the old copy reads *counter-scarfs* And here too, it may be right

You and the gibbet fear to be acquainted.
 If you return into your wholesome country,
 Upon your honourable wooden legs,
 The houses of correction have but thin
 Accommodations, nor the hospitals

Con It does appear by all this impudence,
 And little wit pilfer'd, and put together,
 You do not know me

Ala Cry you mercy, sir
 You are a great field-officer, are past
 These petty things, but if these times preserve
 Their smooth complexion, it will not be
 Ten hundred thousand pistols to a stiver,
 But you may run this gantlope once again

Con You imagine you have stung me now, and
 that

I think myself concern'd in this keen character
 I tell thee, wretched thing, thou dost not reach
 A soldier, 'tis a name three heavens above
 Thy soul to understand, and 'twere a sin
 Would lessen our own worth, to make thee know it
 You are a courtier

Ala Very good

Con Nay, rather,

A very impious one, you shall confess it,
 Or I will cut your throat, this is no *canting*

Ala Very fine'

Con Nay, we know you are a fine gentleman,
 A taffeta-satin-plush-embroidered-
 Laced-scarlet-tissue-cloth o'-bodkin-devil
 Pride is thy meat and drink, thy library,
 And thy religion, thy new clothes only
 Bring thee to church, where thou dost muster all
 The fashions, and the trinkets, to the last
 New button, upon which thy conscience sits,
 And, as the devil guides it, dost condemn,
 Or save the people, that done, not the windows
 'Scape thee, for thou wilt quarrel with the pictures,

And find fault with the Apostles, for not having
 A better tailor : these, sir, are your virtues,
 Your high, and holiday devotions !
 What moral vices follow in the week
 Is best known to the devil, your close friend,
 That keeps the catalogue , yet one touch of them .
 Thy lust has no bounds , when thy blood's afire,
 Thou leap'st all like a satyr, without difference
 Of kindred, or acquaintance , and were those
 But summon'd, whom thy body hath infected,
 They would stuff an hospital, and outstink the
 pest-house

Ala And yet I walk upon these poor supporters

Con How long the surgeon knows

Ala These all my faults ?

Con No , those are but thy peccadilloes,
 Thy malice is behind , thou wilt not take
 A bribe t' undo a nation, sell thy countrymen
 To as many persecutions as the devil,
 Or Dutchmen, had invented at Amboyna !
 With all this stock of villamy, thou hast
 An impudence—

Ala I'll hear no more

Con A little I'll entreat you , all is but
 A preface to your beating, which must follow ,
 Your tribe will bear it

Ala Then have at you, sir [*They make a pass*

Con You are very mumble, courtier

Ala As you see

Con Good monsieur quicksilver,
 You may be fix'd

Ala And your arrears be paid

 [*Another pass , Ala is thrown down, and
 disarmed*

Con. What think you now ?

Ala It is your fortune, sir

Con You're at my mercy , ask your life.

Ala I scorn it

Con I'll kill you then.

Ala A boy may do as much

At this advantage

Con Will you not ask your life?

Ala No, 'tis not worth it

Con An't be not worth your asking, 'tis not worth
My taking at this posture. There's your weapon,
Rise, use it again

Ala It shall be thus to render it.
Though I was not so base to beg my life,
Yet, since you have given it me, I scorn to em-
ploy it

'Gainst one that was the master on't

Con This is gallantry

Ala You taught it first.

Con In spite of all the widows in the world,
We will be friends

Ala I meet it, colonel

Con And for the lady Mammon—

Ala We'll take our chance

Con A match! now let us to the tavern

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II SCENE I

A Room in Mammon's House

Enter FULBANK and PHANTASM

Phan. I think I have brought your business well
about, sir

Ful. Thou hast oblig'd me everlastingly
Nay, nay, be covered; thou art my best friend

Phan It was but justice to advance your merit
With all the rhetoric I had, for where
In prudence could my lady Mammon place

Herself with more advantage to her fame ?
 A widow of a thousand pound per annum,
 With some few present bags of musty gold,
 Old plate, and hungry household-stuff, would serve
 The country well enough

Ful Excellent Phantasm !

Phan. Where the report of building a free-school,
 And now and then an alms-house for old women,
 With five teeth and a half among sixteen,
 Would make a mighty noise, and the poor hinds
 Wonder there's so much money left in nature
 The city is Her only sphere of glory

Ful Right ! very right !

Phan Here, my lady Mammon—
 Your's now, as things are ordered,—

Ful Good.

Phan May have high and noble ways to employ
 her treasures

Do things above the vulgar admiration ,
 Surround the city with a wall of silver,
 Transmute dull Leaden-hall to gold, rebuild
 The great cathedral of St Paul's with porphyry,
 And clap so bright a spire upon't, shall make
 The seaman afar off wonder what new
 And never-setting star heaven hath created,
 To make the day eternal in this island.

Ful My own Phantasm !

Phan There is no end, sir, of her wealth If you
 Have but the patience to spend, you may
 Outdo the Roman luxuries

Ful I'll give thee my gold chain

Phan. Oh, no, it may do you better service, sir,
 'Bout your own neck hereafter. For all this
 Infinite treasure that she brings you, sir,
 What jointure do you make her ? you are mortal

Ful I have thought of that ,
 I will secure my whole estate upon her,
 Beside her own ; I have no kindred that

I care for, they are poor , and as my pride,
While I am living, will not look upon them,
At death it will be wisdom to forget them

Phan It would endear my lady much, if you
Surprise her with this act, before she think on't ,
I would have you do things gallantly

Ful You shall
Give the direction to my counsel.

Phan His name ?

Ful A very honest, able, eminent person,
One master Traverse See it done yourself

Phan My lady will take it well, without all
doubt, sir

Ful But shall I engage your trouble ?

Phan 'Tis an honour ,
I'll give him order to despatch all presently
He is a very honest man, you say ?

Ful He's right , I know him *intus et in cute*.

Phan My lady, sir ! Leave things to me.

Enter MAMMON

Ful My most divine Aurelia !

Mam Dear master Fulbank,
I have no happiness but in your presence
When shall the work be perfect ?

Ful I was considering,
It would become the glory of my bride,
To have some state and triumph at our marriage ,
I know the city will expect we should
Accept some entertainment, perhaps pageants,
And speeches, to congratulate our nuptial

Mam 'Twill please me much.

Phan There may be prejudice in these delays

Ful Oh, sir, the state is all — What thinks your
ladyship ?

We will have tilting too, and feats of chivalry
At court, where I'll defend my Aurelia princess,
In the gilt armour that I mustered in,

22 HONORIA AND MAMMON. [*Act II.*

And the rich saddle of my own perfuming.
 I'll have my squires, my plumes, and my devices,
 And with my lance encounter the whole *Mirror*
Of Knighthood, and compel the foreign princes
 To hang up all the tables of their mistresses,
 As trophies to my most victorious Mammon

Phan Without some cure, he will be mad im-
 mediately [*Aside*

Enter ALAMODE, reading a letter, followed by a
Servant.

Ala. Present my humblest service to Honoria,
 Say I am all obedience to her commands,
 Were I in heaven, this invitation
 Would have the power to draw me thence, I kiss
 Her fairest hand This for your favour

[*Gives Serv money.—Exit Serv.*

Master Fulbank!

Ful Please you to know my lady, sir?

Ala. If I mistake not, the lady Aurelia, widow
 To the late high treasurer, sir Omnipotent Mam-
 mon [*Salutes her*

But are you master of this rich Peru?

Ful She will please to own me, ha?

Mam. It is but justice.

Ala. A thousand streams of joy flow in your
 bosoms!

I'll take some fortunate hour to visit you,
 And, with an humble lip, print my devotions
 On your white hand

Mam. You'll do me an honour, sir

Ala Some high affairs compel this rude depar-
 ture,

But you have mercy to excuse your servant [*Exit.*

Ful. What heaps of words some men have got
 together,

To signify nothing!

Phan. How do you like this gentleman?

Ful. These courtiers are another sort of flesh-flies
That haunt our city dames , but we must wink,
Or lose our charter

Phan. Bless the Body Politic'

Enter MASLIN in rich clothes, but fantastic

Mas. By your leave, gentlemen

Ful What pageant's this?

Mas Where do you think I have been, madam ?

Mam At the broker's

Mas At the exchange, by these silk stockings —
Master usher—a word to the wise,
If they will fit your rolling-pin, they're paid for ,
Perhaps the wages you receive, in your
Relation to my lady, will not find you
Convenient vanities.—Now I'm for you, madam.

Mam In good time

Mas I wanted but your hand,
I could have fitted you with gloves, but here are
Some trifles for the finger , you must wear
This diamond, and this ruby

Mam Do you understand
What you do, sir ?

Mas And here's a casting-net of pearl

Mam A carkanet ? these will deserve—

Mas Tell not me of desert, I hate it perfectly ,
Hang toys and yellow rubbish that paid for them '
How do you like my clothes ?

Ful Sir, I am concern'd to thank you for these
favours

Mas You'

Prithce away, I have nothing to say to thee

Ful. We have no other gratitude, sweetheart,
But to invite him to our wedding.

Mas Wedding !—Phantasm

Phan. An you had come but half an hour sooner,
This very shape had done't.

Mas. Do not, do not make me mad too soon.

Ful. You have been very bountiful, and we pray
Your noble presence at our festival,
Which we have deferr'd, to be attended with
Some triumph, such as may become the city,
And my dear lady's honour —Is't not so,
My America? Look how the oyster gapes!
Leave him to chew his country cud — Come,
 madam [*Exeunt Ful. and Mam*

Phan. Sir, I confess—

Mas And be hang'd! I am undone, and I could
cry now

Phan Sir,

You have been at a great charge to go without her,
Such rings, and carkanet, beside the cost
Of this fine habit!—for your bounty, sir,
Bestow'd on me, the unworthiest of your servants,
I have a gratitude, if you please to accept it.

Mas. What is't? a halter or a knife, to cure me,
Or a comfortable poison?

Phan 'Tis the first

You nam'd, a most convenient, neatly twisted
Halter, for I do see your inclinations,
And shall commend your fortitude, beside,
'Twill shew a brave contempt upon their scorns,
And who knows how the example, sir, may spread
To cure some other madmen that love widows
You have my judgment and the cord for nothing,
Lose not the nick of the next beam you come at,
No way like this to be high-constable

Mas Here, take my clothes, I will be mad,
 and hang

Myself immediately—and yet I will consider,
Till the air be a little warmer, when I have

* ——— *confess—and be hang'd!* is a proverbial expression which occurs in Shakspeare, and indeed in most of our old dramatists, who appear to have found some pleasantry in it, when applied as in the text

Cut Fulbank's throat, 'tis but a hanging afterwards.
'Tis good to be malicious, and wise,
Some notable revenge would be worth all
My cost, and then a fico for the devil ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

*A Room in Honoria's House -- A table, with a
cabinet upon it*

Enter ALWORTH and ALAMODE

Alw Please you to have a little patience,
I shall acquaint my lady that you're come, sir.

Ala. Before you go, dear sir,—I know your
prudence,
And near employment with my lady, has
Endear'd you to partake some of her counsels,
You shall oblige a very humble servant,
To let me know how she affects,—you reach
My meaning,—by what motive am I sent for ?

Alw My lady keeps the key of her own cabinet,
But if you'll have my judgment on the scheme,
I think my lady will this day determine
Her choice, I incline the rather to this judgment,
Because the colonel is sent for too
My attendance is expected, sir, your pardon

Ala Ha ! music !

[*A Song within, in praise of a Courtier*
I like this well

Re-enter ALWORTH with CONQUEST

Alw My lady will appear [sir] presently,
I'll give her knowledge, if you please.

Con Your favour, sir,
You are learned beyond books, what's your opinion
Of my lady, in relation to things at present ?
What do you think of me ?

Alw. My thoughts are much
 Too narrow to conclude your worth, which left
 An object for divine Honoria's wisdom,
 Must only take from her a worthy character
 And just reward [Music]

A Song within, in praise of a Soldier.

Con I like this preface
Ala. My noble colonel, your servant

Enter HONORIA, attended

Hon Excuse the trouble that I give you, gentlemen,
 You're welcome, and, thus knit into a friendship,
 Your persons have more grace and shine upon
 them —
 Some chairs—pray sit I see you both preserve
 Your fair respects to honour, and I have,
 After some pause, and serious dispute
 Within myself, collected now at last,
 Upon whose person to repose myself,
 My fortune, and my fame, and since but one,
 (Where many may deserve,) can wear the garland,
 The loser must content himself with his fate,
 And wait a kinder providence

Con 'Tis but justice

[*She takes a wreath from the cabinet*]

Hon This wreath of bays, emblem of victory,
 Must crown his head to whom I fall a conquest.
 Forgive the ceremony.

Con Oh, 'tis very pleasing

Ala I like it well, madam, and commend your
 fancy

Hon You, sir, were bred up in the school of
 honour,
 The court, this may not unbecome your temples,
 [*She places the wreath on Alamode's head.*]

Wise courtiers are the jewels of a crown,
 The columns and the ornaments of state,
 Fitted with parts, and piety to act,
 They serve the power for justice, not themselves :
 Their faith the cabinet, in which is laid
 The prince's safety, and the nation's peace,
 The oracles, and the mysteries of empire ,
 Men born above the sordid guilt of avarice,
 Free as the mountain air, and calm as mercy.
 Born without eyes, when the poor man complains
 Against the great oppressor, without hands,
 To take the bloody price of man's undoing ,
 But keeping at each sense a court of guard,
 Draws fear from love, and teaches good by example
Ala Divine Honoria !

Hon You must give me leave
 To try how it becomes his brow [*Takes the wreath
 from Alamode's head and places it on Con-
 quest's*]—Methinks
 With the same grace it dwells upon his head
 Does he not look like mighty Julius now,
 When he return'd triumphant from the Gauls,
 Or bringing home the wealthy spoils of Egypt,
 Pontus, and Africa ? Allow him but
 The same commands, and men to fight, why may not
 His valour equal what is fam'd in story,
 Achiev'd by the great souls of Rome and Carthage ?
 A soldier merits first to be call'd man,
 By whom not only courts, but kingdoms flourish,
 Unto whose several offices the world
 Owes all the great and glorious names of honour.
 How would the age grow rusty, and the soul
 Of commonwealths corrupt with ease, and surfeits,
 Should not the sword call them to exercise,
 And sweat out their unmanly luxuries,
 By acting things worth envy, even of princes !
 The honour of the gown, without his sword,
 Will run itself into contempt, and laws

Are not good made, but while the sword secures
them

The court must wear no silk, nor the proud city
Make the sea groan with burden of her wealth,
Did not the active soldier, with expense
Of his dear blood, expose himself abroad,
Their convoy, and security at home.

Con. I am transported

Hon. Give me the same favour,
To let me look a little on this chaplet,
To which I have annex'd myself a label

[*Takes off the wreath*

Methinks the trifle looks as it had lost
Some verdure since I took it from your heads
The courtier and the soldier both inviting
In such a high degree of merit, hinders
The progress I should make, but, pardon me,
I shall soon quit the labyrinth

Con. What's the meaning?

Hon. I would you were not two, or that one had
Less of desert when you are both in balance
Have you no art, gentlemen, to contract
Yourselves into one person?

Ala. 'Tis not possible.

Hon. Think you so? It is worth the experi-
ment - -

Come hither, Alworth

Alw. Madam

Hon. Nay, come nearer -

This is a scholar, gentlemen, and the cloud
He wears remov'd, for he's no more a servant,
May bring him into a civil competition,

[*Places the wreath on his head.*

Methinks it fits him - your opinion?

Con. We are

In a fair way to be ridiculous,
What think you?—Chaus'd by a scholar!

Ala. Are you in earnest, madam?

Hon I repent not
 The placing of it there In him do meet
 The courtier and the soldier , at least
 He's not without the best capacity
 Of both your worths, when they have brightest
 lustre.

Ala There is no remedy ,
 Would I had Mammon !

Hon. Gentlemen, stay, and hear the scholar's
 character

Con No, thank you, madam, we have heard
 too much—

Fortune has given you laurel, and us willow
 May your wreath flourish, sir !

[*Exeunt Con and Ala*

Alw Soul of my muse ! what active unknown fire
 Already doth thy Delphic wreath inspire !
 O' the sudden, how my faculties swell high,
 And I am all a powerful prophecy !
 Sleep, ye dull Cæsars, Rome will boast in vain
 Your glorious triumphs , one is in my brain
 Great as all then's, and circled with thy bays,
 My thoughts take empire o'er all lands and seas
 Proof against all the planets, and the stroke
 Of thunder, I rise up Augustus' oak
 Within my guard of laurel, and, made free
 From age, look fresh still, as my Daphnean tree
 My fancy's narrow yet, till I create
 For thee another world, and, in a state
 As free as innocence, shame all poets' wit,
 To climb no higher than Elysium yet ,
 Where the pale lovers meet, and teach the groves
 To sigh, and sing bold legends of their loves
 We will have other flights, and taste such things
 Are only fit for sainted queens and kings
 All that was earth falls off, my spirit's free,
 I have nothing left now, but my soul and thee

[*Honoria takes off the wreath.*

Hon What means this ecstasy? this was not meant.

Unless you use my favours with less insolence,
I can repent, and frown them back to nothing
Have you forgot your distance? Can a smile,
And this green trifle, forfeit your discretion,
Or make me less, than when you were my servant?
I look you should be humble still.

Alw. Good heaven!

What unexpected, most prodigious cloud,
With his black wings, hath in a minute veil'd
The brightest day that ever smiled upon me!
Did not you place it here?

Hon. It is confess'd,
As an encouragement to your virtue, sir,
No conquest of Honoria; yet you triumph,
And make me blush as I had courted you.

Alw Oh, do not charge my thoughts with such
a stain,
This might deserve your anger, and vouchsafe me
The boldness to say, madam, if you punish
My hasty application of your favours,
You gave me the encouragement to be guilty:
It is a tyranny to cherish servants,
And punish their obedience.

Hon But when flatter'd
By pride, which darks the soul, you challenge
And measure the reward by your own fancy,
You lose the noblest recompense of service,
And merit but the hire of common duties.
'Tis possible that gold may satisfy
My debt to your employment.

Alw. Till this minute
I was not lost, but having heard this, madam,
You must do something, like a miracle,
To save me now — I dare condemn your gold,
And am compell'd to ask your justice, what
Action, since I had reference to Honour,

Look'd with a mercenary stain upon it ?
 Gold is a pay for souls of dark complexion
 I serv'd you for yourself, and, since I'm thought
 Beneath the merit of your smile, I'll make
 Myself above the price of sordid contracts ,
 For I can with as much ease despise your wealth,
 As I can shuft the air. I take my leave,
 And can pray for you in a wilderness

Hon Come back , this minute every cloud is
 vanish'd

That did present displeasing forms , I find
 Thy soul is pure : forgive this trial , thou hast
 Deserved me best.

Alw I dare not understand you now

Hon The language is not hard

Alw I want a name, to call this blessing by.
 Then I may kiss your hand , and may I not,
 Madam, approach your lip, and be forgiven ?
 Now I begin to doubt—

Hon My faith ?

Alw That I am not awake , or, if I be,
 That I am short-liv'd, and must soon dissolve
 Under this storm of happiness Ha' 'tis come,
 And I have lost my courage o' the sudden
 Your pardon, madam, something gathers here
 That would surprise my heart I am asham'd on't
 [Faints]

Hon Who waits ?

Enter Servant

Contribute your best help to his support ,
 Convey him gently to his chamber—
 Run for physicians—thy good genius guard thee. •

Alw [recovering]—I am not worth your fears

Hon And worth my love

Alw That very word should cure me

Hon I have been

Too much, I fear, unkind, to both our dangers
 [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I

A Room in Traverse's House — A Table, with bottles and glasses

TRAVERSE, seated at his table, with books, DASH attending.

Trav Wait at the door, my clients are so numerous

And pressing with their suits, they almost stifle me
Let me enjoy the air of my own chamber—

I think I have lost some lungs in the last cause,
Let me indulge a little to repair them.

A glass of the Greek wine th' Italian merchant
Presented me, and let the Term go on,

I'll drive the law at leisure, and o'ertake it

[*Dash fills wine into a glass*]

So, so ' this looks sprightly

Be careful of this treasure, 'tis my blood,

Waste not one drop, upon thy life I charge thee

[*Dash privately drinks from the bottle.*]

Dash Waste, quotha '

You shall not prove a waste, I'll warrant you.

Trav So, so ' remove

Dash Sir. your idolaters, the Writs, are come.

Enter Writs '

Trav. The weather's hot, let no more spirits enter.

Now, like the sovereign bee, methinks I sit

In my prodigious hive, surveying all

My wing'd, industrious people, bringing honey,

And making wax, more precious than a trade

' *Enter Writs*] A cant name, I suppose, for the attorneys clerks, who flocked to his chambers with fees for legal advice and instructions Here the clerks of Traverse himself seem to be meant.

To both the Indies. My good emissaries,
And faithful spirits of the law, descend
To your infernal shades, until I call you.

[*Exeunt Writs*

Dash [at the door.]—A gentleman desires to
speak with you, sir,

From the lady Mammon

Trav Admit him

Enter PHANTASM

Dash What a fine thing this term is !
And what an ungodly time the long vacation !

Phan Sir, I'll not hold you long, I know you
have business

There have pass'd some overtures of love and marriage

Between your city client, master Fulbank,
And the mistress that I serve, the lady Mammon ,
And you should draw a deed to settle on her
His whole estate, if she survived, as jointure—

Trav. I understand you, sir

Phan I am glad you do ,—this, sir , is his desire,
And to have all despatch'd with expedition.

Trav Very well

Phan But the reason of my coming is,
To desire you, sir, to let all this alone.

There is another thing that will concern

You more materially

Trav Your meaning ?

Phan You are not married

Trav I enjoy a freedom

Phan My lady Mammon has a vast estate,
And is a widow , you do understand ?

Trav Her name is precious to the world

Phan The world's an ass you look like a wise
man ,

You have a good face, and a handsome person
Under a gown , you have a good estate too ,

I am a servant, that have credit with her,
 By my relation, and I have no mind,
 The city mule, your client [, sir,] should break
 His back with burden of his gold · in short,
 I wish you well, and if you have the confidence
 To make a motion for yourself, this high
 And mighty widow may be your's I am plain.

Trav Say you so ?

Phan. I'll bring her to you, and prepare her too.
 Have I been tedious, sir ?

Trav My better angel !

Phan Legions attend my lady ²—Trouble not
 Your head why all this kindness from a stranger,
 I had a revelation to do thus,
 Have a strong faith, and think upon't your servant !
 If within half an hour she visit you,
 Think it no dream, and thank me afterwards,
 Now leave your wonder, and be wise [*Exit*

Trav Can this be true ? 'tis not impossible.
 This is a pretty vision Would I had her !
 If she appear, I may believe, and prosper

Enter MASLIN

Dash The tide is coming in
 Master Maslin, the high-constable, a good man,
 And full of causes.

Trav. What intrusion's this ?

Mas I have given a sop to Cerberus, your door-
 keeper

Trav Oh, master Maslin, you are become a
 stranger

Mas 'Tis not for want of love to be at law.
 Your worship knows I am apt to trouble you,
 And the whole county where I live

Trav Your business ?

² Legions attend my lady'] Phantasm is punning on the word *angel*, the name of a coin

Mas. Sir, it is extraordinary, and I desire,
Beside your learned worship's fees, to pay
For expedition

Trav You speak reason

Mas I do abound in reason Look you, sir,
[*Shews gold*

'Tis all of this complexion ; here's a piece
For every day till the next Term begin,
And two for every day it lasts.

Trav Have a care of your health, good sir.

Mas And you of your spectacles

Trav. What must I do for this ?

Mas. Do ? you must undo
A friend of mine

Trav. A friend ?

Mas We are all friends in law, sir.
Never did man suffer so fast an injury,
And therefore take him to your legal malice

Trav Has he kill'd your father ?

Mas Worse, [sir,] worse !

Trav Made a whore of your sister ?

Mas Worse than that

Trav Ravish'd your wife ?

Mas Worse than all that, and yet this comes
the nearest ,

He has cheated me of my wench , a widow, sir,
That has more money than all your profession
Has got since the dissolution of the abbies
In short, this is the case . Fulbank, the city gulf,
Has swallowed my lady Aurelia Mammon

Trav O, cannibal !

Mas Devour'd my widow, wife
That should have been , this man I hate, this man
Must be undone, and there's part of the money

Trav The lady Aurelia Mammon ?

Mas That very polecat , but I must tell you, sir,
They are not married yet , if you have now
A dainty devil to forbid the banns—

Trav. Although this be a case, more pertinent
To the court ecclesiastical, yet let me
Consult my lawgiver. [*Turns his books*]

Mas. Sir, so I may
Be [but] reveng'd, I stand not much upon't
Who has this Mammon, let the devil take her,
Or your worship take her, 'tis all one to me

Trav. Hum! I shall stretch a point of law for
you
You shall have your desire, I do expect
Her presence instantly

Mas. Is that a conjuring book? *Expect her instantly!*

[*Trav.*] Now I'll pronounce you master of your
wishes,
For you shall have—

Mas. The widow?

Trav. What is sweeter than the widow,
You, sir, shall have revenge, and, master Maslin,
To vex him more, (do you observe?) I will have
the widow

Myself

Mas. You will! and what shall I have?

Trav. Sir, you shall have revenge, revenge, the
joy
Of flesh and blood, life and delight of nature,
The poor man's luxury, and the rich man's bath,
Above all wealth or widows, sir. Master Maslin,
I'll tame his blood, and his estate by law,
While you shall crack your spleen with mirth and
laughter,

And wonder at my subtil arts to vex him

Mas. All this is reason

Trav. This shall be done by law for the high-
constable

Enter MAMMON

Mas The lady's come,—this gentleman
Has studied the black art *[Aside.*

Trav. Do you withdraw, and leave me opportunity
To wind the widow up

Mas Behind the hangings
[He conceals himself

Trav. Vouchsafe your servant touch your hand ;
your lip
Is an ambition more becoming princes

Mam I am not proud, where fair salutes invite
me

I come to give you a little trouble, sir

Trav Madam, command me, to the extent of all
My faculties.

Mas *[peeping out]*—His faculties¹ that will
carry her ,

She is a glittering fairy, but he'll conjure her
Stay, if he takes this prize, what shall I have
For all my expenses² that's considerable
Oh, I shall have revenge, he says , the widow
Were much the better , but we must be ruled
By our learned counsel

Mam You have order from
A gentleman of the city, master Fulbank,
To draw up writings, sir—

Trav A jointure, madam ,
But I receiv'd a countermand

Mam From whom³

Trav From providence, that would not suffer
such

An excellent lady to be lost, and thrown
Among the city rubbish

Mam Do you know master Fulbank, sir⁴

Trav As much,
 As I do wonder at his impudence,
 And saucy ambition, with his mean deserts,
 To look at such a blessing. Your fortunes
 Are worth your preservation, and a man,
 Whose art, and serious knowledge in the world,
 May fence it in from a rapine, and that greater
 Enemy to an estate, profusion —
 Excuse my plainness, madam

Mam 'Tis a truth.

Trav Can you vouchsafe your smile upon a
 servant,
 To whose faith and care you safely may commit
 A treasure of more value than the world?
 Yourself? in me behold him, madam, one
 That would devote his soul a sacrifice,
 To be for ever burning in those beams,
 There is no law but in your breast, your lips
 Preserve the nation's oracle —

Mam This language
 Doth taste too much of poetry, take heed, sir

Trav. If this dislike you, madam, I can court
 you

In a more legal way, and in the name
 Of love and law arrest you, thus [*Embraces her.*

Mam Arrest me?

Trav And hold you fast imprison'd in my arms,
 Without or bail or mainprize

Mam This does well

Trav I can do better yet, and put in such
 A declaration, madam, as shall startle
 Your merriest blood

Mam I may put in my answer

Trav Then comes my replication, to which
 You may rejoin—*Curat lex!*
 Shall we join issue presently?

Mam He'll have her,
Se defendendo

Re-enter PHANTASM behind, with FULBANK.

Phan What do you think of this, sir?

Ful They are very familiar.

Mas [*peeping out*]—'Tis he! the very he!
Come, as my heart could wish, to his vexation

Phan Is this the honest gentleman you trusted,
sir!

Trav. Who attends?

Re-enter Writs.

Ful My passion stifles me.

Mas Are you come,
My delicate devils, cut out in wax? Let him not
Approach too near, he can take measure of
His forehead at this distance

Phan. These were my fears, marriage had made
sure work,
I was against your stay for tilts, and triumphs

Mam 'Tis master Fulbank

Ful. [*coming forward*]—Would any strumpet
vex an honest man thus!

Mam Strumpet! you shall have fuel to this
jealousy

Mas Excellent pigeons! admirable spiders!
Ha, ha, ha!

Ful I'll be revenged

Trav *Curra lex!* [*Excunt Trav and Mam*

Phan Excuse me, sir, I must follow the law

[*Exit*—*The Writs enclose and dance round Ful*

Mas [*coming forward*]—Joy, master Fulbank,
And a whole bundle of babies, ha, ha, ha!
Your wedding-day was notably deferr'd,
To be attended with more ceremony,
And such an anti-masque of sucking devils
He looks like the pyed piper in Germany,

That undertook to cure the town of rats ,
 And now the fry of vermin dance about him.
 I am left to chew my country cud, an ass,
 A ridden, empty-pated, sordid coxcomb :
 You do command in chief o'er cuckolds' sconce
 Or haven, to which all the tups strike sail,
 And bow in homage to your sovereign antlers.
 Most high and mighty half-moon, prince of beccos!^a
 And so I kiss your hoof. [*Exeunt Mas and Writs*
Ful Well]

If there be money and malice in the city,
 Expect a black revenge upon you all. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in lady Mammon's House

Enter PHANTASM

Phan My nimble lawyer thinks he has got my
 lady,
 And hugs his happiness, my next work shall be
 To spoil his practice mischief is my office

Enter ALAMODE.

Most noble Alamode

Ala. My old acquaintance !

Phan I am proud that you will own me, sir,
 your creature

Ala When is this day of triumph in the city,
 For high and mighty Fulbank, and your lady's
 So much expected marriage ?

Phan At the Greek calends.
 My lady has left the alderman already
 He may now change his heraldry, and give

^a ——— *prince of beccos*] i. e. of cuckolds *Sconce*, which
 occurs just above, is the old military term for a petty fort

In's coat, an armed beast, at the new bull-ring,
In a field dirt

Ala Whither is she gone, prithee ?

Phan To Traverse, sir, who has yet no term for
life

Your hopes, I guess, thrive in the fair Honoria.

Ala She's a haggard too.

Phan Possible ?

Ala She has gull'd us learnedly,
And took the scholar, in few months you'll hear
Her brought to bed of philosophy She's gone,
And I may as soon hope to retrieve thy lady

Phan My lady ' with your pardon, gentle, sir,
Can you find in yourself any warm thought,
Or meaning to my lady ?

Ala Could I wish
To live, and look at happiness ?

Phan You have been
A noble patron to me.

Ala. What canst thou do ?

Phan Do ' I can do the office of a gentleman ,
And you shall go your part, and perhaps owner

Ala Make me so happy.

Phan I'll conduct you ,
You come i' the opportunity [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Room in Traverse's House.

Enter TRAVERSE

Trav My stars conspire to make me a full hap-
piness
Since Fame spread my intended marriage
With lady [Aurelia] Mammon, methinks the people
Look on me with another face of fear
And admiration in my thoughts I see
Myself already in the throne of law,

In which the petty purples wait, dispe[n]sing,
As I incline to frown or smile, the fate
Of trembling mortals

Enter PHANTASM.

Phan He is return'd [*Aside.*

Trav Where is
Thy lady² thou art, I observe, her favourite,
And must be mine

Phan She's in her chamber, sir

Trav. Come, I will have it so, thou art too
humble.

Phan 'Tis a becoming duty My ambition
Will be, to observe the wonder of your happiness,
And how you'll rise to greatness and to glory,
By matching with my lady

Trav You are not
A stranger to her closet, it will be
An engagement to acquaint me with her temper.

Phan She is a woman, sir—but you are wise

Trav Nay, nay, I must know her nature.

Phan 'Tis very gentle, she is angel gold,
And you may bend her⁴ as you please, she is
A teeming lady too

Trav What children?

Phan All
Provided for, they will not trouble you,
She has a thousand friends.

Trav Thou art kind, proceed—

Phan You are a gentleman,
Whose wisdom I may trust, I should not use
This freedom else

Trav. Thou may'st tell me any thing

Phan She loves to be abroad, and to disperse
Her shine upon some persons that adore her,

⁴ ——— she is angel gold,

And you may bend her, &c] Phantasm alludes to the fineness
of the gold of which this coin was made It is noticed by others

That's all her fault , she will not be confin'd, sir ;
And how the softness of your nature will
Consent, to keep her under lock and key—

Trav Umph ! if she be so volatile, I must
Hang weight upon her, 'twill be necessary
Retain thy wisdom, and observe my lady.

Phan It is my duty, sir [*Exit*

Enter a Doctor

Trav My noble client !

Doc I have not leisure to ask how go causes

Trav Your's will be heard the first day of the
Term

Doc I build upon your care

Trav. You may be confident
Neglect my doctor ! to whose care, and art,
I owe my lungs, and life

Doc Oh, you are pleasant ,
But I am now engaged, and shall desire
I may be excus'd You know my lady Honoria ?

Trav She is not sick ?

Doc No, but a gentleman,
Whom she declares most precious to her, is
(I' the height of expectation, and fair hopes
To have been her husband,) desperately fall'n sick ,
And, now I think on't, 'tis my wonder you
Made no addresses timely to that lady.
Men that are eminent in law are wont
To be ambitious of Honour.

Trav Oh, sir,
It is a maxim in our politics,
A judge destroys a mighty practiser ,
When they grow rich, and lazy, they are ripe
For honour

Doc. You have, sir, a swelling fortune

Trav I have Mammon, I think, and, for my
own part,

Can easily consent to accept of lordship

Doc If this man take the toy, and die, she's worth

Your thoughts, my learned in the laws. I wish,
 Sir, I could serve you [*Going.*

Trav Nay, nay, prithee, doctor

Doc The gentleman may suffer.

Trav If he die,

You and I shall be friends, I'll not engage you
 To poison him.

Doc You have more justice

Trav Yet,

I should not break my heart, if he were dead,

And the fair lady mine I know not, but

This very mention of her, at this nick

Of time, when her delight is taking leave,

Hath a strange operation in my fancy :

You know my constitution, I may want

Your aid, but honourably

Doc You shall command it

Trav Then

I'll to her instantly, and bear you company

Doc You can pretend no visit, being a stranger.

Trav No, I will go under the notion of

Your friend, and fellow doctor, one o' the college

Doc You may do so

Trav I need not shift my habit

Doc And what then ?

Trav Observe, and see the motions of my lady,

Who knows but I may feel her pulse ? I prophesy

Something will follow fortunate If I thrive,

Thou shalt be king of Cos, ' mylearn'd Hippocrates,

And I will be thy servant

Doc 'Tis too early

To court her.

' *Trav* 'Tis a fault of modesty

In men to think so Women are no fools,

And howsoe'er they bridle it, 'tis providence

To entertain new comforts I have heard

A modest gentleman say, that made his love

¹ — *king of Cos,*] It may be just necessary to observe,
 that *Cos* was the birth-place of this celebrated physician

Known to a lady ere her husband's flesh
Was cold i' the crust, I mean new coffin'd up ,
But he had a repulse , the answer was,
He came too late , the widow had been promis'd
The day before

Doc If you be so resolv'd,
I'll wait upon you, sir

Trav The rest to my kind stars. Come, we'll
take coach [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

Another Room in the Same

Enter MAMMON, ALAMODL, and PHANTASM

Mam Presume to lock me up ' thou hast my
jewels ,
I'll leave him instantly

Ala He fears his tenure,
And would secure your ladyship from starting ,
But this doth very well become your prudence,
To quit the house ere he improve his interest,
By some new quirk in law

Phan A noble gentleman,
And one that honours you religiously

Mam You much oblige me, sir, and I look on
you,
Design'd by providence, my preserver , we'll
Into th' country instantly

Ala Any whither — Excellent Phantasm ' — .
I am your servant, madam, to wait on you
Thorough the world.

Phan I was born to make you —
A fool, or I am mistaken — [*Aside.*

Enter DASH.

This is his clerk, and spy upon your person

Ala How the rascal squints upon us !

Mam. Tell master Travers,

The bird is flown , commend me to his night-cap ,

I shall not see him till the next vacation ,

So farewell, penny-a-sheet ! [*Exit*

Ala. And, dost hear ? bid him

Provide new locks and keys, and bars and bolts,

And cap the chimney, lest my lady fly

Out at the lover-hole .¹ so commend us to

The precious owl, your master [*Kicks Dash.*

Phan. One token from me

[*Kicks him ; and exit with Ala*

Dash You have trusted me with tokens of remembrance ,

I would my master had received them in

His *propria persona*, to have thank'd you !—

Their toes are somewhat harder than my haunches ,

But this is nothing to the general damage,

If our great lady Mammon be run from us ,

Which I believe, as sure as I am waking,

And have been kick'd, the most convincing argument

All our hopes come to this ! our mighty hopes,

Huge as a mountain, shrunk into a wart !

We are undone, and may go hang ourselves. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

A Room in Honoria's House

Enter HONORIA.

Hon I was to blame , my curiosity
Now suffers for the trial of his virtue :

¹ *Out at the lover-hole*] A narrow aperture in turrets, stair-cases, &c to let in light , also, as here, the opening in the chimney

And he, too apprehensive, when I chid
The ambition of his love, made himself past
The cure of my affection

Enter Doctor, and TRAVERSE as a Doctor.

Sir, you are welcome

Doc. Madam, I presum'd
To bring another able doctor with me,
For his consult, in case there may be danger.

Hon You have very much obliged me.

Trav She is a very gallant lady,
In spite of all the clouds that dwell upon her

Hon Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Shew these doctors Alworth's chamber
There is another gentleman within
Of your profession, your cares shall find
A gratitude becoming both myself
And your own worth, and I may tell you, doctor,
If it may give the least addition to
Your cheerfulness, in his you will preserve
My life

Doc Madam,
Retain but your own virtues, and be confident
[*Exeunt Serv. Doct. and Trav*

Hon Poor Alworth! there is left no other way
To pay my satisfaction to thy merits,
But with my sorrow for thy sufferings,
And what will be thought pious to thy memory,
If Fate translate thee hence.—Ha! he is return'd.—

Re-enter TRAVERSE.

What think you, sir?

Trav I wish he could sleep, madam, I am for
his sleep,
'Twould be a benefit, truth is, I much fear him,
But 'tis not prudence, (give me boldness, madam,)

To let this sorrow play too much a tyrant
 On your fair cheek this shews him precious to you.
 If the stars, envying his converse on earth,
 Court him to their bright dwellings, you must be
 Arm'd with a noble fortitude, and consent
 To let him rise a constellation there,
 And not impair yourself, who were not meant
 To be snatch'd hence, by over-hasty sorrow,
 But live the world's best ornament.

Hon. Did you say
 That sleep would much advantage him? What
 think you
 Of some soft murmurs of the lute, or voice?
 I have heard the purlings of a spring will make
 Our senses glide into a dream I have a page
 Did use to please him much [*Exit.*

Re-enter Doctor

Doc. What think you on her?

Trav. I think? I cannot think too much upon
 her,
 But I'll not leave her thus, her very presence
 Is able to recover him

Doc. Let me tell you, sir,
 I find no danger in him, be then counsell'd
 Not to betray yourself you find his temper
 Not apt for your design, expect a time—

Trav. I love her infinitely Mammon is a blouze,
 A deform'd gypsy, did'st e'er see her, doctor?
 She paints abominably, eyed like a tumbler,¹
 Her nose has all the colours of the rainbow;
 Her lips are blue, and her teeth straddle, you
 May pick them with a bed-staff

¹ ——— *eyed like a tumbler,*] Like the dog (a kind of greyhound) so called, but what are his peculiarities of vision I know not There is also a species of pigeon so named, perhaps *Traverse* means to say she was *pigeon-eyed*

Doc You describe
An elegant person !

Trav But Honoria
Has all perfections. Stay , what fees do you think
I have had of you since our acquaintance ? there's
A purse of gold [*gives him money*]—no ceremony,
I am still

In thy arrears, for bringing me to see
This wonder of her sex

Doc. You are not wild

Trav Your cause shall cost you nothing too ,
that ended,

Quarrel with all the country, your law's paid for
Serve me but now, I'll be thy slave for ever [*Exit.*

Doc I now suspect the lawyer is short-liv'd ;
Men of his robe are seldom guilty of
These restitutions , but who can help it ?
If I knew any handsome way to serve him,
He has oblig'd me [*Exit — Music within*

A SONG.

Re-enter Doctor

Doc He'll shame us all ,
He's zealously persuading the poor gentleman
To die with all speed, and tells him stories
Of heaven, what a fine place it is, and what
Excellent company the angels are
What a base prison to a noble soul
The world is , nothing right under the moon,
Or worth a manly thought , and presently
He courts my lady, and falls into such raptures
In her commendation !—the gentleman,
Whose crisis is not desperate, if I
Have any judgment, smiles at his folly —
They're both here

Re-enter TRAVERSE and HONORIA.

Trav He's a gentleman, whose condition
And as he has relation to your favours,
May invite some passion, but you are wiser
Than to condemn yourself to solitude,
And for his absence, to despise mankind
Be just for your own sake, and, madam, look
Beyond his herse, with pity on the living,
'Mongst which, you cannot want as just admirers,
And some that may be worth your second thoughts

Hon What mean you, sir?

Trav. I mean your second choice

Hon. This language makes your charity suspected.

Doc. You are too violent, leave us awhile

[*Aside to Trav. who goes out*]

Hon. Your friend is full of counsel

Doc You have goodness

To place an innocent sense upon his language,
I know he has much honour to your person,
And 'tis sometimes as necessary, to
Advise the living to preserve their health,
Which their immoderate sorrows would consume,
As cure the languishing patient

Re-enter TRAVERSE, hastily.

Trav Now, madam,
Your grief is useless to him, he is dead!

Hon Dead?

Doc She faints

Trav. A blessed opportunity!
There is a coach at door will hold us all.

My dearest Esculapian, help, and find

A bounty will deserve it. [*Exeunt with Hon*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street, before Traverse's House.

Enter TRAVERSE.

Trav. I have secured the person of Honoria
At my manor in the country, who believes
Her Alworth dead, and must be allow'd some time
For that digestion. I have made known
Myself, and the affection which engag'd me.
But though my lady Mammon have a place
Beneath her in my thoughts, on better counsel,
I think it wisdom to preserve my interest
In her, already mine by her consent,
And the great plea of law, possession.
If I can make the lady Honoria sure,
She shall be my wife, and that my concubine.
Rare ! excellent !

Enter DASH.

Dash Oh, sir, you are welcome home

Trav Thou look'st with a warp'd face.

Dash You can resolve me

Is there no case wherein a man, without
Impeachment to his credit or his conscience,
May be allow'd to hang himself ?

Trav. What's the matter ?
Thou art not desperate ?

Dash I know not, but
I find some inclinations to hemp
You are my master, I may be concern'd
To follow a good example.

Trav Leave your fooling,
How does my lady Mammon ?

Dash There's the business
My lady Mammon is, sir—

Trav What? what is she?

Dash She is my lady Mammon, yet I lie,
She is not mine, I would she were your worship's!
I know you will be mad, but it must out—
My lady's gone

Trav Ha!

Dash Run quite away, sir,
With a glib gentleman came to visit her,
And the young spirit that did wait upon her
Without much ceremony, she would have your
 worship
Provide more locks, and keys and bars, and bolts
I tell you, sir, *verbatim*, for a need,
I have it all in pedescript!

Trav Mammon gone?

Dash What think you sir, of a *Né vreat reg-
num*?

Trav Gone! my vexation! no pursuit will reach
 her,

Give her the start, and she'll outstrip the devil
These things will turn me wild, but that's no cure,
I must be a man again and tame this passion
Her loss may have [a] recompense, if Honoria
Can yet be gam'd, my hopes are full of blossom,
I'll return instantly. Come you along, sir

Enter Porters, with bags of money

What are these? ha! 'tis money! Whence, I
 pray,
'Comes all this treasure?

Port From the city, sir.

Trav But whither goes it?

* *I have it all in pedescript*] *Dash* is pleased to be facetious
in his misfortunes—he alludes to the marks of the *huckings* re-
ceived in the last Act

1 *Port.* Do you not observe
Us march in rank and file? This money goes
To maintain many honest gentlemen
That want it, that will fight, and do fine things
For all our goods, you are a fool, I see,
And do not know the law

Trav. What law?

1 *Port.* Club law

Trav. How's that?

1 *Port.* The cannon law, do I speak loud
enough?

The gentlemen behind will tell you more.

*Enter FULBANK and Citizens, other men waiting
with bags of money.*

Trav. I like not this, let us to horse immedi-
ately [Exit with Dash

Ful. 'Tis high time that we tame the insolence
Of this long robe, these princes of the law
Will invade all our liberties and fortunes

1 *Cit.* Presume to take our lady Mammon from
us!

Ful. And, as I hear, she's closely hurried
To a castle in the country, made a prisoner

2 *Cit.* I should consent the city be still great,
And our names spread, like our ambitions
But we must prudently² consider whom

We trust with our revenge

Ful. Our mercenaries—

Who finds them buff and iron, and when they
Come lame and halting home, who shall provide
them

Good hospitals, and old shirts to make lint of? •
When we please, we can scatter all the regiments,
If we but run our purses

1 *Cit.* I am clear

² But we must prudently consider, &c.] The old copy, which
is in a most woeful state, reads, "But we not prudently," &c

There is no other way to carry on
 The work, the sword strikes terror; and who
 knows,
 The body of the law being vast and powerful,
 Might (if not timely thus prevented) raise
 Considerable strength and opposition :
 But thus we stifle all, and having once
 Recovered Mammon, we are princes
 Omnes Princes !

Enter CONQUEST and SQUANDERBAG

Squan Where shall we dine, colonel ? I have lost
 My credit at the ordinary, this town,
 I think, is only situate to starve in—
 What are these ?

Con They have city faces

Squan And are a thought too handsome to be
 serjeants,

They have serious eyes upon us, and move to us

Con Would you with me, gentlemen ?

Ful Yes, sir, with you [*Exeunt Ful and Con*]

2 Cit May I take boldness, sir, to ask your
 name ?

Squan My name ?

2 Cit For no harm, sir, you are a soldier,
 And I presume have had commands,

Squan What then, sir ?
 Keep off

2 Cit I come in friendship, and mean all
 Civilities to your person
 Do you want money ?

Squan Would you have your pate broke,
 For such a foolish question to a gentleman ?
 I do want money, sir, you will not furnish me

2 Cit. Do not mistake yourself—Come hither,
 sirrah — [*To one of the Porters*]
 Will this do you much harm ?

[*Gives him a bag of money*]

Squan. Harm ! pray be covered. Miracles ! do
you know

What you have done ?

2 *Cit* An act of justice,
To call it charity, would stain your honour ,
I look for no security

Squan. Not a note under my hand never to pay
you ?

What must I do for all this, sir ? whose throat
Would you have cut now ? These fine devils must
Do something —

2 *Cit.* Buy you new clothes, a better sword ,
The leather of your boots are of two families ,
You may want linen too , get fresh, and part
With bosom friends.

Squan. I have more stowage

2 *Cit.* And I'll employ it,—at your service, sir
[*He gives him another bag.*

Squan What will become of me ?

2 *Cit* Nay, sir, I must tell you,
You are like to have more of this

Squan Has he no cloven foot ?
This is the rarest citizen !

Re-enter CONQUEST and FULBANK

2 *Cit* Do you hear, sir ?
We are making of our will, and in the humour
That now predominates, that gentleman
May be the city's heir

Squan Were it not pity this should be a dream,
now ?

Ful. You have commission, and full instructions,
Be sure you do not pinch to spare our purses ,
Our money grows, we are feign to weed the silver ,
Our men are rank, and rot upon the stalk
For want of cutting , every drum-stick is
A lime-twigg , they are mad for innovations.
Pray know my brother, sir

Con I am his faithful servant [*They salute.*

2 *Cit* One of the birds that keep the capitol ,
Our feathers are all at your service, gentlemen
When you have pluck'd and pick'd us well, you
may

Give order for our roasting , we are tame, sir.

Squan Beshrew me, an understanding fellow.

Ful We have no more to say , 'tis the public
cause,

Bring Mammon home, and we will rout the laws

1 *Cit* And so we'll pray for you

Con For yourselves, gentlemen , I do conceive
We shall do well enough —

[*Exeunt Ful Citizens, and Porters.*

Captain Squanderbag,

What think you of this change ? silver comes in
Upon us like a sea

Squan An ebb must be expected I hate natu-
rally

This metal of the moon, 'tis a pale flood ,
Would I were in Pactolus' streams, or Tagus'
There were a lasting element

Con What do you
Think of these golden images ?

[*Shews him his gold*

Squan I honour the bright sons of Sol

Con Pity these gentlemen should want civil
war,

They take such pains, and pay so heartily

We have much to do o' the sudden

Squan This long peace
Hath made us tame i' the world , let them now
pay for't

Con We are emergent from our shades , let's
rise,

With subtile motion treasure makes men wise

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

The Country — Maslin's House

Enter PHANTASM, MASLIN, and Countrymen

Phan She has gull'd the lawyer too

Mas Most excellent !

I do adore her wit , and will she visit
The country, ha ? come nearer

Phan I have repented, sir, my past neglect,
And made this satisfaction by my counsel,
Which has prevail'd, and now she comes to you, sir,
With pure affection to yourself, the lady
Mammon is only your's

Mas Did you hear that ?
The empress of the world is coming hither
To me, with pure affection to my person ,
We are her vassals

Phan 'Cause the times are dangerous,
Sir, she comes private , but one gentleman
That knows not her design. I ever thought
You were born to be a great man

Mas We'll go forth
To meet her

Phan By no means, sir , 'twas her desire
You should be only thus prepar'd I'll tell her.

[*Exit*

Mas 'Tis my happiness
Shall I be at last a *dominus fac totum* ?
There's Latin for you, neighbours , I am inspir'd
With languages, with all things , and you shall,
The poorest copyholder of my tenants,
Be allow'd a concubine.

I *Coun.* Whew ! then we shall
Be Turks, sir

Mas. Turks ! the Turk's a civil gentleman

2 *Coun.* But no Christian.

Mas You are a fool , we
Must all come to't if the times hold, and my
Dear Mammon stay with us.

1 *Coun* Bless me ! a Turk ?

4 *Coun* Is that such a matter ? Why, you, and I,
And the best on us, are but Turks, if you
Take us one way.

1 *Coun* I grant, as we are brethren ,
And Turks another way, and worse

Mas Let me see, how shall I consume my
wealth ?

1 *Coun* What think you of building, sir, a
church ?

Mas. A church ! and give it my own name, to
save

A consecration ?— no, no , I must do
Something to shame the chronicles — Silence !
I'll build another town in every county ,
In midst of that a most magnificent college,
To entertain men of most eminent wit,
To invent new religions.

1 *Coun* That were excellent !
We want religion extremely.

Mas Can none of you invent ? I think I must
Keep men in pension to project me ways
To spend my gold

2 *Coun* Pave all the high-way with it ,
'Twould be excellent for travellers

Mas I'll pave a street, shall run across the
island,
From sea to sea, with pearl , build a bridge
From Dover cliff to Calais.

1 *Coun.* A draw-bridge ?

4 *Coun* This may be done , but I am of opinion
We shall not live to see it

Mas 'Twill not be want of money, but of time,
Mere time, to finish it , my lady Mammon,

Believe it, can do all things , for your parts,
 But think what you would have, I say no more .
 If she smile but upon you, you are made,
 And may go sleep, and when you wake, run mad
 With telling of your money —Ha ! 'tis she !

Re-enter PHANTASM, with MAMMON and ALAMODE

I charge you kneel, and kiss her hand —
 My lady Mammon !

Ala How's this ?

Mas Welcome to my heart, madam

Ala Is my lady in earnest ?

Mam You have done me, sir, a favour , I'm at
 home,

And disengage your further service , I
 Wish you a fair retreat.

Ala Do you hear, madam ?

You will not thus reward me, after all
 My travel and attendance ?

Mam. 'Tis my meaning ,
 Nor will it, sir, be safe to lose much time ,
 These have a natural antipathy
 To men of your fine making

Phan 'Tis Alamode, the courtier, whom my lady
 Has only made her property, to be
 Part of her convoy

Ala You will not marry him ?

Mam I think I shall not ,
 I must not be confined while there is air,
 And men to change

Mas. How, master courtier ?

Phan They'll toss him in a blanket.

Mas. As long as you please, madam, he is wel-
 come,

And he shall eat , if you frown, he must vanish ,
 Or, I have cannibals that will devour him,

With his sword, boots treble-tann'd, and spurs
upon them.

Ala Sure I dream, but, madam,
You will not play the cockatrice thus with me?

Mam. If you will stay, upon your good beha-
viour,

I may dispense some private favour

Ala Good!

Excellent whore! I'll stay to observe her humour
[*Aside.*

Mas I'll be your guide, madam —
On! go before, and bid them ring the bells,
For bonfires, 'twill be time enough at night
To burn up all the villages about us

Ala Indeed it shall be your s — Sir, you are too
civil [Exit

SCENE III

The Same -- Traverse's House

Enter TRAVERSE and DASH.

Trav Entreat my lady hither, and attend her,
I did embrace too much, Mammon is lost
If my stars prosper my ambition
To Honoria, I forgive their future influence
[*Discovers treasures and jewels*
Here is a blaze to melt a frozen soul!

Enter HONORIA

• *Hon* What is my gaoler's pleasure with his
prisoner?

Trav. That character doth wound your servant,
madam,
I am your prisoner, by the fate of love
Condemn'd to everlasting chains, my heart

Consumes at every frown, and I beg now
 Not to be happy owner of that beauty,
 Since you decree my exile, but to die.
 Collect up so much terror in a look,
 And from that throne of majesty, your eyes,
 Dart forth a flame of wrath so high, it may
 Turn me to ashes, I'll submit your sacrifice

Hon. I have no thought so impious, to destroy
 A life that may be happy, if you be not
 Your own tormentor.

Trav. Those words have a sound
 Of mercy, madam

Hon. Cruelty and honour
 Are inconsistent.

Trav. I taste heaven
 Already, a warm stream descends upon
 My timorous heart Oh, pause, let me consider
 How much I am behind in worth, to know
 What change hath blest it

Hon. Change!

Trav. Let me but touch
 Your white hand [, lady], were my breath the trea-
 sure

Of all the east, no other altar should
 Have incense, I am lost to find the sweetness
 [*Salutes, and offers her jewels, &c*]

For every smile I drop a pearl, these diamonds
 Are pale, and beg a lustre from your eyes,
 Wear them, and be their ornament I'll rifle
 My Indies for more wealth, and when I have
 With giving up my soul, purchas'd a kiss
 Of bright Honoria, from my dust, at one,
 One pitying look upon me, I ascend,
 A new creation from your eye

Hon. What means
 This rapture? what would all this passionate noise?
 Expound, I am still Honoria.

Trav. Oh, say but mine

Hon. Sir, shut up your shop,
Your gay temptations will not take

Trav Is't possible?
Not all this treasure buy one kiss?

Hon A thousand,
From those that have a subtle art to sell them.
Why do you trifle with your soul? intents
That carry honour need not bribe with wealth,
To purchase nothing.

Trav I can love you virtuously

Hon By that love be commanded then, to tell
me,
How you've dispos'd of Alworth's dust? Why
was I

Surpris'd dishonourably, and transported,
Against my own thoughts and consent, to this
Unhappy place? and immured up, like
Some guilty person, not allow'd the freedom
Of air, nor to see heaven at all, but from
The narrow limits of a casement? Can you
Interpret this, affection? it is tyranny,
That must, without a penitence, draw from heaven
A justice, and from me, (by you made miserable,)
A just contempt of all your flatteries.

Trav. There are some men i' the world that
would not think
You handsome in that look, and make you tremble.

Hon You dare not be so impious.

Trav When my love,
That courts you honourably, is scorn'd, I can
Be angry, had I wanton thoughts about me,
As some may mix with flesh and blood, you are
Within my power

Hon That power is circumscribed;
You have confined already this poor weight
Of dust I carry, but if blacker thoughts
Tempt you to force my honour, I can call
Rescue from heaven

Trav What needs this bravery? You see I use
No violence, I court you to a bride.

Hon My vows once gave me up a pledge to
Alworth,

And my heart, cut out for his epitaph,
Will not contain one character beside

Trav I play myself to death in flames unpitied
[*Puts up the jewels, &c*

Resolve, nor look for tedious considerings,
If I may honourably succeed your Alworth,
His soul had not a purer faith to serve you,
If this be slighted— [A shout within

Enter DASH, hastily

Dash Help, help! we are all undone! O, sir,
where is
Your two-handed sword?

Trav Thou messenger of horror, what's the
matter?

Dash The castle is besieged, and the beacons
burn blue, sir

The devil's up in arms, and comes against us
With the whole *posse comitatus*!—they
Will pull the house down, they have broke into
The base court—Heaven protect my *pia mater*!
I did but peep out of the garret, and
One soldier swore a huge grenado at me
They cry, *Down with the laws*! and if they have not
Honor, sound of wind and limb, they'll cut us,
Sir, into labels—Would I had compounded
For any leg, or my left arm! but now,
Now farewell, comely court-hand, and long dashes!
Do you not hear the mandrakes? What do you
do, sir?

I'll into the cellar straight, and bar the door,
And if there be no remedy, ere they reach me,
I'll drink, and die a martyr

Trav. I am blasted! Stay,
There is a close contrivement in this chamber

Madam, will you retreat, and save your person ?—
This way, sirrah

Dash Do you think they will not smell us out?
I fear

My constitution will not hold.

[*Trav and Dash conceal themselves.*]

[*Soldiers within*] Down with the laws and *custos*
rotulorum ;

Fico for Writs and mouse-traps !

Enter CONQUEST, SQANDERBAG, FULBANK, Captain,
Soldiers, and Marshal

Mar Make a guard, soldiers

Ful I am come, sir, to see fashions.

Con You find us drudging, sir, in your affairs.—
Captain, I leave him to your entertainment,—
That face deserves a reverence.

Hon 'Tis the colonel,
But he looks more compos'd, and carries state

Con Madam [*Takes her aside.*]

Ful And how go things, my military friends,
My gallant men of action ? You are now
In sprightly postures, and become yourselves
What pity 'tis men of your noble soul
Should want employment !

Squan We must all acknowledge
Your care of us.

Ful I honour'd your profession,
Since I first handled arms.

Squan What service, with your favour, have
you seen ?

Ful. Hot service, I was knock'd down thrice,
and lost

My beard at taking of a fort in Finsbury,
And when I had my martial trinkets on,
I thought myself as brave a Macedonian
As the best on them. But where's the lady Mam-
mon ?

Con. [*to Hon*]—Surprised ' and ever since a prisoner ?

He is not worth my passion , this room
Has in your presence a protection
I take your word, you will not quit the place
Without your servant's knowledge, madam , but
If the sly enemy of your honour think,
By obscuring his base head, to fly our justice,
When you are safe, I'll fire the house upon him

Dash [*within*] Here, here we are ' fire ' fire '

Trav [*within*.] Be silent, villain '

Dash [*within*] Yes, and be burnt alive '

I cannot find the door

Con From whence that voice ?

Dash [*within*] 'Tis here, 'tis here ' I hate burn-
ing, as

I do the devil, and a dry proverb —Help '

Squan The lawyer's here

Trav [*within*] Gentlemen, use no violence ,
I'll come forth,

And meet your fury

[*Trav. and Dash come from the closet.*

Capt. What are you, sirrah ?

Dash A poor court-hand practiser

Capt The choice is given, whether thou wilt be
hang'd

At the next tree, or have [thy] ears cut off ?

Dash. My ears, my ears, by any means, gentle-
men ,

Hanging will make a villainous long *Dash*
Once cropp'd, and twice a traitor, sweet gentlemen,
Delicate commanders '

Trav Time has brought

Your turn about By your respects to honour,
I see your soul is noble , though I cannot
Die at my own choice, I can make a will,
And dispose some legacies, rich jewels, sir,
Plate, gold, and silver [*Shews jewels, &c.*

Ful. All this I lay claim to ,
They were the lady Mammon's , in whose right
I challenge all , I take those to my custody

Con How ? how ? Marshal, take him to your's.

Ful Me to the marshal ? that were pretty , me ?

Mar. Come, sir

Ful How ! I beseech one word , have you forgot
me, sir ?

Con Your name is Fulbank

Ful Plain Fulbank ? It was I
Did in those days bring in the good advance.

Con. You did ,—your duty, marshal

Ful I have done, sir

Con So have not I —secure his person too ,

[*Exeunt some of the Soldiers, with Ful. Trav.
and Dash*

Safe, as your life will answer it.—

Enter ALWORTH disguised, with a letter

Letters ? whence ? ha ?—from Alamode ?— [*Reads.*

[*Alworth discovers himself to Honoria ;*

Squanderbag observes them

He writes where a party of horse may handsomely
Secure the lady Mammon , give him a reward —
Make it your province, captain , you will find
Directions in that paper

Squan [*whispers*] Sir, I have observ'd
That gentleman with the black patch uncase
His eye once to my lady , there's some mystery ,
I do not like it.

Con Some spy when I walk off,
Command him to the guard till further order —
Madam, I call it my first happiness,
That I am in a capacity to serve you,
And you shall order your own justice

Hon What will they do with that young gentleman ?

Con She minds not me.

Hon. Your pardon

Con. Give me favour to attend you,
With whom my soul desires to be renew'd,
Your faithful honourer --March on !

[*Exeunt all but Alw Squan and Capt.*

Alw I obey you.

Squan You will know the cause hereafter, and
us better,

When both your eyes are open [*Pulls off the patch.*

Capt Thou hast cur'd him Do you know us,
sir ?

Alw. I know you all

Squan What are we ?

Alw You're all close fires, in want of air kept
tame,

But know no bounds, let loose into a flame.

Squan We'll teach you better morals, sir,—
Come on [*Exeunt*

ACT V SCENE I.

Metropolis — *A Guard Room*

Enter SQUANDERBAG and Captain

Capt His thoughts are all now taken up with
courtship

To Honoria

Squan You may see, captain,
A handsome piece of flesh and blood may do much,
When there's no other enemy i' the field

Capt What will be done with the gentleman
was carried
To the guard ?

Squan The stranger with a black eye ?
 He's fast enough, and will have opportunity
 Of place and time, to cool his hot devotions,
 If our commander-in-chief march on thus.

Enter Serjeant and Soldiers, with bottles. Squanderbag and Captain retire behind

Ser Are not these pretty hand-grenados, gentlemen ?

1 Sold Fire to the fuze, and toss some health about

2 Sold Come away, to my colonel, honest Squanderbag ! *[Drinks]*

Squan Ha ! these are my Scythians. — Mark those fellows, captain ,

Cut them in pieces, like so many adders
 They'll join again, i' the compass of an acre ,
 Their limbs will creep together, and march on
 To the next rendezvous without a halt

2 Ser. This is Spanish *[Drinks.]*

Ser. Draw home your arrow to the head, my centaur.

1 Sold. Mine is French wine

3 Sold You must take your chance ,
 The yeoman of the wine-cellar did not
 Provide them for our palate

2 Sold. *Supernaculum !*

See, there lies Spain already , now would I fight—

Ser Drink, thou mean'st

2 Sold With any king in Europe —

Do not spill your ammunition , ah, serjeant,
 This was excellent drink

1 Sold. Who wants my colonel ?

2 Sold I want it, tope , give me't

Ser He'll have't again

2 Sold The t' other charge, and then we'll
 over-run Christendom

Sa, sa !

[Ser] When you have done with Christendom,
what shall

Become o' the heathen princes?

2 Sold We'll put the heathen princes in a bag.

Ser. A bottle thou meanest He's all for drink

2 Sold And after, roast the great Turk, with his
bashaws, like a pudding, in his belly.

Ser Thou, boy!

1 Sold There he is for eating

Ser Dost know what thou hast said now? But
What shall be done with the Jews?

2 Sold They are included,
And go upon the score of modern Christians,
There shall not a nation 'scape us

Squan These are the men,
The tools, that cut our triumph out o' the quarry

Capt They will deserve their pay.

Squan. Oh, pay is necessary, use it now and
then,

Like physic, it keeps the soldier in health
And expectation, they must fight for honour
Sometimes

1 Sold. Tobacco, hey!

Ser Here, boys, a magazine, with pipes at-
tending,

White as my lady's tooth, and shining more
Than forehead of *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

4 Sold A soldier's a brave life

3 Sold. 'Tis cheap, all these things come to us
by nature

[*Squanderbag and Captain come forward*]

Ser Our colonel!

Squan I'll cashier him that rises; keep your
postures

We are all soldiers, and can sit and drink with
you

To your arms, gentlemen, again. Ha! this is wine

Ser We have the modest gift of drinking, sir,

Without inquiry of the grape or vintage,
Or from what merchant

Squan. Is not this better than a tedious 'prenticeship,
Bound by indentures to a shop and drudgery,
Watching the rats and customers by owl-light ?
Tied to perpetual language of, *What lack ye ?*
Which you pronounce, as ye had been taught, like
starlings.

If any gudgeon bite, to damn your souls
For less than sixpence in the pound ? Oh, base !
Your glittering shoes, long graces, and short meals,
Expecting but the comfortable hour
Of eight o'clock, and the hot pippin-pies,
To make your mouth up ? all the day not suffered
To air yourselves, unless your mimikin mistress
Command you to attend her to a christ'ning,
To bring home plums, for which [she] may relieve
Your teeth, that water, with her next suppository ?
You have some festivals, I confess, but when
They happen, you run wild to the next village,
Conspire a knot, and club your groats a-piece
For cream and prunes, not daring to be drunk ;
Nothing of honour done ¹ Now you are gentlemen,
And in a capacity to be all commanders,
If you dare fight.

2 Sold Fight ! you know we dare, sir,
And with the devil

Squan In hope you will not give him quarter,
There's money, do not purchase earth, nor heaven
with it.

I must away ; remember the two things.

¹ Shirley has few equals in these lively and graphic descriptions. He has here put together, with some pleasant exaggerations, it must be allowed, the chief occupations, pains, and pleasures of the young citizens of those days, and comprised, in a few lines, what might elsewhere be sought through many volumes

1 *Sold* The two D's

Squan Drink, and your Duty So!

Now, as you were.

2 *Sold* Noble colonel, [*Exeunt Squan and Capt.*
Let me kiss thy hand, I am thine, body and soul.

3 *Sold* But will you fight with the devil?

2 *Sold* Why not?

3 *Sold*. So will not I

2 *Sold*. Will not you fight with the devil,
And one of our regiment?

3 *Sold*. Not I

1 *Sold*. Perhaps the devil is his friend.

3 *Sold* And yet in a good cause—

2 *Sold*. He will not fight with you then, base, I
say,

To take advantage of the cause, or person:

Fight upon any cause with any person

Hark you, serjeant, you do know our duties

Better than we ourselves, what do we fight for?

Silence! the first word of command; let us

Be serious—what, what do we fight for?

Ser For pay, for pay, my bull[*y*]-rooks

2 *Sold* La ye now!

Can any christian officer say more?

Ser Hang these intergatories,

And give us t' other charge to the man i' the moon.

2 *Sold* All! all give fire together [*They all drink*
Oh, for a noise of trumpets! [*Drums within.*

1 *Sold* Here are drums!

Ser. The general is coming this way. To your
arms!

Scud, ye metropolites! [*They run out.*

Enter CONQUEST, SQUANDERBAG, Captain, and
ALAMODE.

Ala. Sir, I congratulate
Your honourable employment.

Con. And I your noble presence here.

Ala. I could not with my rhetoric invite
My lady hither?

Con. I sent you a party—

Ala. Yes, sir,
Your men of rank and file do carry still
The strong persuasions, they prevail'd with her
I left her to the guard [*Shout within.*

Con. The reason of that clamour?

Capt. The soldiers, sir, express their joy thus
loud,

That lady Mammon is brought in, the guard
Hardly secure her person

Con. Give her fair access,
On pain of death, be none uncivil to her,
This service will deserve a memory,
And public thanks, all our design did reach
But to gain her

Ala. The work will be to keep her,
The gipsy has more windings than a serpent,
The moon is not more changing

Enter lady MAMMON, PHANTASM, and Guard.

Con. Is this she?

Phan. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Mam. Forsake me in this
Condition?

Phan. If I could expect a worse
Would fall upon you, madam, I'd not part yet.

Mam. How?

Phan. For I can tell you what will follow in-
stantly,
And it does please my wickedness extremely;
The next pay-day you will be torn in pieces,
Oh, 'twill be excellent sport, ha, ha, ha!

Mam. And canst thou laugh, villain?—Secure
him, soldiers.

Phan. They will have work enough about your ladyship

I am going as nimbly as a spirit, madam,
And, to your greater comfort, know I am one

Mam The devil thou art

Phan Call'd by another name

Your evil genius, to assure you that
You have been all this while cozen'd, my dear mistress,

And that these colours are fantastic, see,
I vanish into air [*Vanishes.*]

Guard *Presto!* Was this your devil, madam?

Mam Oh, my misfortune!

Con Madam, your person is most welcome hither

Mam. I fear your soldiers, sir.

Con. You may be confident

Of safety from them, madam, that fight for you,
We are your guard — All wait upon my lady,
And let your applications be with reverence,
And see her entertainment's high, and such
As may become my honour, and her person —

[*Exit Guard with Mam.*]

What is there left addition to my happiness?

Mammon and Honoria both within my power!

Ambition, write *non ultra* fix, fix here,

The two great darlings of mankind are mine,

Both excellent, and yet but one divine.

Wealth is the nerves of war and wit, without which

We are dull, and useless engines Mammon leads

To conquest, and rewards our blood and watches,

But Honour is the lustre of all triumph,

The glories that we wear are dim without her

Till she come in, the lamp, our glorious flame,

We grope our way i' the dark, and walk on crutches

Riches may shine, and, star-like, grace the night,
But Honour is the radiant soul of light. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*A Prison.**Enter ALWORTH*

Alw I almost could be angry with my fate,
 And call that care of my physician
 Unkind, that did remove my first distempers ;
 I should have dropp'd into the shades, and lost
 Her memory, that flatters me to ruin.
 What's all this murmur ? are these thoughts my
 own ?

Or is there some black spirit crept into
 My melancholy blood, that would corrupt
 That spring, by which my innocence should live ?
 Hence, I command thee hence, thou dire enchant-
 ment,

And let the virtues of *Honoria*
 Resume their throne within my soul, and strike
 Religious tremblings thorough every thought,
 Lest I repine at providence ! She is here.

Enter HONORIA and Marshal

Mar. This warrant must admit you

Hon There's for your office, you may withdraw
 yourself.

Mar. Your servant. [*Exit.*

Hon. Oh, my Alworth !

Alw. This humility
 Transcends my hope and merit , I am now
 No more a prisoner, since my better part
 (Enlarg'd by this your charitable visit,)
 Hath freedom to behold my greatest happiness,
 Yourself

Hon I am so full of joy

To see thee alive, I cannot ask thee how
Thou wert preserv'd.

Alw. Heaven was not willing I
Should die, till I had given you better proof
How much I would deserve your smile upon me.

Re-enter behind Marshal with CONQUEST.

Mar Here you may, undiscover'd, sir, observe
them

Con You may be gone, and wait at some fit
distance [*Exit Mar.*

Alw My cure was hasten'd by your thoughts
upon me,
And my desires had wings to reach your person,
(For I was soon acquainted how you were
Convey'd,) and next my thoughts to kiss your
hands,
I brought my resolutions of revenge
Upon that traitor's head, that ravish'd you
So rudely from my eyes.

Hon Prithce no more,
But let our hearts renew, and seal a contract,
In spite of present storms, and I am not
Without some hopes to change thy sad condition.
For he, to whose commands thou owest this misery,
Is pleas'd to say he loves me, and I can
Employ his kindness to no better use
Than thy enlargement, if this prove unfortunate,
It shall at least diminish thy affliction,
That I can bear a part, and suffer with thee.

Alw Better I sink by many deaths, than you
Engage yourself to any unkind fate
For me, I have crept newly from my dust,
And can alone walk cheerfully to silence
And the dark grave. But do you believe, madam,
This man looks on you with a noble flame?
He's now a great man

Hon His affection
Has all the shews of honour, and such high
Civilities flow from him

Alw Pause a little,
And give me leave to tell you, as these seeds
Of war grow up, I cannot think a person,
(Though many may be honourable,) can
Better deserve—

Hon What?

Alw. To be made lord of this
Fair empire.

Hon. Did this language come from Alworth,
That said he lov'd me?

Alw. Yes, with noblest fervour,
My love commands it, madam, and I can,
In my true service to Honoria,
Advise her to call home her noble beams,
That shine to the discredit of her light
On me, that would, upon a worthier object,
Draw up more admiration to her brightness,
And, at the same time, by their influence shew
The beauties of her better choice.

Hon This language
I understand not yet Can Alworth, then,
Find in his heart any consent to give up
His interest in Honoria to another?

Alw Yes, when Honoria is concern'd to meet
A greater happiness than Alworth, I
Can make myself an exile, which is but
The justice of my love to her great merit.
I am a trifle, madam, a thing meant
Beneath your smile, a very walking shadow,
And time will come, when you have shew'd me
all

The bounties of your grace, nay, seal'd them mine,
By the most holy character of marriage,
Yet then I must forsake you, when my nerves
Shrink up, when the weak flowings of my blood

Cool in their channel, and tame Nature leaves me
A spoil to death—

Hon Why do you talk of death,
So far off?

Alw Though we do not hear him tread,
Yet every minute he approaches, madam,
And give me leave to tell you, without flattering
Myself, I am in danger first, a prisoner,
A spy they may pretend, but this will vanish
It is the title of your servant, madam,
Is both my honour and my crime, nor can I
Wave my relation to your favours this
Known to the man, under whose power we stand,
His angry breath may doom me to the scaffold,
And I must then resign, nor will the act
Be mine, but a constraint, and I then lose
The glory that may now be mine, to engage
Him in your smiles, you in his love.

Hon When will this dream be over?

Alw As for me,
It shall be enough at distance to look on you,
With thoughts as innocent as your own, and if,
For the convenience of both our persons,
One earth must not contain us, do not think
That I can wander, where I shall forget
To tell the stranger world your story, madam
And when I have made all mankind, where I come,
Bow to your name, and taught them to repeat it
In all their dangers and their frights, to cure them,
I will seek out some air that is infectious,
Where no birds dare inhabit, or man build
A cottage to repose his wearied head,
And there I prophesy, by the virtuous charm
Of your blest name, to purge it, and as soon
As the great miracle is spread, to invite
The best of every nation to live there,
And own you tutelar angel.

Hon Fie! no more

Alworth now dreams indeed ; but he more vainly
 Persuades me to forget my vows to him
 Is this a fear to die, or something like it ?
 For I would give it fain some other name.

Alw. A fear to die ? that arrow strikes too deep,
 If you but think so, and wounds more than all
 The horror my destruction can appear in.
 If I can entertain the thoughts of life
 Without you, how much easier must it be
 To die for your concernment ! I have not liv'd
 After the rate to fear another world
 We come from nothing into life, a time
 We measure with a short breath, and that often
 Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,
 Which, like so many atoms in a sun-beam,
 But crowd and jostle one another All,
 From the adored purple to the hair cloth,
 Must centre in a shade, and they that have
 Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock
 The rugged storms, that so much fright them here,
 When their soul's launch'd by death into a sea
 That's ever calm.

Hon. This deserves my attention,
 And you, in this small lecture, Alworth, have
 Made me in love with death, who, for thy sake,
 Can, with my innocence about me, take
 More satisfaction to bleed away
 My life, than keep it, with the smallest stain
 Upon my honour This, I speak, not to
 Court up your drooping thoughts to me, if I
 Be fall'n, or have lost my first esteem—

Alw. Oh, pardon, t' other syllable of this
 Destroys me —

What is there can but make me worthy of
 Your faith ? I am all, ever thine !—The colonel

Con. [*comes forward*] — Expect a cloud to
 darken all your triumphs. [*Exit.*

Hon His threats move me as little as his love ,
Yet, for thy sake, I can be sad.

Alw And I
But only mourn for you —

Re-enter CONQUEST with a pistol, and TRAVERSE

He is return'd,
And with him the first poisoner of our peace
What horror next ?

Con Your happiness is now
Within your reach , kill but that fellow, and
Possess her by my gift , the act once done
By my command, secures thee.

[*Gives Trav the pistol.*

Hon. He shall make
His passage to thee through my heart

Trav I thank you
For your great promise and employment, sir,
But take your tool again

Con Did you not love her ?

Trav Yes, infinitely, but scorn your hangman's
office -

I have done too much already , but if, madam,
The memory of my base surprise have not
Weigh'd me down past all fathom of your mercy,
I can ask you forgiveness in my heart,
And suffer all his tyranny, to expiate
My black offence to you, and to that gentleman

Con Are you so resolute ?

Trav. Were I assur'd

There were no punishment to attend this murder
Here, nor hereafter , could she pardon this
Bloody assassination, and Alworth
Forgive me, when his soul is gliding through
The purple stream, and mounting up to fill
Some happy star , would she herself consent
To be the great reward of the black deed,
I should abhor the parricide

80 HONORIA AND MAMMON. [*Act V*

Con Is't so? expect my next return [*Exit.*

Alw Sir, you have shewn a penitence would strike

A marble through, and this return to piety
Hath chang'd our anger into admiration

Hon Sir, we have now no thoughts but what
are fill'd

With a desire you call us to your friendship,
Live happy, and adorn, by your example
Of justice, the most honoured robe you wear.

*Re-enter CONQUEST, with ALAMODE, FULBANK,
SQUANDERBAG, and lady MAMMON*

Con. Nay, you shall witness all my resolution —

Your hand, dear madam — Alworth, take from me
Thy own Honoria, it were impious
To keep you a minute longer in your fears,
Your loves deserve my admiration, not
My anger, and I cheerfully resign
All my ambitions, live you happy both,
As I am in this conquest of myself.
I lov'd Honoria well, but justice better —
But, madam, though you must be Alworth's bride,
Yet give me leave to call you mistress, I
Can be your servant still, and, by your influence
Upon me, steer my actions, and keep
My passions in as much obedience
As any soldier I command:—and, Alworth,
Be you so just to tell the world, that takes
Delight to snarl, and catch at every error
In our profession, I am no enemy
To arts, but can take pleasure to reward
Learning, with all due honour, be yourself
The example.

Alw You are perfect

In all that's noble, and it were a sin
Not to proclaim it.

Trav. Sir, this act will crown
Your name for ever.

Con. Make your peace with Honoria

Hon. 'Tis done, and we owe all we can call
happy

To your justice, sir.

Con. [to *Mammon*] Madam, you look upon us
through some cloud ;

None should be worn this day, and here are some
Did wear the title of your servant —Fulbank.

Ful. Oh, you are truly noble , I ever honoured
My lady.

Con. Traverse, Alamode

Squan. Please you to name me in the list, I
can

Be as much a servant to this lady as
The best of these.

Con. Stand forth, and plead your merits.

Mam. I excuse them

Your pardon, sir , I think the best in all
The file unworthy of me.

Con. Plain truth, gentlemen.

Mam. I could give reasons, but I have no hu-
mour

To spoil some reputations in public.

Ala. I told you what a gipsy 'twas.

Mam. Some may

Traduce my fame, and charge me with a levity
And frequent change , but I have been less constant,
Because I found no man had wit enough
To manage me, or worth enough to invite
The stay of my affections I acknowledge
The citizen doth promise fair, but breaks ,
Lawyers are cunning, but I love not snares ,
The courtier has no care of his own body ,
The countryman had no wit but in his acres ,

And for you, sir, your name is Squanderbag,
What would you do with Mammon cannot keep
her?

Beside, these men had the bad luck to court me
When I was swayed by an evil genius,
Which now has left me. I see already
A nobler path, and till I find a man
Knows how to love, and govern me with temper-
ance,

I lay myself an humble servant at
Honorias feet — Your pardon to my past
Neglects, will make me cheerful to attend you.

Con Nay, since you're come to be my fellow-
servant,

If you please, madam, we may approach nearer
What think you of me? shall I present myself
A servant to your favour?

Mam. Sir, you are pleasant.

Con I shall be so, if you accept my service,
Though I am a soldier, I can love, and do
All duties may become your worth and honour.

Mam I blush to say how much I am unworthy,
But I shall meet you honourably.

Con A match, seal it. [*They salute.*]

Ful He has done't compendiously — But, sir,
you know —

Con Yes, I know very well what you would say,
But this fair lady's mine, and I'll deserve her:
Wealth has already made you mad, we have been
Out of the sun a great while. I invite
You all my guests to day, and lady Mammon's,
Do me that honour

Ful There is no remedy

Enter MASLIN, stript

Ala 'Tis well you 'scap'd with loss of Mammon.

Con What anti-masquer's this?

Mam. 'Tis master Maslin

Capt. This fellow would not bend, and so they
broke him.

Mas You look like the commander in chief
Of this militia

Con What then?

Mas I have a suit to you.

Con. A suit! methinks you're naked

Mas I know not, but on my knees I beg their
pardon

That made me so, they plunder'd me so quaintly,
They are the nimblest *hocus pocus's*
That e'er threw dice for hemp

Con I am glad they fitted you

Mas No, sir, it was the tailor fitted me.

Con. So! and they unfitted you

Mas. But with what art, how most compendi-
ously

They made me an Adamite, sir—

Con Let's hear your wonder.

Mas One ill-look'd fellow did but swear an oath,
And my hat flew up with the very wind of it,
And fell upon a head that stood bare for it,
Full three yards off,
Another did but squint upon my legs,
And my boots vanish'd, with the spurs upon them,
Cloak, doublet, jerkin, all convenient broad cloth,
Three pile of wool, went from me at one motion!
No bars nor buttons could prevail a minute,
They broke into my body with that nimble
Burglary, I was undone ere I could wink,
But when my narrow shirt came o'er my shoulders,
I thought 't had been my skin, at every twitch
I roar'd, and gave myself gone for a rabbit,
For the next officer's supper.

Con In good time

Mas. But truth appear'd when I was stripp'd,
their charity

Left me my breeches, but the good old gold
 Could not have leave to bear them company,
 That was default'd miraculously by a myrmidon
 That had lost both his hands

Ala Lost both his hands !

How could he take your money ?

Mas With his stumps, sir ,
 He routed both my pockets with his stumps ,
 Oh, the knack some men have to fetch out money !

Con He is pleasant , see his wardrobe be restor'd

Mas. Shall I be warm again ?—Oh, madam ;—

Squan. Be not too saucy , she is now exalted
 Above your sphere

Ful. Oh, master Maslin, we are all undone

Mas So am I , they have not left me a shirt.

Con All faults, where we have power, this day
 are pardon'd

Ala Happiness crown your loves !

Con. Now to the priest,
 Whose work is only wanting to confirm us —
 Alworth, lead on your fairest bride , remember
 We are both servants to Honoria.

Alw To shew I can obey you, sir ; come, madam,
 The birth of heaven, and the earth's morning star,

Con. Our life of peace, and the true soul of war

[*Exeunt*

CHABOT,
ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.

CHABOT] This Tragedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels in April 1635, and, according to the chronological order in which I have attempted to arrange these dramas, it ought to have occupied a place in a preceding volume, but Chapman seems to have written so large a portion of it, that I then thought it scarcely admissible in a collection of Shirley's works. I have, however, added it in this place, that I might not be accused of omitting any thing which could be justly considered as the production of our poet. The only edition is that of 1639, 4to which has the following title "*The Tragedie of Chabot Admirall of France As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane Written by George Chapman and James Shirley.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Francis I *king of France*
Chabot, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE
Montmorency, *constable of France*
Father of Chabot's wife
Asall, *a courtier*
Allegre, *a follower of Chabot*
Treasurer
Chancellor
General
Proctor.
Judges.
Secretary
Ushers.
Officers
Courtier.
Porter.
Guard.
Attendants, &c.

The Queen
Wife of Chabot.

SCENE, Paris

CHABOT,

ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ASALL and ALLEGRE

Asall. Now Philip Chabot, admiral of France,
The great, and only famous favourite
To Francis, first of that imperial name,
Hath found a fresh competitor in glory,
(Duke Montmorency, constable of France,)
Who drinks as deep as he of the stream royal,
And may in little time convert the strength
To raise his spring, and blow the other's fall
All The world would wish it so, that will not
patiently

Endure the due rise of a virtuous man

Asall If he be virtuous, what is the reason
That men affect him not? Why is he lost
To the general opinion, and become
Rather their hate, than love?

All I wonder you
Will question it, ask a ground or reason
Of men bred in this vile, degenerate age!
The most men are not good, and it agrees not
With impious natures to allow what's honest;
'Tis an offence enough to be exalted

To regal favours Great men are not safe
In their own vice, where good men, by the hand
Of kings, are planted to survey their workings.
What man was ever fix'd i' the sphere of honour,
And precious to his sovereign, whose actions,
Nay, very soul, was not expos'd to every
Common and base dissection² and not only
That which in nature hath excuse, and in
Themselves is privileg'd by name of frailty,
But even virtues are made crimes, and doom'd
To the fate of treason.

Asall A bad age the while
I ask your pardon, sir, but thinks your judgment,
His love to justice, and corruption's hate,
Are true and hearty²

All Judge yourself by this
One argument, his hearty truth to all,
For in the heart hath anger his wisest seat,
And 'gainst unjust suits such brave anger fires him,
That when they seek to pass his place and power,
Though mov'd and urg'd by the other minion,
Or by his greatest friends and even the king
Lead them to his allowance with his hand,
First given in bill, assign'd, even then his spirit,
(In nature calm as any summer's evening,)
Puts up his whole powers, like a winter's sea,
His blood boils over, and his heart even cracks
At the injustice, and he tears the bill,
And would do, were he for't to be torn in pieces

Asall 'Tis brave, I swear

All. Nay, it is worthy your wonder,
That I must tell you further, there's no needle
In a sun-dial, placed upon his steel
In such a tender posture, that doth tremble,
The timely dial being held amiss,
And will shake ever till you hold it right,
More tender than himself in any thing
That he concludes in justice for the state.

For, as a fever held him, he will shake
When he is signing any thing of weight,
Lest human frailty should misguide his justice

Asall You have declar'd him a most noble
justicer

All He truly weighs and feels, sir, what a charge
The subjects' livings are, (being even their lives
Laid on the hand of power,) which abus'd,
Though seen blood flow not from the justice seat,
'Tis in true sense as grievous and horrid.

Asall It argues nothing less, but since your lord
Is diversely reported for his parts,
What's your true censure of his general worth,
Virtue, and judgment?

All As of a picture wrought to optic reason,
That to all passers by seems, as they move,
Now woman, now a monster, now a devil
And, till you stand, and in a right line view it,
You cannot well judge what the main form is,
So men, that view him but in vulgar passes,
Casting but lateral, or partial glances
At what he is, suppose him weak, unjust,
Bloody, and monstrous, but stand free and fast,
And judge him by no more than what you know
Ingenuously, and by the right laid line
Of truth, he truly will all styles deserve
Of wise, just, good. a man, both soul and nerve

Asall Sir, I must join in just belief with you,
But what's his rival, the lord high constable?

All As just, and well inclin'd, when he's him-
self,

(Not wrought on with the counsels and opinions
Of other men,) and the main difference is,
The admiral is not flexible, nor won
To move one scruple, when he comprehends
The honest track and justness of a cause
The constable explores not so sincerely
The course he runs, but takes the mind of others,

(By name judicial,) for what his own
Judgment and knowledge should conclude.

Asall. A fault,
In my apprehension another's knowledge,
Applied to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge, how to inform acts,
The sun's rich radiance, shot through waves most
fair,

Is but a shadow to his beams i' the air,
His beams, that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flame in fire,
In fire his fervour but as vapour flies,
To what his own pure bosom rarifies.
And the Almighty wisdom, having given
Each man within himself an apter light
To guide his acts, than any light without him,
(Creating nothing not in all things equal,)
It seems a fault in any that depend
On other's knowledge, and exile their own

All 'Tis nobly argued and exemplified;
But now I hear my lord, and his young rival
Are to be reconcil'd, and then one light
May serve to guide them both

Asall I wish it may, the king being made first
mover
To form their reconcilment, and inflame it
With all the sweetness of his praise and honour.

All See, 'tis dispatch'd, I hope, the king doth
grace it.

Loud Music — *Enter Ushers, Secretary, Treasurer,
Chancellor, CHABOT and MONTMORENCY, hand
in hand, the King following, Attendants, &c*

King This doth express the noblest fruit of
peace

Chan Which, when the great begin, the humble
end

In joyful imitation, all combining
 A gordian beyond the Phrigian knot,
 Past wit to lose it, or the sword, be still so.

Treas 'Tis certain, sir, by concord least things
 grow

Most great, and flourishing like trees, that wrap
 Their forehead in the skies, may these do so !

King You hear, my lord, all that is spoke con-
 tends

To celebrate, with pious vote, the atonement
 So lately, and so nobly made between you

Chab Which, for itself, sir, [I] resolve to keep
 Pure and inviolable, needing none
 To encourage or confirm it, but my own
 Love and allegiance to your sacred counsel

King 'Tis good, and pleases, like my dearest
 health

Stand you firm on that sweet simplicity ?

Mout Past all earth[ly] policy that would in-
 fringe it

King 'Tis well, and answers all the doubts
 suspected —

*Enter an Attendant, who whispers Chabot, and
 exit*

And what moves this close message, Philip ?

Chab My wife's father, sir, is closely come to
 court.

King Is he come to the court, whose aversation
 So much affects him, that he shuns and flies it ?
 What's the strange reason that he will not rise
 Above the middle region he was born in ?

Chab He saith, sir, 'tis because the extreme of
 height

Makes a man less seem to the imperfect eye
 Than he is truly, his acts envied more,
 And though he nothing cares for seeming, so

His being just stand firm 'twixt heaven and him,
 Yet, since in his soul's jealousy, he fears
 That he himself advanced, would undervalue
 Men placed beneath him, and their business with
 him,
 Since height of place oft dazzles height of judgment,

He takes his top-sail down in such rough storms,
 And apts his sails to airs more temperate

King A most wise soul he has How long shall
 kings

Raise men that are not wise till they be high !
 You have our leave , but tell him, Philip, we
 Would have him nearer

Mont Your desires attend you.

Enter an Attendant

King We know from whence you come , say
 to the queen ,
 We were coming to her 'Tis a day of love,
 And she seals all perfection

[*Exeunt King and Att*

Treas My lord,
 We must beseech your stay

Mont My stay ?

Chan. Our counsels
 Have led you thus far to your reconciliation,
 And must remember you, to observe the end
 At which in plain, I told you then we aim'd at
 You know we all urg'd the atonement, rather
 To enforce the broader difference between you,
 Than to conclude your friendship, which wise men
 Know to be fashionable, and privileg'd policy,
 And will succeed betwixt you and the admiral,
 As sure as fate, if you please to get sign'd
 A suit now to the king, with all our hands,
 Which will so much increase his precise justice,

That, weighing not circumstances of politic state,
He will instantly oppose it, and complain,
And urge in passion, what the king will sooner
Punish than yield to, and so render you,
In the king's frown on him, the only darling,
And 'mediate power of France

Mont. My good lord chancellor,
Shall I, so late aton'd, and by the king's
Hearty and earnest motion, fall in pieces?

Chan. 'Tis he, not you, that break

Treas. Have not you patience
To let him burn himself in the king's flame?

Chan. Come, be not, sir, infected with a spice
Of that too servile equity, that renders
Men free born slaves, and rid with bits like horses,
When you must know, my lord, that even in nature
A man is *animal politicum*,
So that when he informs his actions simply,
He does in both 'gainst policy and nature,
And therefore our soul's motion is affirm'd
To be, like heavenly Nature's, circular,
And circles being call'd ambitious lines,
We must, like them, become ambitious ever,
And endless in our circumventions,
No tough hides limiting our cheveril minds

Treas. 'Tis learnedly, and past all answer
argued,
You are great, and must grow greater still, and
greater,
And not be like a dull and standing lake,
That settles, putrifies, and chokes with mud,
But, like a river gushing from the head
That winds through the under-vales, what checks
o'erflowing,
Get strength still of his course,
Till with the ocean meeting, even with him
In sway and title, his brave billows move

Mont. You speak a rare affection, and high souls,

But give me leave, great lords, still my just thanks
 Remember'd to your counsels and direction,
 I, seeking this way to confirm myself,
 I undermine the columns that support
 My hopeful, glorious fortune, and at once
 Provoke the tempest, though did drown my envy.
 With what assurance shall the king expect
 My faith to him, that break it for another?
 He has engag'd our peace, and my revenge
 Forfeits my trust with him, whose narrow sight
 Will penetrate through all our mists, could we
 Veil our design with clouds blacker than night;
 But grant this danger over, with what justice,
 Or satisfaction to the inward judge,
 Shall I be guilty of this good man's ruin?
 Though I may still the murmuring tongues with-
 out me,

Loud conscience has a voice to shudder greatness

Sec A name to fright, and terrify young statists
 There is necessity, my lord, that you
 Must lose your light, if you eclipse not him,
 Two stars so lucid cannot shine at once
 In such a firmament, and better you
 Extinguish his fires, than be made his fuel,
 And in your ashes give his flame a trophy.

Chan My lord, the league that you have vow'd
 of friendship,

In a true understanding not confines you,
 But makes you boundless, turn not edge at such
 A liberty, but look to your own fortune,
 Secure your honour—a precisian
 In state is a ridiculous miracle,
 Friendship is but a visor, beneath which
 A wise man laughs to see whole families
 Ruin'd, upon whose miserable pile
 He mounts to glory. Sir, you must resolve
 To use any advantage.

Mont Misery

Of rising statesmen¹ I must on, I see,
That, 'gainst the politic and privileg'd fashion,
All justice tastes but affectation. [Exit

Chan Why so, we shall do good on him i' the
end [Exeunt.

SCENE II

Another Apartment in the Same

Enter Father and CHABOT.

Chab You are most welcome

Fath I wish your lordship's safety,
Which, whilst I pray for, I must not forget
To urge again the ways to fix you where
No danger has access to threaten you

Chab Still your old argument, I owe your love
for't

Fath. But, fortified with new and pregnant reasons,
That you should leave the court

Chab. I dare not, sir

Fath You dare be undone then

Chab I should be ungrateful
To such a master, as no subject boasted,
To leave his service when they exact
My chiefest duty and attendance, sir.

Fath Would thou wert less degraded from thy
titles,

And swelling offices¹ that will, i' the end,
Ingulf thee past a rescue I had not come
So far to trouble you at this time, but that
I do not like the loud tongues o' the world,
That say, the king has ta'en another favourite,
The constable, a gay man, and a great,
With a huge train of faction too, the queen,
Chancellor, treasurer, secretary, and

An army of state warriors, whose discipline
Is sure, and subtile to confusion
I hope the rumour's false, thou art so calm

Chab Report has not abus'd you, sir.

Fath It has not¹

And you are pleas'd then you do mean to mix
With unjust courses, the great constable
And you combining, that no suit may pass
One of the grapples of your either's rape
I, that abhorr'd, must I now entertain
A thought, that your so straight and simple custom
To render justice, and the common good,
Should now be patch'd with policy, and wrested
From the ingenuous step you took,
And hang

Upon the shoulders of your enemy,
To bear you out in what you shame to act?

Chab Sir, we both are reconciled

Fath It follows, then, that both the acts must bear
Like reconciliation, and if he will now
Malign and malice you for crossing him,
Or any of his faction in their suits,
Being now aton'd, you must be one in all,
One in corruption, and 'twixt you two millstones,
New pick'd, and put together, must the grain
Of good men's needful means to live, be ground
Into your choking superfluities
You both too rich they run'd.

Chab I conceive, sir,
We both may be enrich'd, and raise our fortunes
Even with our places in our sovereign's favour
Though past the height of others, yet within
The rules of law and justice, and approve
Our actions white and innocent

Fath I doubt it,
While enforc'd shew, perhaps, which will, I fear,
Prove in true substance but a miller's whiteness,
More sticking in your clothes than conscience

Chab Your censure herein tastes some passion,
sir ,
And I beseech you nourish better thoughts,
Than to imagine that the king's mere grace
Sustains such prejudice by those it honours ,
That of necessity we must pervert it
With passionate enemies, and ambitious boundless
Avarice, and every license incident
To fortunate greatness, and that all abuse it
For the most impious avarice of some.

Fath As if the total sum of favourites' frailties
Affected not the full rule of their kings
In their own partially disposed ambitions,
And that kings do no hazard infinitely
In their free realties of rights and honours,
Where they leave much for favourites' powers to
order

Chab But we have such a master of our king,
In the imperial art, that no power flies
Out of his favour, but his policy ties
A crance to it, to contain it still ,
And for the reconcilment of us, sir,
Never were two in favour, that were more
One in all love of justice, and true honour,
Though in the act and prosecution
Perhaps we differ Howsoever, yet
One beam us both creating, what should let
That both our souls should both one mettle bear.
And that one stamp, one word, one character ?

Fath I could almost be won to be a courtier ,
There's something more in's composition
Than ever yet was favourite's.—

Enter a Courtier

What's he ?

Cour I bring your lordship a sign'd bill, to have
The addition of your honour'd hand , the council
Have all before subscribed, and full prepar'd it

Chab It seems then they have weigh'd the importance of it,
And know the grant is just

Cour No doubt, my lord,
Or else they take therein the constable's word,
It being his suit, and his power having wrought
The king already to appose his hand

Chab I do not like his working of the king,
For if it be a suit made known to him,
And fit to pass, he wrought himself to it
However, my hand goes to no such grant,
But first I'll know, and censure it myself

Cour *Até,*¹ if thou be'st goddess of contention,
That Jove took by the hair, and hurl'd from heaven,
Assume in earth thy empire, and this bill
Thy firebrand, make to turn his love, thus tempted,
Into a hate as horrid as thy furies [*Aside*

Chab Does this bear title of his lordship's suit?

Cour It does, my lord, and therefore he beseech'd

The rather your dispatch

Chab No, thought the rather,
But now the rather all power's against it,
The suit being most unjust, and he pretending
In all his actions justice, on the sudden,
After his so late vow not to violate it,
Is strange and vile, and if the king himself
Should own and urge it, I would stay and cross it,
For 'tis within the free power of my office,
And I should strain his kingdom if I pass'd it
I see their poor attempts, and giddy malice
Is this the reconciliation that so lately
He vow'd in sacred witness of the king?
Assuring me he never more would offer
To pass a suit unjust, which I well know
This is, above all, and have often been urg'd
To give it passage — Be you, sir, the judge

¹ *Cour* *Até,*] The old copy has, *A he*

Fath I will not meddle
With any thing of state, you knew long since

Chab. Yet you may hear it, sir

Fath You will not urge
My opinion then ? Go to

Chab An honest merchant,
Presuming on our league of France with Spain,
Brought into Spain a wealthy ship, to vent
Her fit commodities to serve the country,
Which, in the place of suffering their sale,
Were seiz'd, to recompense a Spanish ship,
Priz'd by a Frenchman ere the league was made
No suits, no letters of our king's could gain
Our merchant's first right in it, but his letters,
Unreverently received, the king's self scandal,
Beside the league's breach, and the foul injustice
Done to our honest merchant, who endured all,
'Till some small time since, authoriz'd by our
council,

Though not in open court, he made a ship out,
And took a Spaniard, brings all home, and sues
To gain his full-prov'd loss, full recompense
Of his just prize his prize is stay'd and seiz'd,
Yet for the king's disposure, and the Spaniard
Makes suit to be restor'd her, which this bill
Would fain get granted, feigning, as they hop'd,
With my allowance, and way given to make
Our countryman's in Spain their absolute prize

Fath 'Twere absolute injustice.

Chab Should I pass it ?

Fath Pass life and state before

Chab If this would seem

His lordship's suit his love to me, and justice,
Including plots upon me, while my simpleness
Is seriously vow'd to reconciliation,
Love him, good vulgars, and abhor me still,
For if I court your flattery with my crimes,
Heaven's love before me fly, till in my tomb

Upon your coin, and shall the character
That doth include the blessing of all France,
Your name, thus written by your royal hand,
Design'd for justice, and your kingdom's honour,
Not call up equal anger to reward it?
Your counsellors of state contemn'd and slighted,
As in this brain more circumscrib'd all wisdom,
And policy of empire, and your power
Subordinate and subject to his passion

King Come, it concerns you not

Queen Is this the consequence
Of an atonement made so lately between
The hopeful Montmorency and his lordship,
Urge[d] by yourself with such a precious sanction?
Come, he that dares do this, wants not a heart,
But opportunity—

King To do what?

Queen To tear your crown off

King Come, your language doth taste more
Of rage and womanish flame, than solid reason,
Against the admiral What commands of your's,
Not to your expectation obey'd
By him, is ground of your so keen displeasure?

Queen Commands of mine? he is too great and
powerful

To stoop to my employment, a Colossus,
And can stride from one province to another
By the assistance of those offices
You have most confidently impos'd upon him
'Tis he, not you, take up the people's eyes
And admiration, while his princely wife—

King Nay, then I reach the spring of your dis-
taste,

He has a wife—

Enter Chancellor and Treasurer, and whisper with the King

Queen Whom for her pride I love not,
And I but in her husband's rum

Can triumph o'er her greatness [Aside

King Well, well, I'll think on't [Exit

Chan. He begins to incline —

Madam, you are the soul of our great work

Queen I'll follow, and employ my powers upon
him

Treas We are confident you will prevail at last,
And for the pious work oblige the king to you

Chan And us your humblest creatures

Queen Press no further. [Exit

Chan Let's seek out my lord constable

Treas And inflame him,—

Chan To expostulate with Chabot, something
may

Arise from thence, to pull more weight upon him
[Exeunt

SCENE II

Another Apartment in the Same

Enter Father and ALIEGRE

Fath How sorts the business? how took the
king

The tearing of his bill?

All Exceeding well,

And seem'd to smile at all their grim complaints

'Gainst all that outrage to his highness' hand,

And said, in plain, he sign'd it but to try

My lord's firm justice.

Fath What a sweet king 'tis'

All But how his rival, the lord constable,
Is labour'd by the chancellor, and others, to retort
His wrong with ten parts more upon my lord,
Is monstrous

Fath Need he their spurs?

All Ay, sir, for he's afraid
To bear himself too boldly in his braves
Upon the king, being newly enter'd minion,
Since 'tis but patience sometime they think,
Because the favour spending in two streams,
One must run low at length, till when he dare
Take fire in such flame as his faction wishes,
But with wise fear contains himself, and so,
Like a green faggot, in his kindling smokes,
And where the chancellor, his chief Cyclops, finds
The fire within him apt to take, he blows,
And then the faggot flames, as never more
The bellows needed, till the too soft greenness
Of his state habit shews his sap still flows
Above the solid timber, with which, then
His blaze shrinks head, he cools, and smokes again.

Fath Good man, he would be, would the bad
not spoil him

All True sir but they still ply him with their
arts,
And, as I heard, have wrought him personally
To question my lord with all the bitterness
The galls of all their faction can pour in,
And such an expectation hangs upon't,
Though all the court, as 'twere with child, and
long'd

To make a mirror of my lord's clear blood,
And therein see the full ebb of his flood,
And therefore, if you please to counsel him,
You shall perform a father's part

Fath Nay, since
He's gone so far, I would not have him fear,
But dare them, and yet I'll not meddle in't —

Enter CHABOT.

He's here , if he have wit to like his cause,
His spirit will not be asham'd to die in't. [*Exit*

All My lord, retire, you're waylaid in your
walks ,

Your friends are all fallen from you , all your ser-
vants,

Suborn'd by all advantage, to report

Each word you whisper out, and to serve you

With hat and knee, while other have their hearts

Chab Much profit may my foes make of such
servants!

I love no enemy I have so well,

To take so ill a bargain from his hands

All Their other odds yet shun, all being com-
bin'd,

And lodg'd in ambush, arriv'd to do you mischief

By any means, past fear of law or sovereign

Chab I walk no desert, yet go arm'd with that
That would give wildest beasts instincts to rescue,
Rather than offer any force to hurt me

My innocence is, which is a conquering justice,

As wears a shield, that both defends and fights

All One against all the world

Chab. The more the odds,

The less the conquest , or, if all the world

Be thought an army fit to employ against one,

That one is argued fit to fight 'gainst all :

If I fall under them, this breast shall bear

Their heap digested in my sepulchre

Death is the life of good men let them come.

*Enter MONTMORENCY, Chancellor, Treasurer, and
Secretary*

Mont I thought, my lord, our reconcilment
perfect

You have express'd what sea of gall flow'd in you,
In tearing of the bill I sent to allow

Chab Dare you confess the sending of that bill ?

Mont Dare ? why not ?

Chab Because it brake your oath
Made in our reconcilment, and betrays
The honour, and the chief life of the king,
Which is his justice

Mont Betrays ?

Chab No less, and that I'll prove to him

Omnes You cannot

Treas. I would not wish you offer at an action
So most impossibly, and much against
The judgment and favour of the king

Chab His judgment, nor his favour, I respect,
So I preserve his justice.

Chan 'Tis not justice,
Which I'll prove by law, and absolute learning

Chab All your great law and learning are but
words,

When I plead plainly, naked truth and deeds,
Which, though you seek to fray with state and
glory,

I'll shoot a shaft at all your globe of light,
If lightning split it, yet 'twas high and right [*Exit.*

Mont Brave resolution, so his acts be just !
He cares for gain not honour

Chan How came he then
By all his infinite honour and his gain ?

Treas Well said, my lord

Sec Answer but only that

Mont By doing justice still in all his actions

Sec But if this action prove unjust, will you
Say all his other may be so as well,

And think your own course fitter far than his ?

Mont. I will [*Exit*

Chan He cools, we must not leave him, we
have no

Such engine to remove the adamant [*Eleunt*

SCENE III

Another Apartment in the Same

Enter King and CHABOT.

King. I prithee, Philip, be not so severe
To him I favour, 'tis an argument
That may serve one day to avail yourself,
Nor does it square with your so gentle nature,
To give such fires of envy to your blood,
For howsoever, out of love to justice,
Your jealousy of that doth so incense you,
Yet they that censure it will say 'tis envy

Chab. I serve not you for them, but for yourself,
And that good in your rule, that justice does you,
And care not this what others say, so you
Please but to do me right for what you know.

King. You will not do yourself right Why
should I
Exceed you to yourself?

Chab. Myself am nothing,
Compar'd to what I seek, 'tis justice only,
The fount and flood both of your strength and
kingdoms

King. But who knows not, that extreme justice is
(By all rul'd laws) the extreme of injury,
And must to you be so, the persons that
Your passionate heat calls into question
Are great and many, and may wrong in you
Your rights of kind, and dignities of fortune,
And I advanc'd you not to heap on you
Honours and fortunes, that, by strong hand now
Held up, and over you, when heaven takes off
That powerful hand, should thunder on your head,
And after you crush your surviving seeds

Chab Sir, your regards to both are great and sacred,

But, if the innocence and right that rais'd me
And means for mine, can find no friend hereafter
Of him that ever lives, and ever seconds
All kings just bounties with defence, and refuge
In just men's races, let my fabric ruin,
My stock want sap, my branches by the root
Be torn to death, and swept with whirlwinds out

King For my love, no relenting?

Chab No my liege,

'Tis for your love and right that I stand out

King Be better yet advis'd.

Chab I cannot, sir,

Should any oracle become my counsel,
For that I stand not out, thus of set will,
Or pride of any singular conceit,
My enemies, and the world may clearly know,
I taste no sweets to drown in others' gall,
And to affect in that which makes me loath'd,
To leave myself and mine expos'd to all
The dangers you propos'd, my purchas'd honours,
And all my fortunes in an instant lost,
That money, cares, and pains, and years have
gather'd,

How mad were I to rave thus in my wounds!
Unless my known health felt in these forc'd issues
Were sound and fit, and that I did not know
By most true proofs, that, to become sincere,
With all men's hates, doth far exceed their loves,
To be, as they are, mixtures of corruption?
And that those envies that I see pursue me,
Of all true actions are the natural consequents,
Which being my object, and my resolute choice,
Not for my good, but your's, I will have justice

King You will have justice? Is your will so strong,

Now against mine, your power being so weak,

Before my favour gave them both their forces ?
Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces,
You, Philip Chabot, a mean gentleman,
Have not I rais'd you to a supremest lord,
And given you greater dignities than any ?

Chab You have so

King Well said , and to spur your dulness
With the particulars to which I rais'd you,
Have not I made you first a knight of the order,
Then admiral of France, then count Byzanges,
Lord, and lieutenant-general of all
My country, and command of Burgundy ,
Lieutenant-general likewise of my son,
Dauphin and heir, and of all Normandy,
And of my chiefly honour'd privy council,
And cannot all these powers weigh down your
will ?

Chab No, sir , they were not given me to that
end , .

But to uphold my will, my will being just

King And who shall judge that justice, you
or I ?

Chab I, sir, in this case , your royal thoughts
are fitly

Exempt from every curious search of one,
You have the general charge with care of all.

King And do not generals include particulars ?
May not I judge of any thing compris'd
In your particular, as well as you ?

Chab Far be the misery from you, that you may !
My cares, pains, broken sleep, therein made more
Than your s, should make me see more, and my
forces

Render of better judgment.

King Well, sir, grant
Your force in this, my odds in benefits,
Paid for your pains, put in the other scale,
And any equal holder of the balance

Will shew my merits hoist up your's to air,
In rule of any doubt or deed betwixt us.

Chab You merit not of me for benefits,
More than myself of you for services.

King. Is't possible ?

Chab. 'Tis true

King Stand you on that ?

Chab. Ay, to the death, and will approve to all
men

King I am deceiv'd, but I shall find good
judges,

That will find difference

Chab Find them, being good

King. Still so ? What, if conferring
My bounties, and your services to sound them,
We fall foul on some licenses of your's ?
Nay, give me therein some advantage of you

Chab They cannot.

King Not in sifting their severe discharges
Of all your offices ?

Chab The more you sift,
The more you shall refine me.

King. What if I
Grant out against you a commission,
Join'd with an extraordinary process,
To arrest, and put you in law's hands for trial ?

Chab Not with law's uttermost.

King I'll throw the dice

Chab And I'll endure the chance,
The dice being square
Repos'd in dreadless confidence and conscience,
That all your most extremes shall never reach,
Or to my life, my goods, or honour's breach

King Was ever heard so fine a confidence ?
Must it not prove presumption ? and can that
'Scape bracks and errors in your search of law ?
I prithee weigh yet, with more soul than danger,
And some less passion

Chab Witness, heaven, I cannot,
Were I dissolv'd, and nothing else but soul

King Beshrew my blood, but his resolves amaze
me [Aside.

Was ever such a justice in a subject,
Of so much office left to his own swing,
That left to law thus, and his sovereign's wrath,
Could stand clear, 'spite of both ! Let reason rule it,
Before it come at law a man so rare
In one thing, cannot in the rest be vulgar,
And who sees you not in the broad highway,
The common dust up in your own eyes beating,
In quest of riches, honours, offices,
As heartily in shew as most believe,
And he that can use actions with the vulgar,
Must needs embrace the same effects, and cannot
inform him

Whatsoever he pretends, use them with such
Free equity, as fits one just and real,
Even in the eyes of men, nor stand at all parts
So truly circular, so sound, and solid,
But have his swellings out, his cracks and crannies,
And therefore in this reason, before law
'Take you to her, lest you affect and flatter
Yourself with mad opinions

Chab I were mad
Directly, sir, if I were yet to know
Not the sure danger, but the certain ruin
Of men shot into law from kings' bent brow.
There being no dream from the most muddy brain
Upon the foulest fancy, that can forge
More horror in the shadows of mere fame,
'Than can some lawyer in a man expos'd
To his interpretation by the king
But these grave toys I shall despise in death,
And while I live, will lay them open so,
(My innocence laid by them,) that, like foils,
They shall stick of my merits ten times more,

And make your bounties nothing , for who gives
And hits i' the teeth, himself pays with the glory
For which he gave, as being his end of giving,
Not to crown merits, or do any good,
And so no thanks is due but to his glory

King 'Tis brave, I swear

Chab No, sir, 'tis plain and rude,
But true and spotless , and where you object
My hearty and gross vulgar love of riches,
'Titles, and honours, I did never seek them
For any love to them, but to that justice
You ought to use in their due gift to merits,
To shew you royal, and most open-handed,
Not using for hands, talons, pincers, gripples ,
In whose gripes, and upon whose gor'd point,
Deserts hang sprawling out their virtuous limbs

King Better and better '

Chab 'This your glory is ,
My deserts wrought upon no wretched matter,
But shew'd your royal palms as free and moist,
As Ida, all enchas'd with silver springs,
And yet my merit still their equal sings

King Sing till thou sigh thy soul out , hence,
and leave us

Chab My person shall, my love and faith shall
never

King Perish thy love and faith, and thee for
ever ' [Exit Chab

Who's there ?—

Enter ASALL

Let one go for the chancellor

Asall He's here in court, sir

King Haste, and send him hither —

[Exit Asall

This is an insolence I never met with

Can one so high as his degrees ascend,
Climb all so free, and without stain?¹—

Enter Chancellor.

My lord

Chancellor, I send for you about a service

Of equal price to me, as if again

My ransom came to me from Pavian thraldom,

And more, as if from forth a subject's fetters,

The worst of servitudes, my life were rescued

Chan You fright me with a prologue of much
trouble

King. Methinks it might be. Tell me, out of all
Your famous learning, was there ever subject

Rais'd by his sovereign's free hand from the dust,

Up to a height above air's upper region,

That might compare with him in any merit

That so advanc'd him, and not shew in that

Gross over-weening worthy cause to think

There might be other over-sights excepted,

Of capital nature, in his sifted greatness?

Chan. And past question, sir, for one absurd
thing granted,

A thousand follow.

King. You must then employ

Your most exact and curious art, to explore

A man in place of greatest trust and charge,

Whom I suspect to have abus'd them all,

And in whom you may give such proud veins vent,

As will bewray their boiling blood, corrupted

Both 'gainst my crown and life.

Chan And may my life

Be curs'd in every act,

If I explore him not to every fibre.¹

King. It is my admiral

Chan. Oh, my good liege,

You tempt, not charge me, with such search of him.

¹ fibre] The old copy " finer " D

King Doubt not my heartiest meaning all the troubles
That ever mov'd in a distracted king,
Put in just fear of his assaulted life,
Are not above my sufferings for Chabot.

Chan Then I am glad, and proud that I can
cure you,
For he's a man that I am studied in,
And all his offices, and if you please
To give authority—

King You shall not want it.

Chan If I discharge you not of that disease
About your neck grown, by your strange trust in him,
With full discovery of the foulest treasons—

King. But I must have all prov'd with that free
justice.

Chan Beseech your majesty, do not question it.

King. About it instantly, and take me wholly
Upon yourself.

Chan How much you grace your servant !

King. Let it be fiery quick.

Chan. It shall have wings,
And every feather shew the flight of kings [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I

A Gallery.

*Enter Chancellor attended, the Proctor-general
whispering in his ear, two Judges following ;
they pass —Enter CHABOT, in his gown, guarded,
followed by his Father and Wife on each side
of ALLEGRE.*

Chab And have they put my faithful servant to
the rack ?
Heaven arm the honest man !

Fath Allegre feels the malice of the chancellor.

Chab Many upon the torture have confess'd
Things against truth, and yet his pain sits nearer
Than all my other fears —Come, don't weep.

Wife. My lord, I do not grieve out of a thought,
Or poor suspicion, they with all their malice
Can stain your honour, but it troubles me,
The king should grant this license to your ene-
mies,

As he were willing to hear Chabot guilty

Chab No more, the king is just, and by ex-
posing me

To this trial, means to render me

More happy to his subjects and himself,

His sacred will be obey'd —take thy own spirit,

And let no thought infringe thy peace for me,

I go to have my honours all confirm'd

Farewell, thy lip [*kisses her*]—my cause has so
much innocence,

It shall not need thy prayer —I leave her your's,

Till my return. Oh, let me be a son

Still in your thoughts.—Now, gentlemen, set for-
ward [*Exeunt all but Fath and Wife*]

Fath See, you that trust in greatness, what sus-
tains you,

These hazards you must look for, you that thrust

Your heads into a cloud, where he in ambush

The soldiers of state, in privy arms

Of yellow fire, jealous, and mad at all

That shoot their foreheads up into their forges,

And pry into their gloomy cabinets,

You, like vain citizens, that must go see

Those ever-burning furnaces, wherein

Your brittle glasses of estate are blown,

Who knows not you are all but puff, and bubble

Of breath, and fume forg'd, your vile brittle natures

Cause of your dearneſs[?] were you tough and last-
ing,

You would be cheap, and not worth half your
face —

Now, daughter, planet-struck?

Wife I am considering

What form I shall put on, as best agreeing

With my lord's fortune.

Fath Habit do you mean,
Of mind, or body?

Wife Both would be apparell'd

Fath In neither you have reason yet to mourn.

Wife I'll not accuse my heart of so much
weakness,

'Twere a confession 'gainst my lord — The queen

Enter Queen, MONTMORENCY, Treasurer, and
Secretary

She has express'd 'gainst me some displeasure

Fath Let's this way through the gallery

Queen 'Tis she.

Do you, my lord, say I would speak with her —

And has Allegre, one of chiefest trust with him,

Suffered the rack? The chancellor is violent.

And what's confess'd?

Treas Nothing, he contemn'd all
That could with any cruell'st pain explore him,
As if his mind had robb'd his nerves of sense,
And through them diffus'd fiery spirits above
All flesh and blood, for, as his limbs were stretch'd,
His contempts too extended.

Queen A strange fortitude!

Treas But we shall lose the arraignment.

Queen The success

Will soon arrive

Treas You'll not appear, my lord, then?

Mont I desire

Your lordship would excuse me.

Treas. We are your servants

[*Exeunt Treas and Sec — Chabot's Wife approaches the Queen, and kneels*

Mont She attends you, madam

Queen This humbleness proceeds not from your heart.

Why, you are a queen yourself in your own thoughts,
The admiral's wife of France cannot be less
You have not state enough, you should not move
Without a train of friends and servants.

Wife. There is some mystery
Within your language, madam I would hope
You have more charity than to imagine
My present condition worth your triumph,
In which I am not so lost, but I have
Some friends and servants with proportion
To my lord's fortune, but none within the list
Of those that obey me, can be more ready
To express their duties, than my heart to serve
Your just commands.

Queen Then pride will ebb, I see,
There is no constant flood of state and greatness,
The prodigy is ceasing when your lord
Comes to the balance He whose blazing fires
Shot wonders through the kingdom, will discover
What flying and corrupted matter fed him.

Wife My lord?

Queen Your high and mighty justicer,
The man of conscience, the oracle
Of state, whose honourable titles
Would crack an elephant's back, is now turn'd
mortal,
Must pass examination, and the test
Of law, have all his offices ripp'd up,
And his corrupt soul laid open to the subjects:
His bribes, oppressions, and close sins, that made
So many groan and curse him, now shall find
Their just reward, and all that love their country,

Bless heaven and the king's justice, for removing
Such a devouring monster.

Fath Sir, your pardon —

Madam, you are the queen, she is my daughter,
And he that you have character'd so monstrous,
My son-in-law, now gone to be arraign'd
The king is just, and a good man, but 't does not
Add to the graces of your royal person,
To tread upon a lady thus dejected
By her own grief Her lord's not yet found guilty,
Much less condemn'd, though you have pleas'd to
execute him

Queen. What saucy fellow's this?

Fath. I must confess

I am a man out of this element,
No courtier, yet I am a gentleman,
That dare speak honest truth to the queen's ear,
(A duty every subject will not pay you,)
And justify it to all the world There's nothing
Doth more eclipse the honours of our soul,
Than an ill-grounded, and ill-follow'd passion,
Let fly with noise and license against those
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

Mont Brave old man!

Fath. 'Cause you are a queen, to trample o'er a
woman,

Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up!
Strike out a lion's teeth, and pare his claws,
And then a dwarf may pluck him by the beard.
'Tis a gay victory!

Queen Did you hear, my lord?

Fath I have done

Wife And it concerns me to begin
I have not made this pause through servile fear,
Or guilty apprehension of your rage,
But with just wonder of the heats and wildness
Has prepossess'd your nature 'gainst our innocence.
You are my queen, unto that title bows

The humblest knee in France , my heart, made
lower

With my obedience, and prostrate duty,
Nor have I powers created for my use,
When just commands of you expect their service ,
But were you queen of all the world, or something
To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and us,
That I could reach you with my eyes and voice,
I would shoot both up in defence of my
Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.

Queen. So brave !

Wife. So just, and boldly innocent,
I cannot fear, arm'd with a noble conscience,
The tempest of your frown, were it more frightful
Than every fury made a woman's anger,
Prepar'd to kill with death's most horrid ceremony ,
Yet with what freedom of my soul I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride !

Queen. *Forgive !* What insolence is like this
language !

Can any action of our's be capable
Of thy forgiveness ? Dust, how I despise thee !
Can we sin to be object of thy mercy ?

Wife. Yes, and have done't already, and no stain
To your greatness, madam , 'tis my charity
I can remit When sovereign princes dare
Do injury to those that live beneath them,
They turn worth pity and their prayers, and 'tis
In the free power of those whom they oppress
To pardon them , each soul has a prerogative,
And privilege royal, that was sign'd by heaven.
But though i' the knowledge of my disposition,
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,
I can forgive the injustice done to me,
And striking at my person , I have no
Commission from my lord to clear you for
The wrongs you have done him, and still he
pardon

The wounding of his loyalty, with which life
Can hold no balance. I must take just boldness
To say—

Fath No more Now I must tell you, daughter,
Lest you forget yourself, she is the queen,
And it becomes not you to vie with her,
Passion for passion if your lord stand fast
To the full search of law, heaven will revenge him
And give him up precious to good men's loves
If you attempt by these unruly ways
To vindicate his justice, I'm against you,
Dear as I wish your husband's life and fame.
Subjects² are bound to suffer, not contest
With princes, since their will and acts must be
Accounted one day to a judge supreme.

Wife I have done If the devotion to my lord,
Or piety to his innocence, have led me
Beyond the awful limits to be observ'd
By one so much beneath your sacred person,
I thus low crave your royal pardon, madam

[*Kneels*

I know you will remember in your goodness,
My life-blood is concern'd while his least vein
Shall run black and polluted, my heart fed
With what keeps him alive, nor can there be
A greater wound than that which strikes the life
Of our good name, so much above the bleeding
Of this rude pile we carry, as the soul
Hath excellence above this earth-born frailty
My lord, by the king's will, is led already
To a severe arraignment, and to judges
Will make no tender search into his track
Of life and state Stay but a little while,
And France shall echo to his shame or innocence
This suit I beg with tears, I shall have sorrow
Enough to hear him censur'd foul and monstrous,
Should you forbear to antidate my sufferings

² *Subjects*] The old copy *Suffer* D

Queen Your conscience comes about, and you incline

To fear he may be worth the law's condemning.

Wife [*rising*] I sooner will suspect the stars may lose

Their way, and crystal heaven return to chaos,
Truth sits not on her square more firm than he
Yet, let me tell you, madam, were his life
And action so foul as you have character'd,
And the bad world expects, though, as a wife,
'Twere duty I should weep myself to death,
To know him fall'n from virtue, yet so much
I, a frail woman, love my king and country,
I should condemn him too, and think all honours,
The price of his lost faith, more fatal to me,
Than Cleopatra's asps warm in my bosom,
And as much boast their killing

Queen This declares

Another soul than was deliver'd me
My anger melts, and I begin to pity her
How much a prince's ear may be abus'd!— [*Aside*
Enjoy your happy confidence, at more leisure
You may hear from us

Wife Heaven preserve the queen,
And may her heart be charitable!

Fath You bless and honour your unworthy servant
[*Exeunt Wife and Fath*

Queen My lord, did you observe this?

Mont Yes, great madam,
And read a noble spirit, which becomes
The wife of Chabot! Their great tie of marriage
Is not more strong upon them than their virtues

Queen That your opinion? I thought your judgment
Against the admiral. Do you think him honest?

Mont Religiously, a true, most zealous patriot,
And worth all royal favour.

Queen You amaze me

Can you be just yourself then, and advance
Your powers against him ?

Mont. Such a will be far
From Montmorency Pioneers of state
Have left no art to gain me to their faction,
And 'tis my misery to be plac'd in such
A sphere, where I am whirl'd by violence
Of a fierce raging motion, and not what
My own will would incline me. I shall make
This appear, madam, if you please to second
My free speech with the king.

Queen. Good heaven protect all !
Haste to the king , Justice her swift wing needs ,
'Tis high time to be good, when virtue bleeds.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Court of Justice

Enter, on one side, Officers before the Chancellor, Judges, the Proctor-general, whispering with the Chancellor , they take their places then enter Treasurer and Secretary, who take their places prepared on one side of the court —On the other side, enter captain of the Guard, CHABOT following, who is placed at the bar

Chan Good master Proctor-general, begin.

Proc It is not unknown to you, my very good lords the judges, and indeed to all the world, for I will make short work, since your honourable ears need not to be enlarged, I speak by a figure, with prolix enumeration, how infinitely the king hath favoured this ill-favoured traitor, and yet I may worthily too insist, and prove, that no grace hath been so large and voluminous as this, that he hath appointed such upright judges at this time, and the chief of this triumvirie, our chancellor.

by name Poyet, which deriveth from the Greek his etymology from Poyein, which is, to make, to create, to invent matter that was never extant in nature, from whence also is the name and dignity of Poeta, which I will not insist upon in this place, although I am confident his lordship wanteth no faculty in making of verses. But what addition, I say, is it to the honour of this delinquent, that he hath such a judge? a man so learned, so full of equity, so noble, so notable in the progress of his life, so innocent, in the manage of his office so incorrupt, in the passages of state so wise, in affection to his country so religious, in all his services to the king so fortunate and exploring, as envy itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate, whom all lips will open to commend, but those of Philip, and in their hearts will erect altars, and statues, columns, and obelisks, pillars and pyramids, to the perpetuity of his name and memory? What shall I say? but conclude for his so great and sacred service, both to our king and kingdom, and for their everlasting benefit, there may everlastingly be left here one of his loins, one of his loins ever remain, I say, and stay upon this bench, to be the example of all justice, even while the north and south star shall continue

Chan You express your oratory, master Proctor, I pray come presently to the matter

Proc Thus, with your lordships pardon, I proceed, and the first thing I shall glance at will be worth your lordships reflection, his ingratitude, and to whom? to no less person than a king, and to what king? his own, and our general sovereign, *proh Deum atque hominum fidem*, a king and such a king, the health, life, and soul of us all, whose very mention draws this salt water from my eyes, for he, indeed, is our eye, who wakes and watches for us when we sleep, and who will not sleep for him? I mean not sleep, which the philo-

sophers call a natural cessation of the common, and, consequently, of all the exterior senses, caused first and immediately by a detention of spirits, which can have no communication, since the way is obstructed by which these spirits should commerce, by vapours ascending from the stomach to the head, by which evaporation the roots of the nerves are filled, through which the animal¹ spirits to be poured into the dwellings of the external senses,—but sleep, I take for death, which all know to be *ultima linea* · who will not sleep eternally for such a king as we enjoy? If, therefore, in general, as he is king of us all, all sharing and dividing the benefits of this our sovereign, none should be so ungrateful as once to murmur against him, what shall be said of the ingratitude more monstrous in this Chabot? for our Francis hath lov'd, not in general, and in the crowd with other subjects, but particularly, this Philip, advanc'd him to the supreme dignity of a statesman, lodged him in his very heart, yet, *monstrum horrendum*, even to this Francis hath Philip been ungrateful. Brutus, the loved son, hath stabbed Cæsar with a bodkin Oh, what brute may be compared to him! and in what particulars may this crime be exemplified? he hath, as we say, chopp'd logic with the king; nay, to the very teeth of his sovereign, advanced his own gnat-like merits, and justified with Luciferous pride, that his services have deserved more than all the bounty of our munificent king hath paid him

Chan. Observe that, my lords

Proc Nay, he hath gone further, and most traiterously hath committed outrage and impiety to the king's own hand and royal character, which, presented to him in a bill from the whole council, he most violently did tear in pieces, and will do

¹ animal] Old copy *annual* D

the very body and person of our king, if your justice make no timely prevention, and strike out the serpentine teeth of this high, and more than horrible monster.

Treas This was enforced home.

Proc In the next place, I will relate to your honours his most cruel exactions upon the subject, the old vancouriers of rebellions. In the year 1536 and 37, this oppressor, and this extortioner, under pretext of his due taxation, being admiral, imposed upon certain fishermen, (observe, I beseech you, the circumstance of their persons, *fishermen*,) who, poor Johns, were embarked upon the coast of Normandy, and fishing there for herrings, (which some say is the king of fishes,) he imposed, I say, twenty sous, and upon every boat six livres. Oh, intolerable exaction! enough not only to alienate the hearts of these miserable people from their king, which, *ipso facto*, is high treason, but an occasion of a greater inconvenience, for want of due provision of fish among the subjects, for by this might ensue a necessity of mortal sins, by breaking the religious fast upon vigils, embers, and other days commanded by sacred authority, besides the miserable rut that would follow, and perhaps contagion, when feasting and flesh should be licensed for every carnal appetite. I could urge many more particulars of his dangerous, insatiate, and boundless avarice, but the improvement of his estate in so few years, from a private gentleman's fortune to a great duke's revenues, might save our sovereign therein an orator, to enforce and prove faulty, even to giantism, against heaven.

Judge. This is but a noise of words.

Proc To the foul outrages so violent, let us add his commissions granted out of his own presumed authority, his majesty neither informed¹ or

¹ *informed*] The old copy *infrond* D

respected, his disloyalties, infidelities, contempts, oppressions, extortions, with innumerable abuses, offences, and forfeits, both to his majesty's most royal person, crown, and dignity; yet, notwithstanding all these injustices, this unmatchable, unjust delinquent affecteth to be thought inculpable, and incomparable just, but alas, my most learned lords, none knows better than yourselves, how easy the sincerity of justice is pretended, how hard it is to be performed, and how common it is for him that hath least colour of title to it, to be thought the very substance and soul of it, he that was never true scholar in the least degree, longs as a woman with child, to be great with scholar; she that was never with child longs, *omnibus ius et modis*, to be got with child, and will wear a cushion to seem with child, and he that was never just, will fly in the king's face to be counted just, though for all he be nothing, but just a traitor

Sec The admiral smiles

Judge. Answer yourself, my lord

Chab I shall, and briefly.

The furious eloquence of my accuser hath
Branch'd my offences hemous to the king,
And then his subject, a most vast indictment,
That to the king I have justified my merit
And services, which conscience of that truth,
That gave my actions life, when they are question'd,
I ought to urge again, and do without
The least part of injustice For the bill,
A foul, and most unjust one, and preferr'd
'Gainst the king's honour, and his subject's privilege,
And with a policy to betray my office
And faith to both, I do confess I tore it,
It being press'd immodestly, but without
A thought of disobedience to his name,
To whose mention I bow, with humble reverence,
And dare appeal to the king's knowledge of me,

How far I am in soul from such a rebel
For the rest, my lord, and you, my honour'd judges,
Since all this mountain, all this time in labour,
With more than mortal fury 'gainst my life,
Hath brought forth nought but some ridiculous
vermin,

I will not wrong my right and innocence
With any serious plea in my reply,
To frustrate breath, and fight with terrible shadows,
That have been forg'd and forc'd against my state,
But leave all, with my life, to your free censures,
Only beseeching all your learned judgments
Equal and pious conscience to weigh

Proc And how this great and mighty fortune
hath exalted him to pride is apparent, not only in
his braves and bearings to the king, the fountain
of all this increase, but in his contempt and scorn
of the subject, his vast expenses in buildings, his
private bounties, above royal, to soldiers and scho-
lars, that he may be the general and patron, and
protector of arms and arts, the number of domes-
tic attendants, an army of grasshoppers and gay
butterflies, able to devour the spring, his glorious
wardrobes, his stable of horses, that are prick'd
with provender, and will enforce us to weed up
our vineyards, to sow oats for supply of their provi-
sion; his caroches shining with gold, and more
bright than the chariot of the sun, wearing out the
pavements, nay, he is of late so transcendantly
proud, that men must be his mules, and carry him
up and down as it were in a procession for men to
gaze at him, till their chimes crack with the weight
of his insupportable pride, and who knows but
this may prove a fashion? But who groans for this,
[but] the subject, who murmur, and are ready to
begin a rebellion, but the tumultuous sailors and
water-rats, who run up and down the city, like an
overbearing tempest, cursing the admiral, who in

duty ought to undo himself for the general satisfaction of his countrymen?

Chab The variety, and wonder now presented
To your most noble notice, and the world's,
That all my life and actions, and offices,
Explor'd with all the hundred eyes of law,
Lighted with lightning, shot out of the wrath
Of an incensed and commanding king,
And blown with foes, with far more bitter winds,
Than winter from his eastern cave exhales,
Yet nothing found, but what you all have heard,
And then consider, if a peer of state
Should be expos'd to such a wild arraignment
For poor complaints, his fame, faith, life, and hon-
ours,
Rack'd for no more

Chan No more? Good heaven, what say
My learned assistants?

1 Judge My lord, the crimes urg'd here for us
to censure
As capital, and worth this high arraignment,
To me seem strange, because they do not fall
In force of law, to arraign a peer of state,
For all that law can take into her power
To sentence, is the exaction of the fishermen.

2 Judge Here is no majesty violated I consent
to what my
Brother has express'd.

Chan Break then in wonder,
My frighted words out of their forming powers,
That you no more collect, from all these forfeits
That master proctor-general hath opened,
With so apparent and impulsive learning,
Against the rage and madness of the offender
And violate majesty, (my learned assistants,)
When majesty's affronted and defied,
It being compar'd with ' and in such an onset
As leap'd into his throat, his life affrighting '

Be justified in all insolence all subjects,
 If this be so considered, and insult
 Upon your privileg'd malice ! Is not majesty
 Poison'd in this wonder ! and no felony set
 Where royalty is robb'd, and [violate] !
 Fie, how it fights with law, and grates upon
 Her brain and soul, and all the powers of reason !—
 Reporter of the process, shew the schedule.

Not Here, my good lord

1 Judge. No altering it in us

2 Judge Far be it from us, sir

Chan Here's silken justice !

It might be altered, mend your sentences.

Both Not we, my lord

Chan Not you ? The king shall know
 You slight a duty to his will and safety
 Give me your pen, it must be capital

1 Judge Make what you please, my lord, our
 doom shall stand

Chan Thus I subscribe now, at your perils,
 follow

Both Perils, my lord ? threats in the king's
 free justice ?

Treas I am amaz'd they can be so remiss

Sec Merciful men, pitiful judges, certain

1 Judge Subscribe, it matters nothing, being
 constrain'd

On this side, and on this side, this capital I,
 Both which together put, import plain *Vi*,
 And witness we are forced

2 Judge Enough,

It will acquit us, when we make it known,
 Our names are forced

Chan If traitorous pride

Upon the royal person of a king

Were sentenc'd unfeignously before,

I'll burn my books, and be a judge no more.

Both Here are our hands subscrib'd

Chan Why so, it joys me,
You have reform'd your justice and your judgment.
Now have you done like judges and learned lawyers,
The king shall thank, and honour you for this —
Notary, read.

Not *We, by his sacred majesty appointed
Judges, upon due trial, and examination
Of Philip Chabot, admiral of France,
Declare him guilty of high treasons, &c.*

Chan Now, captain of the guard, secure his
person,
Till the king signify
His pleasure for his death. This day is happy
To France, thus rescued from the vile devourer.

[*A shout within.*

Hark! how the votes applaud their blest deliverance!

You that so late did right and conscience boast,
Heaven's mercy now implore, the king's is lost.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE I

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King, Queen, and MONTMORENCY.

King You raise my thoughts to wonder, that
you, madam,
And you, my lord, unite your force to plead
I' the admiral's behalf this is not that
Language you did express, when the torn bill
Was late pretended to us, it was then
Defiance to our high prerogative,
The act of him whose proud heart would rebel,

Add, arm'd with faction, too soon attempt
To tear my crown off

Queen I was ignorant
Then of his worth, and heard but the report
Of his accusers and his enemies,
Who never mention in his character
Shadows of any virtue in those men
They would depress . like crows, and carrion birds,⁵
They fly o'er flowery meads, clear springs, fair
gardens,
And stoop at carcasses For your own honour,
Pity poor Chabot

King. Poor, and a colossus !
What could so lately straddle o'er a province !
Can he be fallen so low and miserable,
To want my pity, who breaks forth like day,
Takes up all people's eyes and admiration ?
It cannot be He hath a princely wife too

Queen I interpose not often, sir, or press you
With unbecoming importunity,
To serve the profitable ends of others
Conscience, and duty to yourself, enforce
My present mediation , you have given
The health of your own state away, unless
Wisdom in time recover him

King If he prove
No adulterate gold, trial confirms his value

Queen Although it hold in metal, gracious sir,
Such fiery examination, and the furnace

⁵ *like crows and carrion birds, &c*] Here Shirley had certainly
an eye to the following lines in Peele's *David and Bethsabe*.

" Like as the fatal raven, that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens, and delightful parks,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclams,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion "

See Peele's *Works*, vol ii p 28 ed 1829 D

May waste a heart that's faithful, and together
With that you call the *feces*, something of
The precious substance may be hazarded

King. Why, you are the chief engine rais'd
against him,

And in the world's creed labour most to sink him,
That in his fall and absence, every beam
May shine on you, and only gild your fortune
Your difference is the ground of his arraignment,
Nor were we unsolicited by you,
To have your bill confirm'd, from that, that spring,
Came all these mighty and impetuous waves,
With which he now must wrestle, if the strength
Of his own innocence can break the storm,
Truth will not lose her servant, her wings cover him
He must obey his fate.

Mont I would not have

It lie upon my fame, that I should be
Mentioned in story his unjust supplanter,
For your whole kingdom I have been abused,
And made believe my suit was just and necessary.
My walks have not been safe, my closet prayers,
But some plot has pursued me, by some great ones
Against your noble admiral they have frighted
My fancy into my dreams with their close whispers,
How to uncement your affections,
And render him the fable, and the scorn
Of France

Queen Brave Montmorency!

King Are you serious?

Mont Have I a soul, or gratitude, to acknowledge
Myself your creature, dignified and honour'd
By your high favours? with an equal truth
I must declare the justice of your admiral,
(In what my thoughts are conscious,) and will
rather

Give up my claim to birth, title, and offices,
Be thrown from your warm smile, the top and crown

Of subjects' happiness, than be brib'd with all
Their glories to the guilt of Chabot's ruin

King Come, come, you overact this passion,
And if it be not policy, it tastes
Too green, and wants some counsel to mature it,
His fall prepares your triumph

Mont. It confirms
My shame alive, and, buried, will corrupt
My very dust, make our house-genius groan
And fright the honest marble from my ashes
His fall prepare my triumph ' turn me first
A naked exile to the world

King No more,
Take heed you banish not yourself, be wise,
And let not too much zeal devour your reason

Enter ASALL

Asall Your admiral
Is condemn'd, sir

King Ha! strange! No matter,
Leave us [*exit Asall*]—A great man, I see, may be
As soon despatched, as a common subject.

Queen. No mercy then for Chabot.

Enter Wife and Father

Wife From whence came
That sound of Chabot? Then we are all undone.
Oh, do not hear the queen, she is no friend
To my poor lord, but made against his life,
Which hath too many enemies already!

Mont Poor soul! she thinks the queen is still
against him,

Who employeth all her powers to preserve him

Fath Say you so, my lord? — Daughter, the
queen's our friend

Wife Why do you mock my sorrow? can you
flatter

Your own grief so? Be just, and hear me, sir,
And do not sacrifice a subject's blood
To appease a wrathful queen Let mercy shine
Upon your brow, and heaven will pay it back
Upon your soul be deaf to all her prayers

King Poor heart, she knows not what she has
desir'd

Wife I beg my Chabot's life, my sorrows yet
Have not destroy'd my reason

King He is in the power of my laws, not mine

Wife Then you have no power,
And are but the empty shadow of a king
To whom is it resign'd? Where shall I beg
The forfeit life of one condemn'd by law's
Too partial doom?

King You hear he is condemn'd, then?

Fath My son is condemn'd, sir

King You know for what too?

Fath What the judges please to call it,
But they have given't a name, treason, they say

Queen I must not be denied

King I must deny you

Wife Be blest for ever for't

Queen Grant then to her.

King Chabot, condemn'd by law?

Fath But you have power

To change the rigour, in your breast there is
A chancellor above it I ne'er had
A suit before, but my knees join with her's
To implore your royal mercy to her lord,
And take his cause to your examination,
It cannot wrong your judges, if they have
Been steer'd by conscience

Mont It will fame your justice

King I cannot be prescrib'd, you kneel in vain.
You labour to betray me with your tears
To a treason above his, 'gainst my own laws.
Look to the lady

Re-enter ASALL.

Asall Sir, the chancellor.

King. Admit him — Leave us all.

[Exeunt all but King.]

Enter Chancellor.

How now, my lord ?

You have lost no time , and how thrive the proceedings ?

Chan 'Twas fit, my gracious sovereign, time should leave

His motion, made in all affairs beside,

And spend his wings only in speed of this

King You have shew'd diligence , and what's become

Of our most curious justicer, the admiral ?

Chan Condemn'd, sir, utterly, and all hands set To his conviction

King. And for faults most foul ?

Chan More than most impious but the applaudive issue,

Struck by the concourse of your ravish'd subjects

For joy of your free justice, if there were

No other cause to assure the sentence just,

Were proof convincing

King Now then he sees clearly

That men perceive how vain his justice was,

And scorn him for the foolish net he wore

To hide his nakedness — Is't not a wonder,

That men's ambitions should so blind their reason,

To affect shapes of honesty, and take pride

Rather in seeming, than in being just ?

Chan Seeming has better fortune to attend it, Than being sound at heart, and virtuous

King Profess all ' nothing do, like those that live

By looking to the lamps of holy temples,
Who still are busy taking off their snuffs,
But for their profit sake will add no oil!
So these will check and sentence every fame,
The blaze of riotous blood doth cast in others,
And in themselves leave the fume most offensive
But he to do this, more deceives my judgment
Than all the rest, whose nature I have sounded

Chan. I know, sir, and have prov'd it.

King Well, my lord,
To omit circumstance, I highly thank you
For this late service you have done me here,
Which is so great and meritorious,
That with my ablest power I scarce can quit you
Chan Your sole acceptance, (my dread sove-
reign,)

I more rejoice in, than in all the fortunes
That ever chanc'd me But when may it please
Your highness to order the execution?
The haste thus far hath spar'd no pinions.

King No, my lord, your care
Hath therein much deserv'd

Chan. But where proportion
Is kept to th' end in things, at start so happy,
That end set on the crown

King I'll speed it therefore

Chan. Your thoughts direct it ; they are wing'd.

[*Exit.*

King I joy
This boldness is condemn'd, that I may pardon,
And therein get some ground in his opinion,
By so much bounty as saves his life ,
And, methinks, that weigh'd more, should sway
the balance
'Twixt me and him, held by his own free justice ,
For I could never find him obstinate
In any mind he held, when once he saw
Th' error with which he laboured , and since now

He needs must feel it, I admit no doubt
 But that his alteration will beget
 Another sense of things 'twixt him and me.—
 Who's there?

Re-enter ASALL

Go to the captain of my guard, and will him
 To attend his condemn'd prisoner to me instantly
Asall. I shall, sir *[Exit.*

Enter Treasurer and Secretary

King My lords, you were spectators of our admiral

Treas And hearers too of his most just conviction,

In which we witness'd over-weight enough
 In your great bounties, and, as they there were weigh'd,

With all the feathers of his boasted merits.

King Has felt a scorching trial, and the test
 (That holds fire's utmost force,) we must give metals

That will not with the hammer, and the melting,
 Confess their truth, and this same sense of feeling,
 (Being ground to all the senses,) hath one key
 More than the rest to let in through them all,
 The mind's true apprehension, that thence takes
 Her first convey'd intelligence I long
 To see this man of confidence again.

How think you, lords, will Chabot look on me,
 Now spoil'd of the integrity he boasted?

Sec. It were too much honour to vouchsafe your sight.

Treas No doubt, my liege, but he that hath offended

In such a height against your crown and person,
 Will want no impudence to look upon you.

Re-enter ASALL, with Captain and CHABOT.

Capt Sir, I had charge given me by this gentleman,
To bring your condemn'd prisoner to your presence
King You have done well, and tell the queen,
and our
Lord constable, we desire their presence, bid
Our admiral's lady, and her father too,
Attend us here, they are but new withdrawn
Asall I shall, sir [Exit
Treas Do you observe this confidence?
He stands as all his trial were a dream.
Sec. He'll find the horror waking. The king's
troubled
Now for a thunder-clap. The queen and constable

*Re-enter Queen, MONTMORENCY, Wife, and
Father*

Treas I do not like their mixture
King. My lord admiral,
You made it your desire to have this trial,
That late hath pass'd upon you,
And now you feel how vain is too much faith
And flattery of yourself, as if your breast
Were proof 'gainst all invasion, 'tis so slight
You see it lets in death, what's past, hath been
To satisfy your insolence, there remains
That now we serve our own free pleasure, therefore,
By that most absolute power, with which all right
Puts in my hands, these issues, turns, and changes,
I here, in ear of all these, pardon all
Your faults and forfeits, whatsoever censur'd,
Again advancing, and establishing

Your person in all fulness of that state
That ever you enjoy'd before th' attainder.

Treas Wonderful ! pardon'd !

Wife Heaven preserve the king !—

Queen Who for this will deserve all time to
honour him

Mont And live kings' best example.

Fath Son, you're pardon'd ,
Be sure you look hereafter well about you.

Chab Vouchsafe, great sir, to assure me what
you said ,

You nam'd my pardon

King. And again declare it,
For all crimes past, of what nature soever.

Chab. You cannot pardon me, sir.

King. How's that, Philip ?

Chab It is a word carries too much relation
To an offence, of which I am not guilty !
And I must still be bold, where truth still arms,
In spite of all those frowns that would deject me,
To say, I need no pardon

King Ha ! how's this ?

Fath. He's mad with over joy, and answers
nonsense

King Why, tell me, Chabot, are not you condemn'd ?

Chab Yes, and that justifies me much the more ,
For whatsoever false report hath brought you,
I was condemn'd for nothing that could reach
To prejudice my life, my goods, or honour,
As first in firmness of my conscience
I confidently told you , not, alas !
Presuming on your slender thread of favour,
Or pride of fortunate and courtly boldness,
But what my faith and justice bade me trust to,
For none of all your learned assistant judges,
With all the malice, of my crimes could urge
Or felony or hurt of sacred power.

King Do any hear this but myself?—My lords,
This man still justifies his innocence.
What prodigies are these? Have not our laws
Pass'd on his actions? have not equal judges
Certified his arraignment, and him guilty
Of capital treason? and yet do I hear
Chabot accuse all these, and quit himself?

Treas It does appear distraction, sir

King Did we
Seem so indulgent to propose our free
And royal pardon, without suit or prayer,
To meet with his contempt?

Sec Unheard of impudence!

Chab I were malicious to myself, and desperate,
To force untruths upon my soul, and when
'Tis clear, to confess a shame to exercise
Your pardon, sir—Were I so foul and monstrous
As I am given to you, you would commit
A sin next mine, by wronging your own mercy,
To let me draw out impious breath—it will
Release your wonder, if you give command
To see your process, and if it prove other
Than I presume to inform, tear me in pieces

King. Go for the process, and the chancellor,
With the assistant judges [*exit Asall*]—I thank
heaven,

That with all these enforcements of distraction,
My reason stays so clear to hear, and answer,
And to direct a message—This inversion
Of all the loyalties, and true deserts
That I believ'd I govern'd with till now
In my choice lawyers and chief counsellors,
Is able to shake all my frame of reason

Chab I am much griev'd

King No more, I do incline
To think I am abus'd, my laws betray'd
And wrested to the purpose of my judges
This confidence in Chabot turns my judgment:

This was too wild a way to make his merits
 Stoop, and acknowledge my superior bounties,
 That it doth raise, and fix them past my art,
 To shadow all the shame and forfeit's mine.

Re-enter ASALL, with Chancellor and Judges

Asall The chancellor and judges, sir

Treas I like not

This passion in the king : the queen and constable
 Are of that side

King My lord, you dare appear then ?

Chan. Dare, sir ? I hope—

King Well done, hope still, and tell me,
 Is not this man condemn'd ?

Chan. Strange question, sir !
 The process will declare it, sign'd with all
 These my assistant brothers' reverend hands,
 To his conviction in a public trial.

King. You said for foul and monstrous facts
 prov'd by him ?

Chan The very words are there, sir

King But the deeds
 I look for, sir, name me but one that's monstrous

Chan His foul comparisons, and affronts of you,
 To me seem'd monstrous.

King I told you them, sir,
 Nor were they any that your so vast knowledge,
 Being a man studied in him, could produce
 And prove as clear as heaven you warranted
To make appear such treasons in the admiral,
As never all law's volumes yet had sentenc'd,
And France should look on, having 'scap'd, with
wonder

What in this nature hath been clearly prov'd
 In his arraignment ?

I Judge Nothing, that we heard,
 In slenderest touch urg'd by your advocate

King. Dare you affirm this too ?

2 Judge Most confidently.

King No base corruptions charg'd upon him ?

1 Judge None, sir

Treas This argues Chabot has corrupted him

Sec I do not like this.

1 Judge The sum of all

Was urg'd to prove your admiral corrupt,

Was an exaction of his officers,

Of twenty sous taken from the fishermen,

For every boat that fish'd the Norman coast.

King. And was this all

The mountains and the marvels promis'd me,

To be in clear proof made against the life

Of our so hated admiral ?

Judges. All, sir,

Upon our lives and consciences

Chan. I am blasted

King How durst you then subscribe to his
conviction.

1 Judge For threats by my lord chancellor on
the bench,

Affirming that your majesty would have it

Made capital treason, or account us traitors.

2 Judge Yet, sir, we did put to our names with
this

Interposition of a note in secret

In these two letters *V* and *I*, to shew

We were enforc'd to what we did, which then

In law is nothing

Fath How do you feel, your lordship ?

Did you not find some stuffing in your head ?

Your brain should have been purg'd.

Chan I fall to pieces

Would they had rotted on the bench !

King And so you sav'd the peace of that high
court,

Which otherwise his impious rage had broken ;

But thus am I by his malicious arts
 A party render'd, and most tyrannous spur
 To all the open course of his base envies,
 A forcer of my judges, and a thirst
 Of my nobility's blood, and all by one
 I trusted, to make clear my love of justice

Chan I beseech your majesty, let all my zeal
 To serve your virtues, with a sacred value
 Made of your royal state, to which each least
 But shade of violence in any subject,
 Doth provoke certain death—

King Death on thy name
 And memory for ever! One command
 Our advocate attend us presently

Asall He waits here

King But single death shall not excuse, thy
 skin,
 Torn o'er thine ears, and what else can be inflicted,
 If thy life, with the same severity
 Dissected, cannot stand so many fires.

Sec. } Be merciful, great sir. [*They kneel*
Treas }

King. Yet more amaze!
 Is there a knee in all the world beside,
 That any human conscience can let bow
 For him? You're traitors all that pity him

Treas This is no time to move

King. Yet 'twas my fault
 To trust this wretch, whom I knew fierce and
 proud,
 With forms of tongue and learning What a pri-
 soner

Is pride of the whole flood of man! for, as
 A human seed is said to be a mixture
 And fair contemperature extracted from
 All our best faculties, so the seed of all
 Man's sensual frailty may be said to abide,
 And have their confluence in only pride,

It stupifies man's reason so, and dulls
True sense of any thing, but what may fall
In his own glory, quenches all the spirits
That light a man to honour and true goodness
Asall. Your advocate

Enter Advocate

King. Come hither

Adv. My most gracious sovereign

Chab. Madam, you infinitely oblige our duty.

Queen. I was too long ignorant of your worth,
my lord,

And this sweet lady's virtue.

Wife. Both your servants

Chab. I never had a fear of the king's justice,
And yet I know not what creeps o'er my heart,
And leaves an ice beneath it — My lord chancellor,
You have my forgiveness, but implore heaven's
pardon,

For wrongs to equal justice, you shall want

No charity of mine to mediate

To the king for you

Chan. Horror of my soul

Confounds my gratitude

Mont. To me now most welcome.

Adv. It was my allegiance, sir, I did enforce,
But by directions of your chancellor,
It was my office to advance your cause
'Gainst all the world, which, when I leave to exe-
cute,

Flay me, and turn me out a most raw advocate.

King. You see my chancellor

Adv. He has an ill look with him

King. It shall be your province now, on our
behalf,

To urge what can in justice be against him,

His riot on our laws, and corrupt actions
Will give you scope and field enough.

Adv. And I

Will play my law prize, never fear it, sir
He shall be guilty of what you please I am studied
In him, sir, I will squeeze his villainies,
And urge his acts so home into his bowels,
The force of it shall make him hang himself,
And save the laws a labour.

King. Judges, for all

The poisonous outrage that this viper spilt
On all my royal freedom and my empire,
As making all but servants to his malice,
I will have you revise the late arraignment,
And for those worthy reasons that already
Affect you for my admiral's acquittal,
Employ your justice on this chancellor. *Away*
with him!—

Arrest him, captain of my guard, to answer
All that due course of law against him can
Charge both his acts and life.

Capt. I do arrest thee,

Poyet, lord chancellor, in his highness' name,
To answer all that equal course of law
Can charge thy acts and life with.

Chan. I obey

King. How false a heart corruption has! how
base,

Without true worth, are all these earth-bred
glories!—

Oh, blessed justice! by which all things stand,
That stills the thunder, and makes lightning sink
'Twixt earth and heaven amaz'd, and cannot strike,
Being prov'd so now in wonder of this man,
The object of men's hate, and heaven's bright love,
And, as in cloudy days, we see the sun
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,
All those left dark, and slighted in his way,

And on the wretched plight of some poor shed.
Pours all the glories of his golden head .
So heavenly virtue, on this envied lord
Points all his graces, that I may distinguish
Him better from the world

Treas. You do him right.

King But away, judges! and pursue the
arraignment

Of this polluted chancellor with that swiftness
His fury wing'd against my admiral ,
And be you all, that sate on him, compurgators
Of me against this false judge.

Judges We are so

King Be you two join'd in the commission,
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning
This one more lesson out of the events
Of these affairs now past that whatsoever
Charge or commission judges have from us,
They ever make their aim ingenuous justice,
Not partial for reward, or swelling favour,
To which, if your king steer you, spare to obey ,
For when his troubled blood is clear and calm,
He will repent that he pursued his rage,
Before his pious law, and hold that judge
Unworthy of his place, that lets his censure
Float in the waves of an imagin'd favour ,
This shipwrecks in the haven, and but wound-
Their consciences that soothe the soon-ebb'd hu-
mours

Of their incensed king.

Mont. }
Treas. } Royal and sacred

King Come, Philip, shine thy honour now forever,
For this short temporal eclipse it suffer'd
By th' interpos'd desire I had to try thee,
Nor let the thought of what is past afflict thee,
For my unkindness , live still circled here,
The bright intelligence of our royal sphere [*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Palace**Enter Queen, MONTMORENCY, and Father**Queen.* The admiral sick ?*Fath.* With danger at the heart ,
I came to tell the king.*Mont* He never had
More reason in his soul, to entertain
All the delights of health.*Fath.* I fear, my lord,
Some apprehension of the king's unkindness,
By giving up his person and his offices
To the law's gripe and search, is ground of his
Sad change, the greatest souls are thus oft wounded ,
If he vouchsafe his presence, it may quicken
His fast decaying spirits, and prevent
The hasty ebb of life*Queen.* The king is now
Fraught with the joy of his fresh preservation ,
The news so violent let into his ear,
May have some dangerous effect in him ,
I would not counsel, sir, to that*Fath* With greater reason
I may suspect they'll spread, my lord, and, as
A river, lift his curl'd and impetuous waves
Over the banks, by confluence of streams
That fill and swell then ⁶ channel , for by this time
He has the addition of Allegre's suffering,
His honest servant, whom I met, though feeble
And worn with torture, going to congratulate
His master's safety⁶ *their*] Old copy " her " D

Queen. It seems he much
Affected that Allegre.

Mont There will be
But a sad interview and dialogue.

Queen Does he keep his bed ?

Fath In that alone
He shews a fortitude , he will move and walk,
He says, while his own strength or others can
Support him, wishing he might stand and look
His destiny in the face at the last summons,
Not sluggishly exhale his soul in bed
With indulgence, and nice flattery of his limbs.

Queen Can he in this shew spirit, and want force
To wrestle with a thought ?

Fath. Oh, madam, madam !
We may have proof against the sword, and tyranny
Of boisterous war that threatens us , but when
Kings frown, a cannon mounted in each eye,
Shoot death to apprehension ere their fire
And force approach us.

Enter King

Mont Here's the king

Queen No words
To interrupt his quiet

Fath I'll begone then

King. Our admiral's father ! call him back

Queen. I will not stay to hear them. [*Exit.*

Mont Sir, be prudent,
And do not, for your son, fright the king's health
[*Exit.*

King What, have they left us ?—How does my
admiral ?

Fath I am forbid to tell you, sir

King. By whom ?

Fath The queen, and my lord constable.

King Are there
 Remaining seeds of faction ? Have they souls
 Not yet convinc'd i' the truth of Chabot's honour,
 Clear as the crystal heaven, and 'bove the reach
 Of imitation ?

Fath. 'Tis their care of you,
 And no thought prejudicial to my son.

King. Their care of me ?
 How can the knowledge of my admiral's state
 Concern their fears of me ? I see their envy
 Of Chabot's happiness, whose joy to be
 Render'd so pure and genuine to the world
 Doth grate upon their conscience, and affright
 them

But let them vex, and bid my Chabot still
 Exalt his heart, and triumph, he shall have
 The access of our's, the kingdom shall put on
 Such joys for him, as she would boast to celebrate
 Her own escape from ruin.

Fath. He is not in state to hear my sad news,
 I perceive [Aside

King That countenance is not right, it does not
 answer

What I expect ;
 Say, how is my admiral ?
 The truth, upon thy life.

Fath. To secure his, I would you had.

King Ha ? who durst oppose him ?

Fath One that hath power enough hath prac-
 tised on him,

And made his great heart stoop

King I will revenge it
 With crushing that rebellious power to nothing.
 Name him

Fath. He was his friend

King A friend to malice, his own black im-
 posthume

Burn his blood up ! What mischief hath engender'd
New storms ?

Fath. 'Tis the old tempest.

King. Did not we
Appease all horrors that look'd wild upon him ?

Fath. You dress'd his wounds, I must confess,
but made

No cure , they bleed afresh Pardon me, sir ,
Although your conscience have clos'd too soon,
He is in danger, and doth want new surgery ,
Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,
He thinks you were unkind.

King. Alas, poor Chabot !
Doth that afflict him ?

Fath. So much, though he strive
With most resolv'd and adamantine nerves,
As ever human fire in flesh and blood,
Forg'd for example, to bear all , so killing
The arrows that you shot were, (still your pardon,)
No centaur's blood could rankle so.

King. If this
Be all, I'll cure him , kings retain
More balsam in their soul, than hurt in anger

Fath. Far short, sir , with one breath they un-
create ;

And kings, with only words, more wounds can
make,

Than all their kingdom made in balm can heal ,
'Tis dangerous to play too wild a descant
On numerous virtue, though it become princes
To assure their adventures made in every thing
Goodness, confin'd within poor flesh and blood,
Hath but a queasy, and still sickly state ,
A musical hand should only play on her,
Fluent as air, yet every touch command

King. No more.
Commend us to the admiral, and say,
The king will visit him, and bring [him] health

Fath. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall
 move
 Nimble with this command. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Court of Justice

Enter Officers before, Treasurer, Secretary, and Judges, Petitioners following, the Advocate also, with many papers in his hand, they take their places. the Chancellor, with a guard, is then brought in and placed at the bar

Treas. Did you believe the chancellor had been
 So foul ?

Sec. He's lost to the people, what contempts
 They throw upon him ! but we must be wise.

1 Judge Were there no other guilt, his malice
 shew'd

Upon the admiral, in o'erbearing justice,
 Would well deserve a sentence

Treas And a deep one

2 Judge. If't please your lordships to remember,
 that

Was specially commended by the king,
 As being most blemish to his royal person,
 And the free justice of his state

Treas. Already
 He has confess'd upon his examinations
 Enough for censure, yet, to obey form—
 Master advocate, if you please—

Adv. I am ready for your lordships. It hath
 been said, and will be said again, and may truly be
 justified, *omnia ex lite fieri* It was the position of
 philosophers, and now proved by a more philoso-
 phical sect, the lawyers, that, *omnia ex lite fiant*,

we are all made by law, made, I say, and worthily, if we be just, if we be unjust, marr'd, though in marring some, there is necessity of making others, for if one fall by the law, ten to one but another is exalted by the execution of the law, since the corruption of one must conclude the generation of another, though not always in the same profession, the corruption of an apothecary may be the generation of a doctor of physick, the corruption of a citizen may beget a courtier, and a courtier may very well beget an alderman, the corruption of an alderman may be the generation of a country justice, whose corrupt ignorance easily may beget a tumult, a tumult may beget a captain, and the corruption of a captain may beget a gentleman-usher, and a gentleman-usher may beget a lord, whose wit may beget a poet, and a poet may get a thousand pounds a year, but nothing without corruption

Treas Good master advocate, be pleased to leave all digressions, and speak of the chancellor.

Adv Your lordship doth very seasonably premonish, and I shall not need to leave my subject, corruption, while I discourse of him, who is the very fen and stygian abyss of it: five thousand and odd hundred foul and impious corruptions, for I will be brief, have been found by several examinations, and by oaths, proved against this odious and polluted chancellor, a man of so tainted and contagious a life, that it is a miracle any man enjoyeth his nostrils that hath lived within the scent of his offices. He was born with teeth in his head, by an affidavit of his midwife, to note his devouring, and hath one toe on his left foot crooked, and in the form of an eagle's talon, to foretel his rapacity. What shall I say? branded, marked, and designed in his birth for shame and obloquy, which appeareth further, by a mole under his right ear, with only

three witch's hairs in't , strange and ominous predictions of nature !

Treas You have acquainted yourself but very lately with this intelligence, for, as I remember, your tongue was guilty of no such character when he sat judge upon the admiral : a pious, incorrupt man, a faithful and fortunate servant to his king , and one of the greatest honours that ever the admiral received was, that he had so noble and just a judge this must imply a strange volubility in your tongue or conscience I speak not to discountenance any evidence for the king, but to put you in mind, master advocate, that you had then a better opinion of my lord chancellor.

Adv Your lordship hath most aptly interposed, and with a word I shall easily satisfy all your judgments He was then a judge, and in *cathedra*, in which he could not err , it may be your lordships' cases out of the chair and seat of justice he hath his frailties, is loosed, and exposed to the conditions of other human natures ; so every judge, your lordships are not ignorant, hath a kind of privilege while he is in his state, office, and being , and although he may, *quoad se*, internally and privately be guilty of bribery of justice, yet, *quoad nos*, and in public, he is an upright and innocent judge. We are to take no notice, nay, we deserved to suffer, if we should detect or stain him , for in that we disparage the office, which is the king's, and may be our own , but once removed from his place by just dishonour of the king, he is no more a judge, but a common person, whom the law takes hold on, and we are then to forget what he hath been, and without partiality to strip and lay him open to the world, a counterfeit and corrupt judge as, for example, he may, and ought to flourish in his greatness, and break any man's neck with as much facility as a jest , but the case being

altered, and he down, every subject shall be heard, a wolf may be apparelled in a lamb's skin, and if every man should be afraid to speak truth, nay, and more than truth, if the good of the subject, which are clients, sometime require it, there would be no remove of officers, if no remove, no motions, if no motion in court, no heat, and, by consequence, but cold terms. Take away this moving, this removing of judges, the law may bury itself in buckram, and the kingdom suffer for want of a due execution, and now, I hope, your lordships are satisfied.

Teas Most learnedly concluded to acquit yourself.

I Judge. Master advocate, please you to urge, for satisfaction

Of the world, and clearing the king's honour, how Unjustly he proceeded against the admiral.

Adv. I shall obey your lordship.—So vast, so infinite hath been the impudence of this chancellor, not only toward the subject, but even the sacred person of the king, that I tremble, as with a palsy, to remember it. This man, or rather this monster, having power and commission trusted for the examination of the lord admiral, a man perfect in all honour and justice, indeed, the very ornament and second flower of France, for the flower-de-lis is sacred, and above all flowers, and indeed the best flower in our garden, having used all ways to circumvent his innocence, by suborning and promising rewards to his betrayers, by compelling others by the cruelty of tortures, as, namely, monsieur Allegre, a most honest and faithful servant to his lord, tearing and extending his sinews upon the rack, to force a confession to his purpose, and finding nothing prevail upon the invincible virtue of the admiral,—

Sec How he would flatter him !

Adv Yet most maliciously proceeded to arraign him to be short, against all colour of justice, condemned him of high treasons Oh, think what the life of man is, that can never be recompensed ! but the life of a just man, a man that is the vigour and glory of our life and nation, to be torn to death, and sacrificed beyond the malice of common persecution ! What tiger of Hyrcanian breed could have been so cruel ? But this is not all . he was not guilty only of murder,—guilty, I may say, *in foro conscientiae*, though our good admiral was miraculously preserved, but unto this he added a most prodigious and fearful rape, a rape even upon justice itself, the very soul of our state, for the rest of the judges upon the bench, venerable images of Astræa,⁷ he most tyrannously compelled to set their hands to his most unjust sentence Did ever story remember the like outrage and injustice ? what forfeit, what penalty can be enough to satisfy this transcendant offence ? and yet, my good lords, this is but venial to the sacrilege which now follows, and by him committed not content with this sentence, not satisfied with horrid violence upon the sacred tribunal, but he proceeds and blasphemes the very name and honour of the king himself,—observe that,—making him the author and impulsive cause of all these rapines, justifying that he moved only by his special command to the death, nay, the murder of his most faithful subject, translating all his own black and damnable guilt⁸ upon the king Here's a traitor to his country ! first, he conspires the death of one whom the king loves, and whom every subject ought to honour, and then makes it no conscience to proclaim it the king's act, and, by

⁷ *Astræa*,] The old copy reads, *Austria* !

⁸ *upon the king Here's a traitor &c*] The old copy “ upon the Kings heires, a traytor ’ &c D

consequence, declares him a murderer of his own,
and of his best subjects

[*Within*] An advocate ' an advocate ' Tear him
in pieces '

Tear the chancellor in pieces '

Treas The people have deep sense of the chan-
cellor's injustice.

Sec. We must be careful to prevent their mutiny

1 *Judge* It will become our wisdoms to secure
The court, and prisoner.

Treas Captain of the guard

2 *Judge* What can you say for yourself, lord
chancellor ?

Chan Again, I confess all, and humbly fly to
The royal mercy of the king.

Treas And this submission is the way to pur-
chase it.

Chan Hear me, great judges if you have not lost,
For my sake, all your charities, I beseech you,
Let the king know my heart is full of penitence,
Calm his high-going sea, or in that tempest
I ruin to eternity Oh, my lords,
Consider your own places, and the helms
You sit at, while with all your providence
You steer, look forth, and see devouring quicksands '
My ambition now is punish'd, and my pride
Of state and greatness falling into nothing
I, that had never time, through vast employments
To think of heaven, feel his revengeful wrath
Boiling my blood, and scorching up my entrails
There's doomsday in my conscience,⁹ black and
horrid

For my abuse of justice, but no stings
Prick¹ with that terror, as the wounds I made
Upon the pious admiral Some good man

⁹ *There's doomsday in my conscience,*] The old copy " There
doomsday is my conscience D

¹ *Prick*] The old copy " *Prickt* D

Bear my repentance thither, he is merciful,
 And may incline the king to stay his lightning,
 Which threatens my confusion That my free
 Resign of title, office, and what else
 My pride look'd at, would buy my poor life's safety!
 For ever banish me the court, and let
 Me waste my life far off, in some [mean] village

Adv How! Did your lordships note his request to you? he would direct your sentence, to punish him with confining him to live in the country, like the mouse in the fable, that having offended to deserve death, begg'd he might be banished into a Parmesan. I hope your lordships will be more just to the nature of his offences

Sec I could have wish'd him fall on softer ground,

For his good parts

Treas My lord, this is your sentence *For your high misdemeanours against his majesty's judges, for your unjust sentence of the most equal lord admiral, for many and foul corruptions and abuse of your office, and that infinite stain of the king's person and honour, we, in his majesty's name, deprive you of your estate of chancellor, and declare you incapable of any judicial office, and besides, condemn you in the sum of two hundred thousand crowns: whereof, one hundred thousand to the king, and one hundred thousand to the lord admiral, and what remaineth of your estate, to go to the restitution of those you have injured, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the castle*—So, take him to your custody—Your lordships have been merciful in his sentence [Exit

[*Chan*] They have spar'd my life, then? that some cure may bring,
 I[ll] spend it in my prayers for the king [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Room in Chabot's House.

Enter Wife and CHABOT, in his gown and cap

Chab Allegre ! I am glad he hath so much strength,
I prithee let me see him.

Wife It will but
Enlarge a passion — My lord, he'll come
Another time, and tender you his service.

Chab Nay, then—

Wife Although I like it not, I must obey. [*Exit*

Enter ALLEGRE, supported

Chab Welcome my injur'd servant ! what a misery
Have they made on thee !

All. Though some change appear
Upon my body, whose severe affliction
Hath brought it thus to be sustained by others
My heart² is still the same in faith to you,
Not broken with their rage.

Chab Alas, poor man !
Were all my joys essential, and so mighty
As the affected world believes I taste,
This object were enough to unsweeten all.
Though in thy absence I had suffering,
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While for my sake their cruelty did vex,
And fright thy nerves with horror of thy sense,
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More grief, than all my imagination

² heart] The old copy "hurt" D

Could let before into me Did'st not curse me
Upon the torture?

All. Good, my lord, let not
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon
Your memory, they could not punish more
Than what my duty did oblige to bear
For you, and justice but there's something in
Your looks, presents more fear than all the malice
Of my tormentors could affect my soul with:
That paleness, and the other forms you wear,
Would well become a guilty admiral, and one
Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man,
Upon whose life the fury of injustice,
Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power of
thunder,

Can make no breach I was not rack'd till now
There's more death in that falling eye, than all
Rage ever yet brought forth What accident, sir,
can blast,

Can be so black and fatal, to distract
The calm, the triumph, that should sit upon
Your noble brow? misfortune could have no
Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued
By the great arm of providence, nor can
Those garlands, that now grow about your forehead,
With all the poison of the world be blasted

Chab Allegre, thou dost bear thy wounds upon
thee

In wide and spacious characters, but in
The volume of my sadness, thou dost want
An eye to read, an open force hath torn
Thy manly sinews, which some time may cure,
The engine is not seen that wounds thy master,
Past all the remedy of art or time,
The flatteries of court, of fame, or honours.
Thus in the summer a tall flourishing tree,
Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves
And blooming pride upon her, makes a shew

Of spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossom ,
But not the sun, with all his amorous smiles,
The dews of morning, or the tears of night,
Can root her fibres in the earth again,
Or make her bosom kind, to growth and bearing,
But the tree withers , and those very beams,
That once were natural warmth to her soft verdure,
Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever through
The bark and rind, till she becomes a burthen
To that which gave her life . so Chabot, Chabot

All. Wonder in apprehension ! I must
Suspect your health indeed

Chab. No, no, thou shalt not
Be troubled , I but stirr'd thee with a moral,
That's empty, contains nothing I am well ,
See, I can walk , poor man ! thou hast not strength
yet. [Exit

All. What accident is ground of this distraction ?

Re-enter CHABOT

Chab. Thou hast not heard yet what's become
o' the chancellor ?

All Not yet, my lord

Chab. Poor gentleman ! when I think
Upon the king, I've balm enough to cure
A thousands wounds, have I not, Allegre ?
Was ever bounteous mercy read in story
Like his upon my life, condemn'd for sacrifice
By law, and snatch'd out of the flame unlook'd
for,

And unpetition'd ? But his justice then,
That would not spare whom his own love made
great,

But give me up to the most cruel test
Of judges, for some boldness in defence
Of my own merits, and my honest faith to him,
Was rare, past example

Enter Father

Fath Sir, the king
Is coming hither.

All. It will
Become my duty, sir, to leave you now.

Chab Stay, by all means, Allegre, 't shall concern you,
I'm infinitely honour'd in his presence.

Enter King, Queen, MONTMORENCY, and Wife.

King Madam, be comforted, I'll be his physician

Wife Pray heaven you may !

King No ceremonial knees
Give me thy heart, my dear, my honest Chabot ;
And yet in vain I challenge that, 'tis here
Already in my own, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life, [no] violence
Shall ravish it from my possession,
Not those distempers that infirm my blood
And spirits shall betray it to a fear
When time and nature join to dispossess
My body of a cold and languishing breath,
No stroke in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty, yet dissect me then,
And in my heart the world shall read thee living,
And by the virtue of thy name writ there,
That part of me shall never putrify,
When I am lost in all my other dust

Chab You too much honour your poor servant,
sir,
My heart despairs so rich a monument ;
But when it dies—

King I will not hear a sound
Of any thing that trencheth³ upon death,

³ *trencheth*] The old copy "trenched" D

He speaks the funeral of my crown that prophesies
So unkind a fate We'll live and die together ;
And by that duty which hath taught you hitherto
All loyal and just services, I charge thee
Preserve thy heart for me and thy reward,
Which now shall crown thy merits.

Chab I have found
A glorious harvest in your favour, sir ;
And by this overflow of royal grace,
All my deserts are shadows, and fly from me
I have not in the wealth of my desires
Enough to pay you now ; yet you encourage me
To make one suit

King. So soon as nam'd, possess it

Chab. You would be pleas'd take notice of this
gentleman,
A secretary of mine.

Mont. Monsieur Allegre ,
He that was rack'd, sir, for your admiral

Chab His limbs want strength to tender their
full duty ,
An honest man, that suffers for my sake.

King. He shall be dear to us — For what has
pass'd, sir,
By the injustice of our chancellor's power,
We'll study to recompense ; i' the mean time, that
office

You exercis'd for Chabot, we translate
To our self, you shall be our secretary.

All This is
An honour above my weak desert, and shall
Oblige the service of my life to satisfy it

Chab. You are gracious, and in this act have put
All our complaints to silence — You, Allegre,

Enter Treasurer and Secretary

Cherish your health and feeble limbs, which cannot,

Without much prejudice, be thus employ'd:
All my best wishes with thee

All All my prayers
Are duties to your lordship [Exit.

King 'Tis too little.
Can forfeit of his place, wealth, and a lasting
Imprisonment, purge his offences to
Our honest admiral? had our person been
Exempted from his malice, he did persecute
The life of Chabot with an equal wrath,
You should have pour'd death on his treacherous
head

I revoke all your sentences, and make
Him that was wrong'd full master of his destiny —
Be thou his judge.

Chab Oh, far be such injustice!
I know his doom is heavy, and I beg,
Where mercy may be let into his sentence,
For my sake, you would soften it I have
Glory enough to be set right in your's,
And my dear country's thought, and by an act
With such apparent notice to the world.

King Express it in some joy then

Chab I will strive
To shew that pious gratitude to you, but—

King But what?

Chab My frame hath lately, sir, been ta'en
apieces,

And but now put together, the least force
Of mirth will shake, and unjoint all my reason.

Your patience, royal sir

King I'll have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man

Chab. My strength would flatter me. [Swoons.

King. Physicians!

Now I begin to fear his apprehension.
Why, how is Chabot's spirit fall'n!

Queen. 'Twere best
He were convey'd to his bed

Wife. How soon turn'd widow!

Chab Who would not wish to live to serve your
goodness?

Stand from me, you betray me with your fears,
The plummets may fall off that hang upon
My heart, they were but thoughts at first · or if
They weigh me down to death, let not my eyes
Close with another object than the king,
Let him be last I look on

King. I would not have him lost for my whole
kingdom

Mont He may recover, sir

King I see it fall,
For justice being the prop of every kingdom,
And mine broke, violating him that was
The knot and contract of it all in him,
It [is] already falling in my ear
Pompey could hear it thunder, when the senate
And capitol were deaf, so heaven's loud chiding
I'll have another sentence for my chancellor,
Unless my Chabot live
In a prince,
What a swift executioner is a frown!
Especially of great and noble souls —
How is it with my Philip?

Chab I must beg
One other boon

King Upon condition
My Chabot will collect his scatter'd spirits,
And be himself again, he shall divide
My kingdom with me

Fath Sweet king!

Chab I observe
A fierce and killing wrath engender'd in you.
For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,
Forgive your chancellor, let not the story

Of Philip Chabot, read hereafter, draw
 A tear from any family I beseech
 Your royal mercy on his life, and free
 Remission of all seizure upon his state,
 I have no comfort else

King. Endeavour

But thine own health, and pronounce general pardon
 To all through France

Chab. Sir, I must kneel to thank you,
 It is not seal'd else, your blest hand, live happy.
 May all you trust have no less faith than Chabot!
 Oh!

[*Dies.*

Wife. His heart is broken.

Fath. And kneeling, sir,
 As his ambition were, in death to shew
 The truth of his obedience

Mont. I fear'd this issue

Treas. He's past hope.

King. He has a victory in's death, this world
 Deserv'd him not. How soon he was translated
 To glorious eternity! 'Tis too late
 'To fright the air with words, my tears embalm
 him

Wife. What can become of me?

*King*⁴ I'll be your husband, madam, and with
 care

Supply your children's father, to your father
 I'll be a son, in what our love or power
 Can serve his friends, Chabot shall ne'er be
 wanting

The greatest loss is mine, past scale or recompense.
 We will proceed no further 'gainst the chancellor
 To the charity of our admiral he owes
 His life, which, ever banish'd to a prison,
 Shall not beget in us, or in the subject
 New fears of his injustice; for his fortunes,
 Great and acquir'd corruptly, 'tis our will

⁴ *King*] The old copy gives this speech to the Queen. D

They make just restitution for all wrongs,
That shall within a year be prov'd against him —
O, Chabot, that shall boast as many monuments
As there be hearts in France, which, as they grow,
Shall with more love enshrine thee ' Kings, they
say,
Die not, or starve succession Oh, why
Should that stand firm, and kings themselves
despair,
To find their subject still in the next heir ' [*Exeunt*

THE ARCADIA,
A PASTORAL.

THE ARCADIA] This piece is nothing more than Sidney's Arcadia in a dramatic form, it embraces all the leading incidents of that formidable romance, with the exception of the capture of the princesses by Cecropia. The title of the old copy is, "*A Pastorall called the Arcadia Acted by her Majesties Servants at the Phœnix in Drury Lane Written by James Shirley, Gent 1640,*" 4to D.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Basilus, *king of Arcadia*

Euarchus, *king of Macedon.*

Pyrocles, *son of Euarchus, disguised as the amazon*
Zelmane

Musidorus, *nephew of Euarchus, disguised as the*
shepherd Dorus

Philanax, *a nobleman appointed regent during the*
retirement of king Basilus

Calander, } *lords.*

Simpatheus, }

Calodoulus, *servant to Musidorus.*

Dametas, *a shepherd, guardian to Pamela*

Captain of Rebels

First Rebel

Second Rebel

Third Rebel.

Fourth Rebel

Thumb, *a miller.*

Shepherds, Masquers, Cupid, Messengers, Guards

Gynecia, *wife to Basilus*

Pamela, } *her daughters.*

Philoclea, }

Miso, *wife to Dametas.*

Mopsa, *her daughter*

SCENE, Arcadia

THE ARCADIA.

ACT I SCENE I.

An Apartment¹ in the Royal Lodge

Enter BASILIUS, PHILANAX, and CALANDER.

Philan Sir, yet be gracious, and hear them pray,
That beg not for their own, but for your safety,
And honour of your state, which eclipse
In your long dark, and melancholy life.
We want you at the helm
Our duties bind us tell you, 'tis unnatural
To bury yourself alive, the people call
For their own King to govern, they'll forget
To pray for you, if you continue thus
A stranger to'em

Calan. Or, if not for them,

¹ *An apartment, &c*] The scenes are not marked in the old
text. "He [Basilius] brake up his Court and retired him-

ne' castle in his desert, where he reserves a house appointed for
stables, and lodgings for certaine persons of meane calling,
who do all household seruices) he hath builded two fine lodges
in the one of them himselfe remaines with his yonger daughter
Philoclea Pamela he hath placed in the other lodge
but how thinke you accompanied? truly with none other but
one Dametas, the most arrant doltish clowne, that I thinke euer
was without the priuiledge of a bable, with his wife Miso, and
daughter Mopsa" Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib 1 p 10, ed 1613 D

Which every good king makes his care, as being
 A steward to provide them all earthly blessings,
 Yet for the other part of you, our mistress,
 That sleeps within your bosom, and not made
 For such a conversation, return
 And warm your throne² again, about which all
 Your servants like so many pictures gaze
 At one another, but want motion, and take up
 Room i' th' chambers of your court, like arras

Philan. Have a compassion to [y]our daughters,
 sir,

Kill not your hopes in their restraint

Calan What cage

Can please the birds created for sky freedom?

Philan How can you see your eldest child,
 Pamela,

Spend her best part of time with such a rude,
 And ignorant hind, as the unbred Dametas³
 A Lady of a high and active soul

Bas No more

Philan Our duties bid⁴ us tell you this

Bas Hast thou forgotten, Philanax, or made
 A better gloss upon the Oracle?

Should we remain in Court, and let our daughters
 Be in the sight of the admiring world?

Read that paper, and be not partial, Philanax

Philan [*reads*] *Thy eldest Care shall from thy
 careful face*

By princely mean be stolen, and yet not lost,

The younger shall with nature's bliss embrace

An uncouth⁴ love, which nature hateth most.

Both these themselves unto two such shall wed

That at a bier, as at a bar shall plead,

While thee a living man they have made dead,

² throne] The old copy " thoughts " D

³ bid] The old copy " bids " D

⁴ uncouth] The old copy " uncoch " this oracle is taken from the romance, p. 207 ed. 1613 D

*In thine own seat a foreign state shall sit ;
And ere that all these blows thy head shall hit,
Thou with thy wife adultery shalt commit.*

Bas Canst blame me now ? I should rejoice
to see

My daughters happy mothers, but since their
Fate must be ripen'd with my blood, their pride
Rooted in my grave, and that untimely, 'tis
Wisdom to keep'em virgins - I'm resolv'd

Enter GYNECIA, PHILOCLEA, and PYROCLES.

Calan. Your queen and ladies.

Bas Vanish all discontent Madam, this place
Is empty of all royal entertainment [*To Pyrocles.*
Your worth may challenge , but since fate allows
not

A courtly life, which best may answer your
High birth [and] spirit, let your virtue guide you
To accept of what we tender.

Pyr This, my Lord,
Exceeds all merit here , it was the bliss
I aim'd at, to be acquainted with your goodness -
I am your humble servant

Bas Such a title
Would rather become me , call me so, Lady,
And stile me above Kings, while I write yours.

Philan If your grace
Could call him from this life, you'd melt the hearts
Of your subjects into prayers for you.

Gyn I thank your care, but he's inexorable

Calan. Alas, dear princess, can you brook these
groves ?

Has not a palace something more of pleasure ?

Philoc. This shall be so to me while 'tis my
father's

Calan. I ha[ve] not seen a goodlier person how
Came she admitted ? she is gracious with the king

Philoc. She has a charm to win from all the world

Philan. I have read the Amazons described so.

Pyr. Good, my Lord,—

Bas These lips had he that robb'd the dragon of
The golden apples but once seen, he would
Ha[ve] wish'd to ha[ve] gather'd fruit here, and
esteem'd

The gain of one sweet kiss reward sufficient
For all his twelve hard labours.

Pyr Sir, your grace
Is pleasantly dispos'd to make my person
The subject of your mirth.

Bas And had those creatures,
Book-blinded men, that dream of other worlds,
Tell of Elysian blessings, know[n] the joys,
Are in your love, they would have lost themselves,
As I have done in speculation

Pyr You make me blush to hear you.

Bas. There's no action
Dares so affright your blood, to talk, why, Lady
There be those men and women, great and good,
Have found no shame in telling of their loves,
Nay, in the acting

Pyr. Give me leave to tell you,
You are not modest, if I understand you :
A king give breath to such foul thoughts !
Your every action should be a star
To guide your subjects, if you lose your piety,
What wickedness have they not licence for ?
If the devotion of your service be
To such a friend as Lust, (as what name else
Can it deserve,) let those whose hearts are lost
In sin be tempted to dishonour, I
Abhor the thought. Pardon me, royal sir,
I hope these are but trials, if I thought
There had been such a levity in men
Thus to provoke you—

Bas. Smooth thy brow again,
Or I shall need no other punishment ;
There's death too much in that.—*Philoclea.*

Pyr That name sounds all my comfort, and I
must

Despair to tell her so , I was to blame
To be so peremptory , would I were again
To shape my answer ¹

Bas Noble lady

Pyr. Sir.

Bas That smile has put me out , oh look thus
ever ¹

I was studying a new compliment to beg
Thy excuse

Pyr If you brought no offence, there needs
none, sir ,

I must suppose your love is noble, chaste.

Bas You will find that hereafter . Oh *Zelmane*,
Would thou couldst tell the meaning of my sighs !

Pyr You can express them.

Bas Not I.

Pyr. Choose another to speak them for you ,
And yet I want an orator to tell you
What I would say, howe'er I seem.

Bas Dost bless me

Pyr There's something wants a tongue , but for
your passions

I should not think they would carry so much discord
To a⁵ virgin ear, delivered by a woman ,
There is a way to meet a gentle audience,
At least not harsh disdain did your fair daughter,
Philoclea, the volume of all sweetness,
Plead half your suit, although it border'd on
Something not altogether just, her tongue
Might perchance guide it , but I am confident,
Your ends are noble

Bas There's a lightning yet

⁵ a] Old copy " any " D

Of comfort · happiest lady, I will study
How to be worthy of this grace

Gyn. You are expected at the pastorals.

Phlan We take our leaves, my lord, again
beseeching

Your pardon for our boldness to reduce⁶ you
To your own sphere of greatness

Bas Do you continue

Faithful to your employments, and deserve
Of us and of your country. Come, Zelmane,
There are some sports which you must grace

[*Exeunt Philanax and Calander*

Pyr I wait

A servant to your commands

Gyn Come, sweet Zelmane

Pyr Come, sweetest of thy sex [To *Philoclea*.

Philoc 'Tis pity, nature

Made thee not a man , this compliment

Would then become you [Exeunt

SCENE II

A Room in Pamela's Lodge.

Enter PAMELA and MOSA

Pam Mopsa, you are too coy in my opinion,
Though I confess your beauty may deserve
As much as any Dorus, though he be
Your father's servant, he's a handsome shepherd,
And not to be despis'd.

Mop. Despis'd¹ cannot a virgin love a young
man, I pray, but she must despise him²

Pam. You should then with some smiles encour-
rage him

Mop Smoiles¹ let me alone to smole, and some-
thing else, when we are alone if I thought he did
not love me, I know what I know.

⁶ reduce] i e bring back D

Pam Alas,
Poor man, he cannot sleep for you he says¹

Mop. Nay, and I were abed with him, he should not sleep so long as his eyes were open, I'd watch him for that. But do you think my father would let us couple in matrimony, as they say? He has never a son but I, and I am his only daughter

Pam Make no scruple of that, if you can find in your heart to love him, in the name of Cupid go together. For aught I perceive, your father holds a good opinion of him, marry I know not how your mother is inclin'd

Mop Whoop, my mother's a scold

Pam Here's your sweet heart,

Enter MUSIDORUS

Look you make much of him. Poor gentleman,
How love is able to transport! who could
Expect so rich a guest in that poor dwelling!
Oh, howe'er the winds compel him, or the stream
Into whose troubled waves he has launch'd forth,
This way he steers his love! yet I seem ignorant.

Mus My dearest Mopsa

Mop Dear! I never cost you any thing

Mus. I know not

At what expence of fortunes, were I able,
I should be willing to make purchase of you,
But I'm sure you have already cost my heart.
And yet I find yours made of marble,
Which neither pity nor my prayers can soften.
Sweet madam plead for me, one gracious word
From you would make me happy, let one beam
Shoot from your eye, and it will strike a spring
Into that frozen piece of earth, and make it
A bower for love to sport in, 'tis in you
To unarm⁷ her noble heart there's too much steel,
And gentle love in vain attempts to fasten
The softer blows

⁷ unarm] Qy "warm" D

Pam. Mopsa, take heed, your shepherd can
speak well,
And if he be honest Menalcus' brother
And heir, I know no reason why you should
Think scorn of him

Mop. But for all his quaint speeches, I'll keep
my honesty close enough, I warrant you.

Mus Why should you be so cruel? nature
made

Your face the only object of man's wonder

Mop Does my face look like a flapjack?

Mus Is't possible there can be a soul so hard,
So unrelenting dwell in that fair body?

If you knew,

The truth of my affection and with what

Religion it looks upon your virtues,

'Twould teach your eye compassion Gracious
princess,

Let the distressed Dorus gain this mercy

From you, that with the blessedness of your

White hand reaching to Mopsa this poor toy,

Which late I found, my love may cherish hope

At last to be accepted

Mop. Oh fine! What's that, madam?

Pam You must yet be a little coy to receive it

Mop I wo'not have it, and he would give
it me

Pam A rich jewel, the figure of a crabfish

Mus The true emblem

Of my love's pacc, which looks another way

To that it moves She cannot but distinguish

Whither I would direct my heart. her eyes

Are fix'd upon't, and my poor soul could here

Star-gaze for ever

Pam By force not choice—All his desire is,
Mopsa,

To win your grace by my presenting it

Mop I'll take it for your sake, I wo'not thank
him.

Mus She has no apprehension , with what
A calm and careless temper does she give it '

Enter DAMETAS

Dame. Madam Pamela, O are you there, 'tis
well.

Pam What's the matter ?

Dame I'm out of breath , let me walk myself a
little

Pam. What haste does tire you ?

Dame Tire me ! I am no woman, keep your
tires to yourself , nor am I Pericles prince of Tyre.

Pam. I do believe it, heaven make you an honest
subject, for a wise one, I despair to see you.

Dame Am I the subject of your talk ? But I
give you leave to use your tongue, you're a woman
Dorus, what make you idling here ? is the field
dunged as I gave directions, and the calf with the
white face brought home to execution ?

Mus I was careful in my duty.

Pam. Believe me, governor, there is much hope
of your servant

Dame. Ay, *governor* becomes you,—I like it
well when you carry an *M* under your girdle,⁸ *go-*
*vernor*⁹—He will do pretty well in time, when I
have taught him the manners of the cart, he begins
whistle in tune already, and can curry favour with
the horses But, now I remember myself, I forgot
what I came hither for O, d'y'e hear ? 'tis the king
your father's pleasure and mine, that you make
haste to the lodge

⁸ when you carry an *M* under your girdle,] i e when you ad-
dress me respectfully and call me master So in *Eastward Ho*
by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston,

" Quick Must Goulding sit upon us ?

CON You might carry an *M* under your girdle to Mr De-
puties worship " Sig G ed 1605 D

⁹ *governor*] The old copy ' our govern " D

Pam I'll attend

Dame. There will be gambols, to please my lady Salamander

Pam Zelmane you would say

Dame. I care not what you say, but if you mean to hear the dances and see the fine songs you must make haste. Dorus, you shall have leave to shake your heels, look you be mannerly, and shew a clean calf. Mopsa, what's that you ha' got there?

Mop A fine thing our man Dorus ga'me, he says 'tis a fish

Dame 'Tis a cod's head, is't not? much¹ How came you by this?

Mus Following the plough, I found it

Dame Would all my acres were sown with such! Umph, dares² he throw his stones at thee already? Well, set forward If thou diest before me, Dorus, I'll make some body mine heir, if I outlive thee, I wo'not say what legacy I mean to bestow upon thee Continue thy duty, Dorus, and follow me with a reverence

Exeunt

SCENE III

A Grove, near the Royal Lodge.

Enter BASILIUS, GYNECIA, PYROCLES, PAMELA, PHILOCLEA, MOPSA and MUSIDORUS

Bas. Lady,³ our revels want⁴ the state and glory
With which the court delights might charm your senses.

¹ much ¹ How came you by this? The old copy "much came how you by this" *Much* ¹ is an exclamation of contempt—"there's much of a fine thing here!" D

² dares] The old copy "dors," meant perhaps for rustic dialect D

³ Lady] The old copy "Ladies," but the king's speech is addressed to Pyrocles alone D

⁴ want] The old copy "wants" D

*Enter CUPID, MUSIDORUS, MOPSA, MISO, and
Shepherds.*

*Behold the dandiprat⁶ that liv'd at court,
But is come hither to make country sport,
A woody god, but yet a very colt
Among the maids who feel his furious bolt
Now, Cupid, speak thyself, or, while they play,
Sing if you please, I ha'not more to say.*

*Cupid. Tell me tidings of my mother,
Shepherds, and be Cupid's brother
Down from heaven we came together.
With swan's speed came she not hither?
But what lady have I spi'd?*

*Just so was my mother ey'd,
Such her smiles wherein I dwell,
In those lips have I been felt,
Those the pillows of her breast,
Which gave Cupid so much rest
'Tis she, 'tis she! Make holiday,
Shepherds, carroll, dance, and play.*

*'Tis Venus, it can be no other,
Cupid now has found his mother*

*Gyn. This was your poetry, Zelmane.⁷
You are beholding to him, he would make
You a mother,⁸ I see*

Bas Gynecia

⁶ *dandiprat*] Did Shirley recollect here that Stanyhurst, in *The First Four Bookes of Virgil's Æneis*, 1583, had rendered "Ille [scil Cupido] ubi complexu Æneæ colloque pependit," &c thus? (1719)

"On father Æneas his neck the *dandiprat* hangeth"

Sig C D

⁷ *This was your poetry, Zelmane,*] I suppose her majesty means "the verses referred to you, Zelmane." Perhaps, however, it should be pointed thus,

"This was your poetry!—Zelmane,
You" &c

⁸ *e there was fine poetry!—Zelmane, you,* &c D

⁸ *a mother*] The old copy "another" D

Gyn. I am silent—Philoclea is too near—[*aside.*
I am not well o'the sudden, break off your mirth.

Bas. What ails Gynecia?

Gyn. My heart is sick

Pyr. Forbid it heaven!

Bas. Retire Come, my Zelmane

Pyr. I attend.

Bas. Look to your charge, Dametas

[*Exeunt Basilius, Gynecia, and Philoclea.*

Pam. I have a precious time Will you pace
it, governor?

Dame. Trot, amble, or gallop, I'll run in your
hand, lady

[*Exeunt Dametas, Pamela, and Miso*

Mop. Come, Dorus

Mus. Your humble servant.

[*Exeunt Musidorus and Mopsa.*

Pyr. Thou art cruel

To an innocent bosom, love, there is no way
Within thy power to save me O, Philoclea,
Where shall I cool my heart? O, if there be
One shaft can kill, good Cupid, aim at me! [*Exit*

ACT II SCENE I

Before Pamela's Lodge

Enter GYNECIA and MISO.

Mi. I warrant you, madam, they shall have good
luck if they whisper together in my hearing.

Gyn. Where is Zelmane?

Mi. In some of the arbours, she took a lute
abroad with her: but I left Philoclea with her
father.

Gyn. Prithce, be careful, and watch them well,
good Miso

Mi. They sha'not scape me, I'll watch their
waters narrowly, I warrant you [Exit.

Gyn. I see through his disguise, 'tis so, and love
Hath put this shape on him for Philoclea.

In what a miserable flame I burn!

Zelmane, thou hast stolen my virtue from me,
I ha[ve] not power to think a harmless thought.
Hah, Music!

From whence breathes that sound? It is Zelmane

*Pyrocles sings within, accompanying himself on the
lute; and then enters*

Pyr. What miserable accident brought her!

Gyn. Zelmane.

Pyr. Madam, I hope you'll pardon
The trespass of a rude hand and voice, I meant not
This for your curious ear

Gyn. 'Twas harmony

Pyr. It was no light air, I'm sure.

Gyn. Indeed it carried some thing, methought,
Of sorrow's descant, I heard love in't too
Who is so happy to deserve a memory
But in your sigh? Come, who's your servant?

Pyr. I have no servant

Gyn. Nay then I see you can
Dissemble, my husband—

Pyr. Madam, I hope—

Gyn. Nay I'm so far from jealousy, I should not
Be angry to see you both a bed together

Pyr. How, Madam?

Gyn. Why I can love you too, come thou shalt be
My bedfellow.

Pyr. I am not worthy.

Gyn. Believe me, I could take as much delight
In thy embraces as my husband's. Why

Are we so nice to one another ? I
Am a woman, are not you so too ?
Why should we not be bold then ? I have a mind
To call thee mistress , yes, and I'll disguise
Myself in some quaint shape to court thy love.

Pyr Disguise !

Gyn Nay do not blush . thou shalt be a man

Pyr. Your discourse appears
Strange to me, Madam

Gyn As you would to me ,
And yet you may as easily perceive
Gynecia's mind, as I distinguish you
Through all your clouds Cupid doth dictate rarely
To those that come to school to him, instruct
With handsome shadows to deceive the eye,
But cannot change the⁹ substance , I have a sense
Can look beyond the superficial bark
Come, you're transparent

Pyr Madam, what d'ye mean ?

Gyn What means Zelmane to be ignorant
When a queen pleads for love ? my heart will not
Allow more circumstance , do not question
How you became reveal'd, but pity her
Whose bosom is tormented with those fires,
Thy smiles, the only greater flame, can quench

Pyr. Pray heaven, you have your perfect senses !

Gyn Then I must be plainer , and be witness,
love,

I am compell'd, be witness, modesty,
I now must blush for thee more than myself.
A man, and be so cruel to a lady !
Zelmane, either give consent I shall
Be welcome to thee, or I vow by heaven
To tell Basilus what thou art. I have
Patience to let him court thee as a woman ,
But when he sees his love abuse[d], his privacy
And daughters so dishonour'd, hadst thou a thousand

⁹ the] The old copy " my " D

Lives, they were all forfeited by this
 So desperate intrusion, think upon't.
 A woman I have lost thee—whither will
 The tempest of my fate inforce my tongue?
 Yet be thou kind, Zelmane: if thou tak'st
 A glory in my suffering, Philoclea—
 Does that name startle you?—Philoclea,
 My rival now—

Pyr. Your rival?

Gyn. Come, I am familiar with every thought—
 Your dear saint shall repent it, for this hand
 Shall take again the unlucky life I gave her:
 Spurn¹ not Gynecia's fury.

Pyr. I am lost,
 In the same minute I am found—I prithee,
 Do not forsake me, heart, I never had
 More use of thee—Great queen, can you forgive?

Gyn. And ask thy pardon; but, believe me, 'twas
 Your strangeness did compel me to this language.

Pyr. I never thought that pity of another
 Could be a reason to betray myself,
 But you have thoroughly charm'd me, and I must
 Deliver up my thoughts—The truth is, madam,
 I am a man, and, if you dare believe me,
 A prince—I must confess beside, Gynecia,
 Since I came hither I have had some sprinkling of
 I know not what affection to Philoclea;
 For how could I imagine such a blessedness
 From you? but if you mock not—

Gyn. Joys reward your pity!
 Oh pardon the o'er-charged Gynecia,
 Whose error may be yet made more excuseable
 By the immortal name of love!

Pyr. This grace
 Is worth more than Zelmane, and yet I
 Have nothing but myself to give you for it,
 A small but free gift, bestow me as you please.

¹ *Spurn*] The old copy "Turne" D.

Gyn. My soul
Is narrow to receive this wide blessing
Pyr But we must be wise :
It were not safe to be observ'd Stand I
Discover'd to none else ?

Gyn To none.

Pyr Then know
I want no apprehension of what
True lovers would desire , but your honour is
My own If shortly, to secure 'em both,
You let me study an opportunity,
I'll bring your wishes home, and bless my stars
That pointed me the glorious fate—We are
Already interrupted

Enter BASILIUS and PHILOCLEA

Bas. Do this, my dear Philoclea , I² leave
My cares to thee , I'll call Gynecia
Away, and leave you both together. How
Fareth the best Zelmane ?

Pyr. Still your servant.

Bas. Gynecia

Pyr. I cannot rule my eyes , they will betray
My cunning to Gynecia, if she go not
Hence quickly

Philoc. How is it with my virtuous Amazon ?

Gyn Philoclea

Bas Let her alone ; they have some business,
sweet

Gyn What business can they have together ?

Bas Why art thou troubled ? thou wouldst be
jealous

Of me, I see, were I in private with her.
Come, let 'em alone awhile.

Gyn Stay you and spare not , I would employ
Philoclea

²I] The old copy " and " D

Bas. You shall obey me now ; I prithee, walk
Exeunt Basilius and Gynecia.

Philoc My father, sweet Zelmane, to whose
 command

I owe my life—

Pyr First let me give my life
 Up to these lips, and take a new one from
 This kiss Oh dear Philoclea, contain
 All other breath. I know thy father's mind
 Already, and must now beseech thy patience
 To a short story, which I must deliver
 Or die before thee. If it be within
 My destiny to be condemn'd by you,
 At least know whom you sentence. I am—

Philoc What? I fear not well

Pyr Cannot your eyes discover me? have I a
 shroud

To hide me from Philoclea? did the kiss
 I gave thee last convey no secret to thee?
 There was a spirit in my lip assur'd me,
 To save the tedious trouble of my language.
 I heard it whisper something, did it not?
 I would be fain undone

Philoc Good heaven, forbid!

Pyr. You wo'not understand me yet, Philo-
 clea.

Then I'll undo myself, I am not what
 I seem, Zelmane, but—

Philoc What?

Pyr A thing not worth the name, if you frown
 on me,

A man

Philoc A man! good heaven!

Pyr. I have told you all the worst.
 If it be no offence to name a prince,
 Whose memory your own breath oft hath sweeten'd,
 I dare be call'd Pyrocles of Macedon,
 Transform'd by loving your fair self to this

Feminine shape : if now I have not sinn'd
Above forgiveness, ³O Philoclea!—

Philoc. Come not too near, I charge you ; I
would chide,
But dare not : would you had not told me this !
Indeed you were to blame ; I must not hear you
Excuse yourself [*Going*

Pyr She must not leave me thus .—
But she returns.

Philoc I have lost myself already,
And love is but a blind guide to direct
My virgin steps , I fain would reply something,
But feel a trembling in my voice. *Zelmae*,—

Enter BASILIUS.

My father ! what account shall I give him ?
I have said nothing he commanded

Bas She smiles

Pyr My lord, I see you can use the advantage,
And I did arm you 'gainst myself, I did not
Think when I advis'd you make Philoclea
Your advocate, she could so much have won
Upon me, but my counsel has betray'd me
Pray, think me not immodest, if my words
Do fall too rudely from me, your fair daughter,
Whose tongue would lay a charm upon the gods,
Hath gain'd all this

Bas The gods reward her for it !

Philoc Was this his plot ?

Bas A thousand blessings overtake my child !
But not a word, not a word, Philoclea,
To thy mother.

Philoc I have learnt my duty, sir

Pyr. Beshrew your haste.

³ O *Philoclea*—] The old copy makes these words the beginning of the next speech D

Bas Remove, convey thyself away, dear girl,
I'll follow

Phloe My heart is full, and though my tongue
denies

Him farewell, I c may read it in my eye [s] [*Exit.*

Bas I knew thou couldst not choose at last but
give

My heart an audience, I am not myself
With the imagination'

Pyr. Of what?

Bas. Of any thing

Come, I allow thee modest, it is not
Fit we should say our pleasures, sweet, but act them.

Pyr You are too violent, my lord, I shall
Repent my freedom, if you give no limit
'To your desires, if you do love your servant,
Husband your flame that it may last

Bas It shall,
Pardon me, dear *Zelmane* I have a stock
Of blood, though you may think it cold, is high
And active as the veins of promising youth,
I wear this snow but a [s] disguise

Pyr Poor winter'

Bas My hairs are black at root, and shall grow up
Fair as the ebony, and curl themselves
Into a thousand pretty caves, for love
Itself to sit, that best delights in darkness

Pyr This will be strange

Bas 'Tis you that work these miracles
Upon *Basilus* as I came hither,
I felt a score of years drop off, which hung
Upon my locks

Pyr A score of hairs, you mean tis moulting
time

Contain yourself awhile, you have a jealous
Queen, and yet it goes against my conscience
To wrong so sweet a lady, pray, my lord,
Think better on't

Bas. This does inflame me more
Be not so cruel to remember her ,
Thou must preserve my life

Pyr. Well, I ha [ve] thought a way
Shall perfect all without suspicion.
There is a cave hard by, which nature made
Intending well to lovers . thither will I,
With licence of your grace, pretending
To exercise a few days some devotions
We Amazons have obligation to ,
At some convenient hour—

Bas May I come to thee ?

Pyr I'll give you notice in some evening.

Bas. Zelmane, now thou dost ravish me

Pyr. You may with ease secure all at the lodge.

Bas Most excellent

Pyr Imagine,⁴ sir, the rest, but do not come
Till I desire you

Bas Be not tedious then ,
I will prepare all this

Pyr I hope, you do not
Conclude me impudent, that I incline
To do this for you by my hopes of a blest
Eternity, nor love nor lust e'er tempted
My thoughts to yield thus much to any man.
Be careful of my honour.

Bas Oh divine
Zelmane, keep my soul !

[*Exit*

Pyr Philoclea, mine !

Enter MUSIDORUS

Mus Oh my dear Pyrocles !

Pyr How is't, dear cousin ?

Mus Never till now could you salute me happy ,
The gods have been propitious.

Pyr. Will she know thee yet ?

⁴ *Imagine*] The old copy " I imagin " D

Mus. There's nothing wants to make me perfect blest,
 But to hear thee pronounce thy love as fortunate
 The envious clouds which interpose themselves,
 Like a dark curtain o'er Pamela's face,
 Are drawn away, and I enjoy her smile
 She does believe my proofs, sweetly excusing
 Her long neglect, and promiseth as much
 As I dare ask she'll trust me with her person,
 I want but opportunity to deceive
 Our waking dragons,—and in good time, Dametas

Enter DAMETAS

Away, you shall know all my fate hereafter

Pyr I joy in thy success, pray thou for mine
[Exit

Dame Where is this rascal Dorus?

Mus Whether were I best to tell the king on't first, or seek out Dametas? He'll never be able to spend it, there may be gold enough to purchase half Arcadia

Dame Umph, what's that?

Mus. I'll seek him out at all adventures—Oh sir, pray is this gold?—and this, and this?

Dame Hah, gold? yes, very good gold where hadst it?

Mus You shall hear more hereafter

Dame Dorus, honest Dorus, put on thy hat. where, where hadst it?

Mus Did you never hear of one Aristomenes?

Dame He was banished Arcadia

Mus Was he rich?

Dame. Infinite rich, so rich—

Mus 'Tis so, belike he there had all his treasure

Dame What treasure? where is't, honest Dorus, tell me?

Mus You are my master, and may be my father—

Dame My son Dorus, Mopsa is thine , and she were made of as pure gold as this, thou shouldst touch her, and melt her

Mus Well, I see it was ordained to make you rich . in duty I'll discover it, and yet—

Dame, Out with it, good Dorus

Mus Well, sitting beneath an oak that shall be nameless, I chanced to turn up some turf with my mole spade

Dame. With thy mole spade,—what then ?

Mus I saw a yellow brightness peeping out o' th' ground, which when I came to examine, I proved this metal , ay, this was the first , you're sure 'tis gold ? you shall pardon me for the rest, but if these will do you any pleasure, or twenty more—

Dame Nay, good honest Dorus, proceed

Mus Why, the truth is, I suspect where a great treasure has been long buried these, it seems, were scattered when the rest went to the pit-hole

Dame. But where is this place, good Dorus ? thou hast no more about thee ?

Mus No , but if you please to furnish me with tools, I'll try the bottom I digged till I came to a stone, whose inscription promised something worth a man's labour

Dame Did it sound ?

Mus Melodiously, a golden tune

Dame Where, where ? thou mayest tell me, thou knowest I am secret

Mus For Mopsa's sake I will reveal 't You know
The oak where you first met me ?

Dame Hah, very well

Mus On the right side of that same spreading tree,
Lies all this riches

Dame As thou'rt honest ?

Mus. As I hope to be dear Mopsa's husband.
I'll get strong tools, and bring you better proof

Dame. Stay, Dorus, stay, let me see
As I intend to be your father, Dorus,
And so in Mopsa's name make you my heir
Of all my wealth, good Dorus,—I am yet,
Till things and things be done, your master, Dorus:
Beside, that ground is mine, the oak is mine,
Where under lies this treasure, I am Lord
Lord of the soil, my Dorus, of the soil
I am content to be a ground for you
To build your⁵ hopes on, Dorus, but my ground
No man shall dig or build on but myself
Of such as this be there another mine,⁶
Of coin or uncoin metal, it is mine,
All may be yours another day, my Dorus

Mus. I know my duty, sir, and cannot think
The gods had e'er allotted my free mind
To serve you but for some strange end.

Dame. In this thou shewest it: keep all close,
not a word Dorus. I take no leave. Be careful,
my good Dorus, of my young madam, 'tis a charge
I turn over to thee, overlook her well

Mus. I mean to do it doubly.

Dame. How, ha' you a double meaning?

Mus. I mean, with double care.

Dame. Honest Dorus, 'tis the last service I
shall put thee to.

Mus. I hope so too

Dame. Now to the oak, my golden land mark

Mus. Load a horse with tools, sir.

Dame. Mattocks and shovels.

Mus. Hooks, and ladders

Dame. Spade [s], and pickaxes.

⁵ *your*] The old copy "to" D

⁶ *Of such as this be there another mine,*] This is all I can
make of the old copy, which has

"On such as this, be there a myne" D.

Mus Ropes and daggers. You'll have no help?

Dame No, no, a man's own toil

Sweeter the profit makes in his own soil [Exit.

Mus Go thy ways for the lord a' th' soil!

There's one block out a' th' way, the golden fly

Enter Miso

Has caught this trout. My jealous mistress! I

Hope she o'erheard not.

Mi. Oh that my ears had been long enough to have heard some of their precious knavery!

Mus It were but charity to tell her on't, little does my mistress think what a flesh-fly my master is.

Mi What says the knave?

Mus. Though she be a little stricken in years, she is handsome enough for as good a man as Dаметas, and he to run neighing a' this fashion after a blowse, and then put me to make excuse for him! 'tis not right

Mi. Oh fidious rascal! I thought there was some roguery Dorus, as thou comest of a woman, tell me

Mus What, forsooth?

Mi. Oh naughty man, to use an honest woman the wrong way thus! Have I been married so many years, and carried myself like his lawful wife up-rising and down lying, as they say, so even and jump with his desires, to be thus handled? But I'll be revenged, it shall fall heavy upon his head for this, I warrant him nay, I did always suspect him for a colt

Mus. What mean you, forsooth?

Mi. Come, I overheard somewhat to my grief, and therefore leave your bogling and your trim-tram tricks, you must not flap me o' th' mouth with fleering and with flams, whilst he—

Mus Claps up another betwixt the — aha, mistress, mistress! but you say you overheard, and

therefore if you know whither he is gone, you may come two hours hence time enough to prevent the blow

Mi If thou lookest to have my daughter with, —mark what I say—

Mus With father's mark, and mother's mark, and every mark about her

Mi If you conceal any thing in this case, thou knowest no case of her, nay, though thy teeth water out the liquor of thy life, thou shouldst not get a bit, the worst bit of her

Mus Be more charitable.

Mi Or if thou chance to get her 'gainst my will, I'll teach her a trick of the mother, shall make thee curse her and all the brood she came on

Mus What is Charita to me? I know you heard him name her.

Mi Charita'

Mus. I will discharge my conscience, and yet if you overheard us without my telling, you know where he appointed to meet her this evening at Mantinea, at her father's, in Oudemian⁷ street—

Mi Oudemian street'

Mus I do not betray him now, if you provide so happily to take 'em at it, mistress, at it—

Mi Ay, at it, how I itch to be at it'

Mus Saddle your mare

Mi They shall not 'scape with half an eye betwixt them

[*Exit*

Mus I have given her the bells, and she will fly to the devil

Enter PAMELA and MOPSA

Here comes the other: I ha' given her phy-

⁷ *Oudemian*] The old copy "Ondemion"—"In the house of Charitas uncle, in the *Oudemian* street But neither was the name of Charita remembred, nor any such street knowne" Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib iv, p 393 ed 1613 The latter part of the quotation sufficiently shews the etymology of the word D

sick already, fit for her constitution, and now it works

Pam How comes it, Mopsa, that you are so taken,

So lifted up with high conceit ?

Mop Who, I ?

Pam Yes, Mopsa, you · d'ye think I cannot judge,
By outward gestures and your looks, what joy
Doth inwardly possess you ?

Mop Who, me ?

Pam Yes, you again , and it were not over-
boldness

To request some knowledge of the cause.

Mop Rest you content, you are a princess born ,
I might have been so to Somebody may be a
queen before you · make what you can of that.

Pam. Oh fate, how's this !

Mop There is a tree, and there is things worth
wishing, and some may wish, and wishes may be
had . make what you can of that too.

Mus To my wish it works

Pam But, Mopsa, may I not beseech a word,
That may be to my understanding ?

Mop You may know more hereafter, but till
then

I must presume upon your princely patience
To keep your chamber , it is now my reign,
And do not dare to follow.

Pam. Not I , when you're drawn up to ma-
jesty,

I can but wish you graciously would then
Remember the obedience of your handmaid,
That first submits herself to your command.

Mop. I'faith, I will, Pamela, and reward it ,
Go in, sweet Lady , on my royal word

I will

[*Exit Pamela.*

Mus She has spied me

Mop Happy Dorus !

Mus What will my Mopsa say, when she has climbed

The tree of happiness?

Mop Ay, ay, the tree, when I climb that tree, honey Dorus! tell me it over again, my dear bird, what did Jupiter to Apollo

Mus Upon some falling out I told you Jupiter threw Apollo out of heaven, and, his deity taken away, he was fain to live upon the earth and keep Admetus' cattle. In the time of his service, being sent to fetch a breed of beasts out of Arcadia, in this very desert, he grew faint and weary, and would needs rest himself in the boughs of an ashen tree

Mop. The tree we wot of, on, sweet bird

Mus Apollo in that tree, calling to mind his quarrel with Jupiter, became very sorrowful, and pitifully complaining to his father, asking him mercy for having offended him, was from that tree received into his golden sphere, and made a god again

Mop Oh brave!

Mus. Having the perfect nature of a god, Never to be ingrateful, he then granted A double life to Admetus'; and because That tree was chapel of his happy prayers, To it he gave this quality—

Mop Now it comes

Mus That whosoever sat down in that tree, In like estate and sort as he did then—

Mop Oh, now, now, now!

Mus Should forthwith have there their wish

Mop Oh the tree, the tree, the tree!

Mus The king understood thus much by oracle, and tried, himself, but being neither herdman as then Apollo was, nor of the race which is necessary, delivered this secret to your father, but made him swear to wish by his direction. For his own benefit Dametas told it me, and is now gone to

furnish himself with a scarlet cloak, for in that he must be muffled, just as Apollo was. I might now prevent 'em all, and be king myself, but what have I to wish more than the love of Mopsa? which, since without more charming force you yield me, I'll fit you with a cloak, and then wish what you will, yourself.

Mop. I'll be queen, or Apollo shall never look me in the face again. Quickly, sweet Dorus, come muffle me, I long to be queen, and my father shall ask me blessing
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III SCENE I.

A Grove beside the Royal Lodge

Enter CAPTAIN, REBELS, and THUMB.

Cap Come, my masters, let us be resolute. Is there any man that will justify himself to be sober amongst us?

2 Reb No, hang sobriety.

Cap We must be valiant, the king, I say again, has left us, and since he scorns our company, for my part I scorn to be his subject.

3 Reb Ay, I scorn subjects, I'll be an emperor

2 Reb It is time to look into the government, none but gentlemen are of his council, I see no reason, since the country is ours, but we should have a stroke in the state.

Cap That was bravely spoke, my bully, stroke! hey, by Mars his gauntlet, spoke like a soldier. I do not like the carriage of the secret councils

3 Reb Nor I, nor any body.

Thumb Take heed, my masters.

3 Reb Let's hear Thumb, the miller

Thumb We met together to drink in honour of

the king's birthday, and though we have tickled the cannikins, let us be merry and wise, that's my opinion, no treason, the king is an honest gentleman, and so is the queen

3 Reb Very wisely spoken

Cap But shall [we] be governed by Philanax ?

2 Reb Who knows but he has made away the king

Thumb Made away the king ! who, honest Basilius¹ ask the king who has made him away by this hand, if I thought they had made him away, I would make somebody away though I hanged for't But, neighbours, for my own part I will join with you in any thing that is honourable, d'ye mark, honourable² but I say still, I am clear of opinion it is not amiss to be merry and wise Gentlemen, my name's Thumb

3 Reb Ay,—Tom

Thumb And I'll be a'your side, howsoever

3 Reb A great spirit

Cap Shall I speak for you ?

Omnes Ay, ay, agreed, you shall be captain

Cap Why then let me alone, I will know a reason why he has left the government without our consents to depose him 'tis wisely spoken, my brave men o'th'commonwealth, we will have other laws, and the old shall be executed.

3 Reb. Ay, ay, hang the old ones

2 Reb. 'Tis a discredit for any subjects, as we are, to have a king, as if we were not able to govern ourselves.

Cap. Stroke up thy forehead, thou wert born to be a statesman. Be ruled by me, and we'll have no justice in Arcadia.

2 Reb How ?

Cap No justice, why should we lose our liberties, and being free men, upon any occasion suffer ourselves to be bound over³

Thumb Gentlemen citizens, it were very good you would take into your consideration the statute against drunkenness

Cap It shall be lawful for any man to be drunk without forfeiting or paying any thing to the poor

Thumb Very good, every man drink away his estate, and then charity begins at home.

Cap No man shall marry—

2 Reb That's worse than the statute against two wives

Cap For every woman shall be common

3 Reb Every woman common! what shall we do with all the ^sproper women in Arcadia?

Cap They shall be common too

3 Reb Oh rare! and what shall we do with all the prisons

Cap Set 'em a' fire, 'twill warm the city when there is cold doings

2 Reb. What with the prisoners?

Cap Put 'em in possession of their creditors' lands, they are the only men fit for authority, for no men are used worse, and they will know the better to domineer nay, we'll have admirable laws. But who shall be this ambassador to the king?

4 Reb Me, me, choose me, captain.

Thumb Choose you, captain! haberdasher of small wares, choose you a capon! I'll be the ambassador. ever while you live, let a bold man be ambassador, and one that has a brain; I will not be meal-mouthed

3 Reb Well said, miller.

Cap And because we will be wise—

Thumb Ay, ay, be merry and wise, ever while you live, be sober and discreet

Cap Say we attend here to do our duties

3 Reb Duties! oh base!

Cap Say so we must, he'll not come forth else.

^s proper] i e in opposition to common,—private D

4 *Reb.* What if I told his highness there was a dance to be presented? we are furnished with our noise⁹ still

Thumb Ay, ay, I do love this noise with all my heart

2 *Reb* Excellent! get you behind the trees with your instruments, and tune 'em ready, the new frisk we danced at Enispe to day will serve rarely as the prologue, away. [*Exit 4 Rebel*] But, captain, what shall we do with the king's daughters?

Cap I'll have one.

3 *Reb* And I'll ha' the tother · our captain shall ha' the queen.

2 *Reb* And what shall we have?

Cap There are ladies about the court will content you.

Thumb I will have both the king's daughters, and he that speaks against it— [*They fight.*]

Cap Thumb, valiant Thumb, all spirit, no mutiny, no mutiny all of a faction together by the ears for a piece of venison!

Thumb. I will have both the king's daughters, or else I shall not be satisfied.

Cap First let us know the king's resolution, and if we like not our conditions, the hare's afoot, and every man take what course he please in my lord's park

*Enter BASILIUS, GYNECIA, PYROCLES, and
PHILOCLEA.*

But stay, the king—umph.

2 *Reb* Speak, captain

Cap If it please your majesty,—What was it resolved upon?

3 *Reb* He's out, let me come to him prithee, do thou tell him thy mind that delcome wench has made my teeth water

⁹ noise] i. e. company of musicians D

2 *Reb.* And drowned thy tongue. A company of bashful shrimps¹ if I but open my mouth,—I say no more.

Thumb King, by your leave,—Which is the king² my eyes twinkle—We have been playing the good fellows to celebrate your majestical birth day, will your grace see a song²

3 *Reb* A dance.

Thumb. Or a dance, all's one, our feet are in tune, strike up behind the tree You are the king and I am the miller, there's all the difference sweet ladies, my name is Thumb

Bas This is rudeness

Gyn Pardon their simplicity

Thumb I'll have that wench, she looks like Hercules

Rebels Stand

Cap We have interrogation points to put to you

Bas Treason, treason¹

Pyr Barbarous villains¹

Basilus runs in A bell rings. *Philoclea and Gynecia hide themselves* *Pyrocles fights with the Rebels* then *Basilus re-enters with a two-handed sword*, and after some skirmish, *Philanax and Calander enter with a guard*, and the *Rebels are beaten off*

Pyr Where is Philoclea²

Philoc Here. art thou not hurt, Zelmane²
My soul at every stroke made against thee
Was leaving my pale body

Pyr Dear madam, are you safe²

Bas I think I ha' peppered some of'em *Philanax*, 't was not amiss you came, but *Zelmane* and I should have made a shift

Pyr You alone, my lord, were an army against such reeling valours, I did not think you could ha'bestirred yourself so well

Bas. And I were in another place, alone with thee, I could bestir myself better.

Cal I would you would consider yet to quit This dangerous kind of life.

Phulan Had not the valiant Amazon, it seems, Defenc'd your person ere the troops arriv'd, It might have prov'd too fatal.

Gyn [S]he play'd the man indeed. The king is troubled,
And thinks me jealous of him ; 'las, old man !

Bas No more
Wait upon our queen and daughter , we'll follow
Exeunt Gynecia, Philoclea, Phulanax,
Calander, and Guards.

I am wounded

Pyr How ?

Bas By thee, Zelmane

Pyr I see your passions are the same, and I
This night resolve to wait for you in the cave.
If you, when your Gynecia is a bed,
And fast asleep, (be sure of that) will please
To put yourself to a short travel, I
Shall not express your welcome, but—

Bas Dear as my soul, I apprehend my comfort :
One kiss in earnest of the million
Thou shalt receive, but carry it close, Zelmane
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

A Wood

Enter MUSIDORUS, and MOPSA

Mus. This is the tree.

Mop Oh let me kiss it[s] toes !

Mus Best lose no time

Mop Hail upon hail, sweet tree, crown thee and all thy wishes! Oh Dorus, up wi'me, Dorus, up wi'me, up wi'me, up wi'me, Dorus! teach me to climb the right way, prithee

Mus. You must be muffled in the cloak, so, now remember your instructions. Make first your invocation to Apollo, as I told you, which being done, employ your mind with all devotion to his deity, until you hear a voice call three times on you by your name. though you should think your father, mother, Pamela, or myself, talk to you, answer not, they are spirits that would delude

Mop Under three Mopsas, I'll not talk to'em, I'll not be cozened

Mus Hold there, and you'll be happy

Mop I'll ask a king to my husband, and thou shalt be he

Mus. Your invocation

Mop *Into the great ears of Apollo*

Now let my invocation hollow

Oh thou that lightest all the day,

For some to work and some to play,

By owl light now

Incline a gracious ear to me,

Thus muffled in thy wishing tree,

Singing whoop whoop, whoo!

And pardon this my subtilty,

That I deceive the passers by,

I, in this bough,

Do use the accents of that fowl,

Because I would be thought an owl,

With whoop, whoop, whoo!

Enter PAMELA

Mus She has done her invocation

Pam Can she not hear us?

Mus She shall hear us, but I have taken order

with her eyes and understanding too, she'll not believe us — Thou lovely bird, Madge owl !

Mop. That's a spirit in the voice of Dorus, but I'll not answer.

Mus. See Dorus and Pamela both are here .
Whilst old Dametas, Miso, and their dear
Daughter, are straggled forth, they both together
Are taking now their flight, and who knows whither ?

Pam. This is too plain

Mop. Oh cunning devils ! but I'll not hear, nor speak a syllable

Mus. If thou canst find a tongue to tell Dametas,
Make known unto his wisdom he is gull'd —
Take courage, madam, the way lies fair before us,
And a bark already prepar'd cries come aboard
Farewell, owl [Exeunt *Musidorus and Pamela.*

Dametas sings within

Mop. Whoop, whoop, whoo ! Hey, I hear
another singing spirit in my father's voice, be't
Apollo himself, under three Mopsas I'll not speak

Enter DAMETAS

Dame. This is the tree, and here the earth is
broken,

The certain sign left by my trusty Dorus

'Thou mouth of the rich treasure, I salute thee,
And kiss the hole from whence shall come my gold
Which being done blithely to work I fall, [Sings
My hand is in the moonshine, and up goes all

Mop. Whoop, whoop, whoo !

Dame. What's that ? an owl ? good mistress
Margery, I am busy

Art thou poor, and wouldst thou be [Sings
Advanc'd by wealth to dignity,

Do not think it then unmeet

To stoop with hands beneath thy feet

¹ *Thou*] The old copy "The" D

'Tis not with hand over head to be found ,

No, no, thou must stoop,

Though thou hol'st up thy poop,

And grabble for't in ground

Hah, what's this? my hand is in the honey pot, I think Umph, umph, I do not like the softness, I did grope for harder stuff, if this be gold, 'tis liquid, and yet too thick to be potable as they say, it has a kind of west, methinks, if I have not lost a sense upon the sudden, I smell—call you this gold finding?

Mop I have an extreme list now, so I have saving your presence, devil, would restore your sense

Dame What's this? a written parchment? this may be the inventory of all the treasure.

[Reads

*Who hath his hire hath well his labour plac'd ,
Earth thou didst seek, and store of earth thou hast
How's this?*

Mop Whoop, whoop, whoo!

Dame As sure as this is my own nose, I am stinkingly abused

Mop Ha, ha, ha!

Dame Can madge owlets laugh? that laugh was like my daughter Mopsa

Mop There's one time again, again, sweet Apollo!

Dame 'Tis her voice, what makes she there? Now, the dread vengeance of my dear fatherly curse light overthwart thee, thou awkward hilding! Mopsa

Mop There's two times, Mopsa once more, and 'tis Apollo

Dame Will you not answer in the devil's name? Mopsa, I say. Oh, are you come?

[He strikes and she falls

Mop Yes, yes, divine Apollo!

Dame I'll unhood ye where's Pamela?

Mop Thank your deity.

Dame Speak now, and tell me

Mop Answer my wishes, as thou art Phœbus, as thou art Apollo, though in the likeness of the clown my father, grant me my wishes first, I ask a king to be my husband

Dame What talkest thou of a king? the king will hang thy father, if Pamela be gone.

Mop Let him be hanged, I care not, but let Dorus be a king, and let him be my husband, good Apollo.

Dame. She's stark staring mad Hast thou forgot thy father? where is thy wit?

Mop I do not ask for wit, I tell thee; let me have a sufficient husband, and let him be a king

Dame. Thou shalt have thy bellyful of husbands.

Mop Oh that, that, that!

Enter Miso

Mi I'll that you both, thou ribald villain, and thou harlot!

Dame. Miso, my spouse, fallen mad too! Thou wo't not beat thy mother?

Mi Oh me!

Mop I defy her, and thee, an thou beest not Apollo

Dame Oh, who has gulled us all? dear Miso, tender Mopsa, hear me before I open my mouth, art not thou Miso, and thou my daughter Mopsa? Oh we are all undone, we are all undone!

Mop Are not you god Apollo?

Dame No, as ever I hope to see him, or any of his fellows in the face again, I am mortal Dametas, and, I think, thy father I am sure I am by thy mother's side Where is Pamela all this while? who's at home?

Mop. As sure as you are my father, and you my mother, there's nobody at home.

Dame She's gone, she's gone!

Mop Dorus and Pamela, or two fiends with their voices, passed by, whilst I was in Apollo's tree.

Mi. Apollo's tree!

Dame Cast off your wonder; I am not such an ass, but I perceive we are gulled.

Mop. So devil Dorus told me.

Mi Oh me, they are gone! was this your care?

Mop Nay then, where was your own?

Dame Fall not at odds 'bout that, but go with me,
And help me to [e]scape the gallow tree. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Royal Lodge

Enter GYNECIA and PYROCLES, with a taper.

Gyn. Did I not counterfeit an infirmity?

Pyr Rarely, how love will prompt his votary!
The king suspects not what we purpose.

Gyn 'Las,
Poor man, how careful he seem'd of my health,
And counsell'd me to bed!

Pyr I smil'd to see it

Gyn. So soon as he is asleep, expect me.

Pyr. Stay,
O'th'sudden I ha[ve] thought upon a way:
Bless'd, blessed minute!

Gyn What's the device?

Pyr. You shall not go to bed.

Gyn. Not I?

Pyr Good² genius!

I will not trust our work to fortune If
 You should want cunning in your passions,
 Or he should wake unhappily, and find
 You absent, all were lost, to prevent this,
 You shall not come to me, if there be danger,
 'Tis fit I be expos'd I'll take your place,
 And disarray me for Basilius' bed,
 D'ye mark, muffled up for your suppos'd
 Distemper, let me alone to counterfeit
 Dulness, and when his senses are chain'd up
 In sleep, I will come down to th' cave to you
 But take my mantle, if any of Dametas'
 People meet you—

Gyn I will visit but my closet,
 And follow thy instructions [Exit

Pyr If there be any stars are kind to love,
 'This might shoot forth your golden heads! Be thou,
 Bright moon, propitious! on all eyes that would
 Betray our flight, cast out a sullen mist,
 And hide thy silver crescent in a cloud,
 But to our passage be a gentle goddess,
 And borrow of thy brother yet more light,
 The day may spare it Musidorus is
 Embark'd already with his mistress,
 If I obtain Philoclea's consent—

Re-enter GYNECIA, with a golden vial

Gyn Zelmabe, now
 I am prepar'd

Pyr Haste to the cave, expect
 Your servant's visit

Gyn. And my happiness [Exit

Pyr How rudely vice becomes us! here's a lady,
 Whom never fame yet blemish'd, now the example
 Of Cupid's tyranny, love transforms us all,

² Good] the old copy "god" D

And fools our understandings , I pity her
Now are Basilius' thoughts in motion,
And hurry him to the same licentiousness ,
There is warm snow I see He delays time,
In hope to find his queen asleep, whose place
I must assume for once Love dwells upon
A cliff, and all the ways to our enjoying
Are difficult and ragged
But I forget Basilius , I must
Compose me for his bed , I shall not be
Much troubled , good old king, he wishes me
Good rest, I know, and secure dreams. Oh see
Philoclea, what ways I come to thee ! [*Exit*

SCENE IV

*Another Apartment in the Royal Lodge Lutes
and Recorders within*

Enter BASILIUS.

Bas These sounds may charm her into slum-
bers sweetly
Oh steal into her, hang upon her heart !
Come fix your gentle raptures in her soul,
That it may take delight to be o'ercome,
And never wake the body, till Basilius
Return with happy conquest from Zelmane !
Or, if there be a leaden god of sleep,
Here let him shake his wings, and then dispatch
A herald to the silent house of dreams,
To bring one hither happier than the rest,
To entertain my melancholy queen O Philoclea,

Enter PHILOCLEA

Thy mother will excuse thee this night's duty ,
Do not disturb her , yet your voice and lute
I'll next chamber may procure her sleep ,

That done, without more ceremony go
To bed [*exit Philoclea.*] So, so, my blood begins
to move :

She's fast, I hear her, and the music ceast
Now to Zelmane. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter PHILOCLEA.

Philoc. I'm troubled, and [I] dare not go to bed,
There's something whispers to my soul, this will be
A fatal night. My mother is not well,
I must needs see her—Hah, the gods protect me !

Enter PYROCLES

Pyr If there were any treason meant against
Philoclea, her prayers were vainly offer'd,
Since her own innocence is protection
As powerful as the gods. I bring no horror
To fright your blood, d'ye not know me lady?
I was Zelmane

Philoc Was?

Pyr I have been so
Watch'd by your jealous mother !

Philoc Hah !

Pyr. But I
Forget

Philoc What mean you ?

Pyr. To make fast the doors,
If I could bar all the air out saving what
Your breath should draw, for, should I live by that,
You would not chide my care

Philoc You make me tremble

Pyr If you cannot forgive me, punish, pray,
This rudeness with my death, I prostrate to
Your feet my sword, and call you to my breast
To meet your anger, at this distance beg
I may behold you, but when you shall find

In the dissection of my heart, whose name
Hath fill'd it, and with what religion there
My thoughts adore your memory, too late
It may invite your tears Can fair Philoclea
Think I have a soul that dare be wicked to her?
Such looks would charm a ravisher, and throw
Ice through a satyr's blood, but a man chaste
Already it draws up to the simplicity
And nature of an angel. Oh Philoclea!
I am so far from being ill myself
In such a sensual way, that although time,
And this fair opportunity, might tempt,
And excuse wanton heat, I should repent,
Forget to love yourself, if you but with
One thought so treacherous to your virgin honor
Should give consent to enjoy you it hath snow'[d]
Upon my blood, Philoclea, whose flowings
Are chaste as chrystal Dare you trust me yet
To kiss your hand? my lips shall gently touch it,
Nor will I leave a breath to stain the whiteness;
Pray, be not fearful

Philoc Sin did never yet
Profane that voice

Pyr When it sounds lustfully,
Your hate, a punishment next the wrath of heaven,
Strike my heart dead Be pleas'd to rest a little,
And if you dare vouchsafe me to sit so near you,
I have much to tell you

Philoc I know not what to say, where is my
father?

I had a mother too, this chamber they
Us'd to call their's

Pyr They are safe, Philoclea,
Let not your cheek look pale, their absence
wrought

For such a minute doth encourage me
To tell you, now or never you must shew
There dwells a pity in you Oh, look smooth

On him, whose life and fortunes you may now
Advance or ruin ever¹ if you can
Remember who I am, and what your virtue
Hath made me suffer, think me worthy of
A life, let it begin from your consent
To love poor Pyrocles 'Tis in your power
To be no more a prisoner to this rude
And solitary dwelling, such a brightness
Is lost in caves, extend your arm, and reach
A throne, where, seated with becoming greatness,
You may disperse, with moving of your eye,
An influence beyond the stars, and quicken
A world that waits to be your creature

Philoc Pyrocles,
(For so you call yourself, and such I dare
Believe you are, for falsehood cannot dwell
A neighbour to that tongue) although I might
Demand, with reason, and my duty, first
What does concern my parents, such a truth
Shines in your language, and such innocence
In what you call affection, I must
Declare you have not plac'd one good thought
here,

Which is not answer'd with my heart The fire
Which sparkled in your bosom, long since leap'd
Into my breast, and there burns modestly
It would have spread into a greater flame,
But still I curb'd it with my tears Oh Pyrocles,
I would thou wert *Zelmane* again¹ and yet,
I must confess I lov'd thee then, I know not
With what prophetick soul, but I did wish
Often, thou were no man, or I no woman

Pyr Thou wert the comfort of my sleeps

Philoc And you
The object of my watches, when the night
Wanted a spell to cast me into slumber,
Yet when the weight of my own thoughts grew
heavy

For³ my tear dropping eyes, and drew these curtains,

My dreams wert still of thee , forgive my blushes,
And the imagination thou wert then
My harmless bedfellow

Pyr I arrive too soon
At my desires Gently, oh gently, drop
These joys into me ' lest, at once let fall,
I sink beneath the tempest of my blessings,
And you swell my heart too fast.

Philoc If you be Pyrocles,
You will rest satisfied with this confession,
You only shall obtain my love

Pyr Although my soul acknowledge this a blessing,
Such as no service can reward enough,
There remains something, something which your honour

May easily consent to In this absence
Of both your parents, whom, with several promises
Of my return, I have already sent
To the cave, where they in vain this night expect me,

We must forsake this place I have provided
For our conveyance to my father's kingdom,
If, after all these arguments of love.
You dare trust Pyrocles to convey you thither

Philoc I dare give thee my life, but, pardon me,
This is not safe , thus seeking to assure,
You may untimely happen lose Philocla
My duty binds me not to rob my parents ,
Such a departure may undo their comforts
As you're a prince, persuade me not commit
So unnatural a trespass , we'll expect,
And satisfy our young desires, till time
Mature our joy I could content myself
To look on Pyrocles, and think it happiness

Enough ; or, if my soul affect variety
Of pleasure, every accent of thy voice
Shall court me with new rapture , and if these
Delights be narrow for us, there is left
A modest kiss, whose every touch conveys
Our melting souls into each others' lips
Why should not you be pleas'd to look on me ?
To hear, and sometimes kiss, Philoclea ?
Indeed you make me blush.

[Draws a veil over her face.]

Pyr. What an eclipse
Hath that veil made ! it was not night till now
Look, if the stars have not withdrawn themselves,
As they had waited on her richer brightness,
And missing of her eyes are stolen to bed
What world of beauty is behind that cloud !
But keep it still conceal'd, and let the creatures,
When they shall miss day (for the same, without
Thine eyes, will glimmer like a petty taper)
Fear to be lost in darkness, and expect
No light to follow, but from those wide flames
Which heaven hath threaten'd to destroy the
world.

When thou hast frighted us, renew again
Our state, and cure again the fainting universe ,
One look restores all. Hah, Philoclea !

Philoc. There's something that sits heavy on
my forehead

I know you cannot but be noble , pray,
A little sleep , if I exceed three minutes,
Prithee, wake me *[She sleeps]*

Pyr. Hah ! I do not like
Her senses should be snatch'd away so strangely,
'Tis an ill omen I should trespass much
Gainst manners, to disturb her , beside, she
Did make it her request, whose will is sacred
Then gently may she sleep ! and yet if she
Draw out this slumber to any length, my hopes

Are blasted ; if I lose this opportunity
Of flight, no hope hereafter can relieve us,
We are both undone She sleeps still I was not
Quick enough to persuade her resolution
So necessary Yet look up, Philoclea,
No² then enjoy thy dream, and let us try
The kindness of our fate, pity a harsh
Sound should disturb thy soft repose I would,
But dare not, steal a kiss, for fear to wake her ;
And yet my loud voice may be more offensive.
Our souls are kmt, I sec, into one love,
Then 'tis but reason they should exercise
Both the same act, why do not I sleep too²
The mist is fall'n already, if I but dream of her,
My slumbers shall be happy. [*He sleeps.*]

Enter DAMETAS, as from a Vault

Dame There be more ways to the wood than one, she may be in her sister's chamber, I may thank my acquaintance with the buttery and a trap door for this passage, she has shut me out of doors of all. Umph, a sword ! I had rather it were Pamela naked, I durst undertake to handle her with less fear Umph, Philoclea ! 'tis she, and this is—no—this is not, Pamela, she was a woman, unless she be crept into breeches since I left her No, 'tis a man, here is no tarrying for me, and he were not soundly asleep, my smell were enough to wake him Treason, treason ! [*Exit.*]

Pyr Hah ! what voice is that² who cries out treason ?

Philoc Pyrocles, what's the matter ?

Pyr. Nothing

Within Treason, treason !

Pyr Hark, is't not treason² my sword, my sword

Is gone ! we are betray'd, some thief has been

Within the chamber, yet the doors are safe Hah!
Let's see, search every where Alas, Philoclea,
If now I must be ravish'd from thee, how
Can there be charity enough on earth
To pity me! They die but once, who still
Despair of bliss, but the Fates twice destroy
A lover, whom they kill so near his joy [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV. SCENE I

*A Wood**Enter CAPTAIN and REBELS*

Cap Come, my bloods, since there is no hope
of our pardons let us be honest outlaws one to
another, and do all the mischief we can we are
masters of the woods, and we will domineer, like
lords of the soil, I say we will live, we will eat
and we will drink

3 Reb Would I were at my forge again!

Cap Arcadia shall be thy anvil, smith, and
thou mayst live to beat great men to dust

2 Reb Some of them are so rotten, they will
save us a labour

Cap Be resolute, and strike the iron while it is
hot Where is the little miller?

3 Reb Thumb, the miller, is cut off

Cap Who can help it? be not crest-fallen, but
shew yourselves cocks of the game we'll make
the state send for us home, and agree to our own
conditions let us therefore play the thieves man-
fully

3 *Reb* And so be hanged honorably.

Cap Hang hanging! we defy the laws, and we will execute when we list, in our own quarters, we will rob man, woman, and child.

2 *Reb* Do you fight with the men, and let me alone with the women.

1 *Reb* And Thumb, had he been alive, he had been a fit match for the children

Enter 4 REBEL

4 *Reb* A prize, a prize, Captain! I see a gentleman and a lady strike into a grove hard by, their horses are, for their better behaviour, already bound to a tree, follow me, and I'll conduct

Cap. Without noise or tumult, let's steal upon them
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the wood

Enter MUSIDORUS and PAMELA

Pam This grove is all one bower, nature herself
Must be delighted to dwell here, the sun
Can shoot no beam upon us through this arbour,
Though he does rage abroad

Mus The heat betrays
The sun is angry, madam, to see you,
Whose brightness takes all wonder from his shine,
And leave[s] him a pale star

Pam You compliment

Mus. Are you not weary, madam?

Pam I shall never

In thy society, yet we may rest
A little in this shade *Oh Musidorus!*

He should be enemy to virtue now
To cherish one suspicious thought of thee :
Some wild licentious prince had now undone me,
And, careless of his own, ruin'd my honour.

Mus It were not simple theft but sacrilege,
To rob you of one peaceful thought. If any
Service already have obtain'd so much
Trust, I am so familiar with mine own
Desires, that hereafter I'll deserve to keep
Your fair opinion of me, lust could never
Intrude himself a guest here, I should not
Love mine own eyes, had they been but tempted
To see an unchaste picture with delight.

Pam. What's that behind the trees ?

Mus Nothing, the birds are dancing on the
leaves,
Call'd hither by the music of your tongue,
Those that are silent do but listen to
Your voice, to mend their singing

Pam. Still, methinks,
I hear another noise

Mus. It is your fear

Pam. There's something whispers

Mus. Shall I tell Pamela ?

Pam Pray, if you can.

Mus. It is the wind, that would
Steal through the boughs to give you more re-
freshing,
Whom the trees envy, I do hear it murmur
To be kept from your lips, which it would kiss,
And mixing with your breath catch odors thence,
Enough to sweeten all the wood, there can
No other danger enter here

Enter CAPTAIN and REBELS who seize upon
PAMELA.

Pam. We are betray'd help !

Mus. Hah, villains! you'd better lay violent hands
Upon your mothers.

Cap Let your courage cool, and hear us, you were best,
If you do love this gentlewoman's life
Put up your tool d'ye see this bodkin, sir?
With it I'll punch her heart, if you but offer
A blow at any of my train, I'll do't,
As I'm true rebel, and, for the more security,
Deliver up your whinyard to our use,
Or I'll make an oylet-hole presently.

Pam. Do not resign your sword, but use it.

Mus Hold, hear me.

Pam Let us both die with honour, do not give
Your strength and trust to the mercy of those
slaves,

Inhuman villains to us

Mus But thy life

As you are men, but hear me

Cap Drop your steel quickly, or—

Mus. Alas! she is my wife

2 Reb Your wife! if you love her, be not
troublesome. I tell you again—

Pam Pamela bids thee fight, fear not for me,
If I die, I shall not be dishonoured,
And thou shalt take a brave revenge on them,
Pity not me to lose us both, we'll meet
Again in death, and love eternally.

Mus. My soul's divided, shall I venture her?

Cap. I'll stay no longer

Mus Hold, and take my sword,
But swear by some religion you will use
No violence to her

3 Reb We swear

Cap. So, first and foremost, throw his sword
out of the way, we have no use on't, secondly,
bind him to a tree

Mus Set her at liberty,
And use what cruelty you please on me ,
Kill me, and I'll forgive you

3 Reb. Forgive us ! heaven forgive thee , say
thy prayers

Mus I see there's pity in you If your wants
Counsel you to this sinful trade, we both
Will freely give our wealth , we have some
jewels

Of value to redeem you all, and make
You rich, if you dare first be so in goodness,
And exercise no tyranny upon
Our bodies. What a misery it is,
Such spirits as you are, should not have fortunes
High as your thoughts, when every dunghill
fellow

Surfeits with honours and estates, and vomits
In taverns what would keep your families '
But 'tis the time's disease, when merit, thus
Disgrac'd and unrewarded by the state,
Makes subjects desperate

3 Reb He says true

Mus I prithee, take my clothes , would they
were rich

And worth your pillage , any will serve me

3 Reb Alas, good gentleman ! let's e'en strip
him

Cap None dare to take a skirt.

Mus Perhaps, for some offences you are ban-
ish'd

Your houses and estates

2 Reb For nothing but being drunk.

3 Reb. And offering to kill the king

4 Reb He will not live amongst us, as a good
king ought

Mus Alas, good men ! I do presume, you would
not

Have kill'd the king in any malice to him

3 *Reb* I love the king with all my heart, and a pox take him that does not; would he would but pardon us!

1 *Reb*. There's no hope now, we have submitted ourselves too often

Mus Yet let him hear well of you, and
[al] though

Necessity compel you to be thieves,
Be honest thieves and ravish nobody
And this report arriving at his ears,
It inclines him to have pity on you,
And call you to his favour

Cap Unhand the gentlewoman, he that offers her but a wry look, had better eat my sword.

3 *Reb* Or my scabbard, though it have been pist in

2 *Reb* Faith, captain, he hath given us good counsel, let us deal honestly. if we take away but all they have, they will have more cause to speak well of us

Cap Unbind the malefactor

3 *Reb* Shall I give him his sword?

Cap His sword, thou ignorant thief! no, so he may chance to ask us again for his jewels
Take thy Penelope, sweet tongued Ulysses,
And on the next bank smother her in kisses.
Farewell

[*Going*]

Mus Oh, my Pamela!

3 *Reb* Captain, captain, come back he calls her Pamela, that should be the king's daughter

Cap How? umph, now I look better on her, I have seen that face in a mask before now

Mus. We are lost again

Pam I am the same Pamela

2 *Reb* What ha' we done? here are all your jewels, not a stone diminished

3 *Reb* If there be, let me be gelded

Pam. I easily forgive all, and will be

So far from a complaint, that I'll plead for
Your pardons to my father, and he sha^[ll] not
Be able to deny me

Omnes A pardon, a pardon¹ if it please your
highness, we'll go back with you

Pam Not with me

Cap. As we are true men, and thieves, madam

Pam We are undone again.

Mus At our return, I'll join with her.

3 Reb Return¹ why, whither are you going so
far from the lodge² this is the way to the sea

Cap Umph, I guess⁴ treason Are not you,
an't shall please your ladyship, running away with
this gentleman²

2 Reb He said she was his wife

3 Reb I do not like him

Cap Lay hands on him again, well thought
upon. You shall justify yourselves before the
king.

Mus Dare you go to the king without a pardon²

2 Reb 'Tis the only way to procure one.

Mus Rather go with us, and, as I am—

3 Reb. What are you²

Mus I am—I know not.

Cap We'll teach you to know yourself Away
with'em we are all made

Mus Villains, and rebels! [Exeunt

SCENE III.

Enter from a cave BASILIUS, and GYNECIA.

Bas Zelmane has abus'd me

Gyn Chide not her,

'Twas mine own plot to try your constancy
Death seize upon Zelmane, for his cunning⁵ [aside.

⁴ guess] the old copy " guest " D,

⁵ cunning] the old copy " comming " D

But I will be reveng'd When did I fall
From my high birth² in what lascivious action
Lost I my fame, that thus⁶ Basilus
Should wrong his own Gynecia?

Bas I am asham'd, I prithee, chide no more
She gave me sure some philter, to betray
My blood to this dishonour

Gyn. Though your lust
Miss'd the enjoying her⁷, for whom your heart
Grew wanton, yet the sin cannot be purg'd.
They are adulterate sheets, and those embraces
Which lock'd mine arms, thy guilt, not one warm
kiss

But was intended for Zelmane's lips
Oh my fate!

Bas Prithee, forgive

Gyn. The silence which I us'd,
I wish'd might save my modesty a language
To accuse you now, indeed you have done ill
To use me thus

Bas My love to thee hereafter
Shall redeem all, wound me no more, I prithee

Gyn. If vice have so possess you, that my bed
Is now grown hateful, make me not the scorn
Of all your kingdom, send me home again
To Arges, to wear out my life in weeping
My lord has quite forsaken me

Bas. Not for
The crowns of Greece, and all the world Dear,
dearest

Gynecia, pardon! thou hast sav'd mine honour,
Destroy me not again On what a rock,
(Had not thy goodness rescu'd me) had I
Been ever shipwreck'd! take me to thy love
A sad man for my fault never, oh, never,
Shall such unworthy thoughts corrupt my heart,
To leave a chaste wife!

⁶ thus] the old copy "this" D

⁷ her] the old copy "him" D

Gyn I do freely pardon
This error

Bas. Then I am straight again.

Gyn But Zelmane shall account [aside
Dearly for this, unless he satisfy
My furious blood New welcome to my bosom !

Bas. A cup of wine would crown our reconcile-
ment

As I remember in the cave I saw

A golden bottle [Exit

Gyn. Your Majesty may taste on't, but I meant
it

A draught for false Zelmane it being virtual
To increase affection , to me a gift
My mother's love bestow'd when I was married
To Basilus, if ever he grew cold
To quicken his desires , I never yet
Made trial

Re-enter BASILIUS

Bas It is the gods'
Nepenthe, or a drink more precious.
I prithee, giv't a name, and if my kingdom
Afford th'ingredients, let me taste it often
Hah ! Gynecia, where am I ?

Gyn Here, my lord

Bas I think I am deceiv'd , my tongue o'th'
sudden
Draws backward, and my limbs grow very feeble.
Hah ! oh, farewell ! [falls

Gyn My lord, my lord, Basilus ! Oh, he's
dead !

If he be poison'd, I have made fair work
Dear husband ! Then for ever mourn, Gynecia !
The gods have punish'd thy lascivious heat
With hasty justice Hath my care so long
Almost religiously preserv'd this drink

To kill thus in a minute ? Oh, my soul
Doth feel a scorpion, and my lust appears
Circled with thousand furies!

Enter DAMETAS, and a Shepherd

Shep Treason, treason !

Dame. Do [you] set out your throat here, and let
me alone to roar treason in the ears of my lord Phi-
lanax · I should ha' been the town crier.

Shep. Make haste.

Dame Oh, yes , treason !

Gyn When you have spent your voices, let your
eyes

Speak a more killing language

Dame Hah, the queen ! madam, Pamela is gone

Gyn. No matter for Pamela · look here, shep-
herds ,

Here lies the king.

Dame. No matter for Pamela ! I am glad of that
Is his majesty asleep ?

Gyn Never to awake, he's dead, poison'd by
this vial.

Dame Oh base vial ¹⁸ Why, here is more treason
than we looked for , this is admirable Did he die
against his will, or was he killed a natural death ?
let us sit upon him

Gyn Forbear, I can direct you to the murderer
Look here, you shepherds, it was I that kill'd him.

Dame. You ! your majesty is very merry

Gyn Will you not trust me ?

Dame Yes, for more than I am worth , but if
you killed him yourself, your majesty must pardon
me for that, I have nothing to say to you but
treason, treason ! [*Exeunt Dametas and Shepherd*

Gyn. Yet fly, Gynecia, and save thy life !
Betray not thine own life. Why do I talk

¹⁸ *Base vial*] A precious pun, lost in modern orthography
formerly, both a bottle and a musical instrument were written
“ viol ” D

Of safety? can there be in all the world
A comfort, when my honour and Basilius
Have both forsaken me?

Enter PHILANAX, and DAMETAS, with a Guard

Philan Pamela gone! how does the king take it?

Dame The king! would he could take it any way! good gentleman, he's in a pitiful taking himself.

Philan What says the screech owl?

Dame The truth is, he is sent of an errand to Erebus, he's dead, and for my lady Philoclea, whom I suspect—

Philan Hah!

Dame And you make haste you may take her napping, there is a thing in the likeness of a man with her, whom very valiantly I disarmed, and brought away his naked weapon

Philan. What traitor? didst disarm him?

Dame Did I! and there had been twenty of'em, I would not have cared a rush, though they had been as valiant as Hector had I not treason a'my side, so soon as I came in?

Philan Thou dost amaze me what said he?

Dame Never a word my friend, quoth I, to his sword—

Philan Ideot, didst speak to his sword?

Dame Why, he was fast asleep, my lord, and never so much as dreamt of me

Philan. Asleep! we lose time go you along with Dametas, seize upon that traitor. Oh I am rent with sorrow!

Dame. Come, my masters, be not afraid as long as I have a sword, you shall go before, and follow my example. There's the king, my lord

[Exeunt Dametas with some of the Guard.]

Philan Madam

Gyn Oh, Philanax!

Philan Be comforted

Gyn. You shall not need to mock me , when
you know

By whom he died, thou wilt call in thy charity,
And curse me , it was I that poison'd him

Philan Good madam, speak that I may understand

You poison'd him ! he was Basilius,
Your husband and your king , it cannot be ,
You are the queen, his wife.

Gyn His murderer

The horror of my sin dwells round about me ,
I need no more accusers than my conscience.
Do with me what you please , the wicked reasons
That mov'd me to it, you shall know hereafter

Philan. Bless me, eternity ! I'll not believe
That any woman, after this, can love
Her husband Oh my lord ! Merciless woman !
For here all other title's lost Away
With her , see her lodg'd within the castle

[*Exeunt the rest of the Guard with Gynecia*

*Enter DAMETAS, and Guard, with PHILOCLEA and
PYROCLES, at one door , at the other, enter the
Rebels, with MUSIDORUS and PAMELA*

Dame Here they are, my lord

Cap Where is the king ?

Philan New uproars

Dame My charge ! 'Tis Pamela, my lord *Phila-*
anax, 'tis Pamela.

Philan Pamela, and Philoclea !

Cap. Yes, my lord, we suspected they were
running away together, and therefore in hope of
his majesty's pardon—

Pyr Musidorus, and thy sister, under guard !

Mus Pyrocles, and Philoclea, prisoners too !

Philan Look here, unnatural children, for I
cannot

Pronounce you innocent, this circumstance
Betrays your guilt; see where your king, and father,
Lies a cold pattern for a tomb.

Pam Dead !

Philoc Oh, we are miserable !

Pyr. Basilius dead !

Mus. Slain !

Philan. He was murder'd, and you are accessories

Sure I have seen your face ; were not you call'd
Zelmane the Amazon ?

Pyr I was

Philan Disguises ! Injurious villain,
Profaner of all hospitable laws !

Pyr. I am not loose to answer thee.

Dame And this was my man, Dorus, my lord
Aha, have I found you, sirrah ? you sent me abroad
to be a gold finder

Philan You have done service, worthy all your
pardons

Now in my rage I could prevent the law,
And sacrifice their treacherous bloods myself
To this [most] reverend hearse.

Mus You are transported, Philanax :
But that I have compassion for the death
Of that good king, I could laugh at thee.

Philan. Hence,
Load them with irons Ladies, you must both
Be patient to be confin'd, until
You clear yourselves

Pam What saucy fellow's that ?
Meant you me, Philanax ? Unhand those prisoners.

Philan Away with'em, I command.

Pam. Yet stay, and hear me ,
As you did love Basilius, hear his daughter
This insolence doth interrupt the tears
Due to my dear dead father, and inforces
Me, since he thus forgets, to declare to you

With confidence who I am. I am Pamela,
 The eldest daughter of Basilius,
 Your queen if I mistake not, since my father
 Is dead, to whose memory these pious drops
 Fall as the tribute of my grief Who then
 Shall be obey'd ? he that was trusted with
 My father's power, which in his death is cancell'd,
 Or I your natural princess ?

Dame Umph, my charge speaks to the purpose

Pam Have you found so much sweetness in the
 reign

You borrow'd of my father, that you would
 Usurp now he is dead ? I have not sign'd
 Any commission for your office , how
 Dare you then, in my presence, command any
 To prison ? nay, like a bold, insolent traitor,
 Talk of confining me ? we are merciful
 To let you keep your proud head on

I Reb What will become of us ?

Dame You shall have clean halters

Pam But in the justice to my royal father,
 Snatch'd hence untimely from us, since you attempt
 To charge them with his death, we give you space
 To live and to accuse them , they shall be
 Our prisoners I'th'mean time, 't will become
 Your person, to go home and study how
 To play the advocate, when you are call'd
 By us, and the grave laws you are dismiss'd

Philan I am astonish'd. Do you not wonder
 with me

To hear the daughter of our late good king
 Lost to her filial piety ? This comes
 Too near a parricide,⁹ Pamela. Countrymen,
 It is apparent they have all conspir'd
 The death of the old king , methinks, I hear
 His groans confirm it If you suffer such
 A treason pass, Arcadia will become

⁹ *Too near a parricide*] The old copy "To neer apracide" D

The scorn of all the world, nor ever shall
 Any good prince trust his life amongst you
 For my ambition, all the angels know
 How tedious the hours have been, since I
 Was forc'd to take this kingdom's weight upon me.
 But let not ceremony to the daughter,
 Whose title I dispute not, shame our duties
 To him that was her father and our master,
 Poison'd, yes, poison'd by those men, that have
 No names, and will betray in our remissness
 The honour of these ladies and our country,
 As they have done his precious life already
 As you are good men, let them be arraign'd
 If they be innocent, their goodness will
 Protect them, but if guilty, let them die,
 Like slaves, unpitied.

Rebels A Philanax, a Philanax !

Pam Dare ye all be traitors then ?

Philan This your great love revives me . then
 convey

All to the castle, but command these two
 As traitors to be made safe , the ladies shall
 Be under mild restraint.

Pyr Villains !

Mus Your lives shall dearly answer this
 We must obey the tyrant , were our hands
 At liberty, and arm'd with our good swords,
 We should not off so tamely

[*Exeunt Pyrocles, Musidorus, Pamela, and
 Philoclea, guarded*

Dame. Come away, traitors.

Philan Well remember'd ,
 You are not to be discharg'd Lodge him safe too
Dame. Who, l^d he does not mean me. My
 lord, these fellows—

Philan. Take him away, a traitor with the rest.

Enter Messenger, and whispers Philanax.

Dame Away, away ?

1 Reb So you must, sir

Dame. Would I might never see my wife and children in my right wits, if I be a traitor, that's enough, my lord, they'll carry me away too

1 Reb D'ye remember a *clean halter* ? come on, sir

[Exeunt Dametas and Rebels.]

Philan King Euarchus sayest ?

Mess He has but a small train, my lord

Philan Alas ! he comes too late to visit, but
Most seasonable to be a judge in this
Great cause Take gently up that royal body,
Whose soul's a star already , all that we
Can pay, is justice to his memory. *[Exeunt]*

ACT V SCENE I

A Chamber secured as a Prison.

Enter SIMPATHUS, PAMELA, and PHILOCLEA

Pam Good master jailor, you might be so courteous in your office to let us see these gentlemen.

Sim. Madam, I dare not

Pam. 'Tis well , you dare obey king Philanax, and be a rebel to me , the time may come you will repent.

Sim Confident that you will keep your princely words, not to interrupt or change any discourse with'em, I have brought you where you may, though at some distance, hear'em , they are preparing for

music. 'Tis all I dare consent to, neither durst I tell them you should be within reach of their voices

Pam. Well, sir, we are content [*A song within.*]

Philoc We'll speak with'em, but in your hearing

Pam. Do not intreat him, sister. Pray, have a special remembrance to let'em want air and necessities, you'll forfeit your place, if you make conscience to be over honest to'em.

Sim. I am sorry, madam, you accuse my nature,

Which never yet was observ'd cruel, I
Would be as just to your commands—

Pam So it seems

Sim Were these misfortunes over

Pam Good sir, no tedious excuses nor apology, but proceed you and your great master Philanax, and he will make you his treasurer, or trust you with his great seal, you cannot choose but be an excellent keeper

Philoc What will become of us?

Pam. Nay, what will become o' th' princes? there's my fear - would they were free again, and had but their good swords to second their innocence! I am mad to think what a condition we are fallen to Prithee, Philoclea, shed some tears for me, if I weep now it must be for anger that we cannot help'em but let the gray-beards look to't, for if they suffer, unless they send me of an errand after them, not a head that nodded to their sentence shall know where to find shoulders to support'em

Philoc 'Las, sister, I want drops for my own
grief
My father's death—

Pam My father! that, that hath open'd
The spring again.

Philoc And although guilty of his blood, for so

They say our mother hath confess'd herself,
I must in duty weep for her.

Pam. My mother!

That word strikes double sorrow, and doth call
A flood to drown my eyes. shall we not see her?

Philoc She could not kill him, sure. Did ever
grief

So soon make such a pair of orphans? our
Fortunes are so strange and thick, posterity
Will think our story fiction, and yet
It seems they're not so great to break our hearts
O' th' sudden I would willingly die too,
But I remember Pyrocles

Pam. And I
My dear-lov'd Musidorus, at which name
My tears dry up, and black Revenge prepares
His¹ throne within my blood But, Simpathus,—

Sim Madam

Pam Are not the Princes sent for yet?

Sim. Not yet.

Pam I prithee

Tell me how they look? what say they to thee?

Philoc Do they name us?

Sim. It hath been all their question, how both
Their princely mistresses do fare, for so
They call you ladies, when I answer, well,
Their joy shoots up in prayers that you may still
Continue safe.

Philoc. Do they not rail sometimes and curse?

Sim. I never heard 'em.

Pam Canst thou be such a fool then to believe
They are murderers?

Sim. I do not believe they are

Pam Do² if thou darest be a knave, and try
if the Devil will bear you out in't. we must not
see 'em.

¹ *His*] The old copy "The ' D

² *do*] The old copy "do not " D

Sim Alas, madam !

Pam Nor speak to our mother

Sim I am commanded.

Pam Thou shalt not deny us a little discourse with Dametas, my old governor, since we have no other company

Sim You shall

[*Exit*

Philoc His presence could be never more unwelcome ,

Beside, his follies will but ill agree

With our affliction

Pam They cannot hurt us

Sister, I have a breast as deeply charg'd

As thine, although I flatter it, 'tis no sin

To enable us for bearing—How d'ye, Governor?

Enter DAMETAS

Dame. How d'yc, madam ? e'en as you see, as ill as this iron age can make a man

Pam What will they do with thee?

Dame They cannot use me worse than they have, for I am hanged in chains already, I have had three whippings into the bargain too, if they hold such a hand over me long, I shall never be able to sleep in a whole skin

Pam Had you any hand in my father's death?

Dame. Hand ! I was so far from having any hand, that I had not so much as a finger in't, no, your mother poisoned him with a base vial

Philoc Oh misery !

Dame But, madam, I did not think you had been so dishonest and you had meant to run away with any body, I thought you would have told me so, but I see a woman and a wet eel have both slippery tails.

Pam You ran away from me.

Dame Who, I run ! I was never so good a foot-man in my life. Alas, I was told by that rascal

Dorus where a great deal of gold was buried, and I went simply, with a resolution after I came home to build half a dozen churches ; but now I hear say there is a gallows built to my hands, and I must hang ding dong, like a bell in the wooden steeple.

Pam Speak well of Dorus, sirrah, you had more need to pray for him

Dame. Heaven convert him then, and, though he live when I am dead, he may be rotten as soon as I !

Philoc. Who sent you, sirrah, to my chamber ?

Dame Sent me ! the Devil ; and I ha' thrived accordingly Would my wife had broke her neck, when I took you together

Pam. Your wife !

Dame Or my daughter, or you, or any body, to save the loss of my own Sweet madam, speak a good word for me, and I'll—speak another for you ; my evidence will be heard, and I care not what I swear, 'tis not for [e] the King ; he's dead I look every minute for a voice to call me to the sessions

Within Dametas

Dame Hey, there 'tis already ! As ever you hope to be married while your maidenheads are sweet, save me from the gallows, for if I be once hanged, I shall never be my own man again *[Exit.*

Philoc They are very hasty to arraign 'em

Pyrocles,

There's nothing left me now but prayers for thee,
With which I'll weary heaven, or tire myself,
For thy success.

Pam. I would do so, but I
Fear my revenge will kill my charity. *[Exeunt*

SCENE II.³

An open space before the royal lodge, with a throne set out, a bar before it, and the body of BASILIUS placed on a bier — Flourish. Enter EUARCHUS, PHILANAX, SIMPATHUS, and attendants EUARCHUS ascends the throne

Euar My lord, your sorrow, and not my ambition, Hath made me judge to day, therefore attend The proof of your election I came With purpose of a visit to your master, But now salute his hearse, and wear a title Of your protector, in which name I gave Command the prisoners should be sent for

Sim 'Tis done, and they are ready

Philan My lord, my part to day is to accuse, And not side in compassion

Enter GYNECIA, MUSIDORUS, PYROCLES, and DAMETAS guarded

Euar That the queen?

Philan Yes, my lord

Euar She shews a much dejected lady

Philan Has she not cause?

Euar Those the pretended princes?
Of comely presence both, what's he?

³ SCENE II.] "As soone as the morning had taken a full possession of the element, Euarchus called vnto him Philanax, and willed him to draw out into the middest of the greene (before the chiefe lodge) the throne of iudgement seate, in which Basilius was wont to sit, and according to their customes, was euer carried with the Prince. That was performed by the diligent Philanax, and therein Euarchus did sit himselfe all cloathed in blacke, with the principall men," &c Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib v p 446 ed 1613 D

Philan Dametas, to whose trust the king gave
up

Pamela, his eldest daughter

Euar Where is she ?

Philan Accompanied with her sister in the
castle,

Their presence might occasion some tumult
Nor do the Arcadian laws allow proceeding
Against the next of blood, as they permit not
She should determine any thing herself,
Till years or marriage enable her.

Dam I will forgive thee, Philanax, for more
malice than thou hast brought against my life, for
being so honest to Pamela.

Philan. Sir, I look not for your thanks

Pyr As your are honourable, I beseech you
I'th' name of sacred justice, ere you further
Proceed against our facts, declare what you
Determine of Philoclea who is all innocence,
And most unjustly suffers, though in thought
You doubt her virgin honour

Euar She must become a recluse,
And all her life, with strict profession
Of chastity, repair her blemish'd honour.

Pyr A vestal !

Not if I live, yet, if I die, it carries
This comfort, none hereafter shall enjoy
The fair Philoclea

Euar Now to the queen

Philan Madam, stand to the bar

Gyn My bar indeed, which I have laid myself,
To bring my honour to a fall and ruin
Oh my dear lord ! my tears do now embalm thee,
My blood shall quickly follow

Philan As you are just,
Let not her sorrow tempt you to forget
What sin she hath committed, I want words
To express the horror of the deed, which will

Throw shame on all her sex

Gyn Stay, Philanax, shalt have
What thou desir'st. I have been a judge already
Upon myself, and do not desire life,
'That am condemn'd by my own killing sentence
I do again confess I was the murderer
Of your and my lord, robb'd Arcadia and
My children of a father, I, none but I,
Poison'd Basilus.

Pyr Palladius, dost hear?

Mus Unfortunate lady!

Gyn And what could Philanax say more against
me?

There remains only to obey your judgment,
Which cannot come in any shape of death
Too horrid for my sin I'm very weary
Of this bad world, be just, and take a life
From me, that else will groan itself away,
And mock your justice

Phulan You hear, my lord?

Euar And thus proceed to sentence
Having confess'd, to spare your proof how much
She hath offended, an example to all times,
We censure thus she shall presently
Be carried to prison, where she may
Have food, but only to sustain her life
Until her husband's burial, with whom
In the same vault she shall be clos'd alive,
'To keep his body company, from which
Her cruelty divorc'd his soul

Gyn You're just

Pyr My heart weeps for her

Mus 'Tis a severe sentence

Gyn Who binds my hands? Basilus, I come
To die a living guest in thy sad tomb

[Exit, guarded.]

Phulan The others to the bar
Euar. What are their names?

Pyr Daiphantus of Lycia, mine

Mus Mine, Palladius of Iberia

Euar We do not dispute their titles here, they
are

Private persons you may proceed.

Philan I shall, and with as much brevity—

Euar Choose whom you'll first accuse.

Philan Then first, this Daiphantus, this Zel-
mane,

This what you will, for he hath yet no name
Nor shape that we can trust to, having knowledge
Of our late master's solitary life,
Came, not without a purpose of this treachery,
And, by the cunning of Gynecia,
I'th' habit of a woman was receiv'd
As an unsuspected guest, enjoy'd the freedom
Of those whom the king plac'd nearest his bosom,
His children not more dear. Treason thus fortified,
They soon conspir'd the death of this good king,
A cave, this gentlewoman's lodging, was
The fatal scene, where the unhappy queen,
By his direction, forc'd his dear life from him
I omit what lustful motive prompted her
That with more licence she might twine with this
Hermaphrodite, and that they had appointed
Where they might meet when this black deed was
done,

But heaven was merciful, and prevented her
Flight, by the happy coming in of shepherds
In the meantime, transported with the confidence
Of her performance, that he might not leave
Any revenger of this hateful murder,
He hastily makes up to Philoclea's chamber,
Where, by the mingling (what he could) her shame
With his offence, he easily might enforce
Her to be accessary to her father's death,
And, under her protection, and her sister's,
(Gainst whom they knew we were not to rebel)

Seize with one gripe the state, but heaven preserv'd

All, by the unexpected coming up
Of this Dametas—

Dame Yes, heaven and I preserv'd all.

Philan Who sought then for Pamela,
Which the other princely thief had stolen away,
And finding these, I mean Philoclea
And this young man, together, found occasion
To inclose the ravisher, till by command
They were apprehended Thus you have in short
His wicked story, and what punishment
Will not be thought a mercy to that monster
That kills a king, dishonoureth a queen,
And violates the daughter?

Pyr In things promoted with such cunning
mixture,
'Tis hard to shape a square and direct answer
My accuser's sordid and malicious railing,
More grievous to my tender sense of honour
Than death can be, I do forgive to him,⁴
A thing beneath my anger, and arm'd with
My own simplicity, doubt not to assure
How much my cause is injur'd Know, grave
judge,

This prince and I, drawn hither by the same
Of the rare beauties in Basilius' daughters,
(Knowing that with their parents they lived here
Secluded from the world, where no access
In our own persons was to be expected,)
Put on these forms, as soonest might conduce
To make our loves known. This Palladius
Became so fortunate, that his princely mistress
Consented to forsake, and trust his conduct
To a happier kingdom My fortune
Was not so happy, for I did not cherish
A greater flame, yet modest, of Philoclea,

⁴ *I do forgive to him*] The old copy "I forget him" D

Than her weak father, in my sex deceiv'd
Retain'd of me, that tir'd with his solicits
I had no time to perfect my desires
With his fair daughter,
Till under colour of some devotions,
I made a cave my lodging, to invite
Basilus thither, with full hope to enjoy me,
But this revealing to the Queen, she took
My place, to make the old king see his follies.
In the meantime, I must confess, I went
To bright Philoclea's chamber, hoping to
Win her by all the charms of noble love
To leave Arcadia, but she unhappily
Obeying her own genius, gave no
Consent, when, in the midst of my security,
I know not by what means, I was made prisoner
And here's the thread to guide through this
labyrinth.

Methinks, your man of mighty tongue should blush
To have spent his rage so poorly

Euar What is all this to the death of the old
king?

Pyr. By all the gods, I am innocent! The queen
Hath absolv'd me. as for Philoclea,
If you will call't a crime in that I lov'd her,
I am and shall be guilty, but had never
A thought so rude to force her unstain'd chastity;
Or, if the honour of this excellent lady
Suffer i' th' blind opinion of the world,
Our marriage, not my death, may cure all wounds
Malice can fasten on her name.

Phulan Oh impudence!

Euar. If this be all you have to say, proceed
To his confederate.

Phulan. The imagination, how miserable
These jugglers would have made us and our
country,
If their disguise had prosper'd, strikes a terrour

Through all my faculties , my tongue's enfeebled.
Therefore, to omit his practise in the murder,
Which you may easily collect by circumstance,
This is enough to call him a foul traitor,
He did attempt to steal away our princess,
The hope and treasure of Arcadia,
And taken in the fact dares not deny it.
Had he no other crime to answer for,
This pulls severe death on him , and to insist
Upon offences of so foul a nature,
Were to distrust your wisdom or your justice
Thou t' other shame of mankind, speak to this

Mus Not for thy sake, who in this misery
Hast only merited to be my scorn,
But for the truth, I answer , pardon, sir,
If passion make me not remember language
That should become this place , this ill tongu'd
man,

That with such vehemence accuseth thus,
Is himself guilty

Philan How ?

Mus Of a more hateful vice, ingratitude
Is this the payment for our services,
Which once thy tongue acknowledg'd had deserv'd
Statues to the eternal memory
Of the preservers of your king and country ?
Is all the valour of this young man cancell'd,
When rebels had advanc'd their daring swords
High as the throat of your old king, his wife
And trembling daughters ? Is the time forgotten,
When wild beasts had prepar'd their riotous maws
To bury the dear pledges of your kingdom ?
Oh where had been my treason or his rape,
Had they been then devour'd ? The ground has not
Drunk up the blood so perfectly, but there
Remains a colour, to teach impious men
To blush for their ingratitude Have we
Been careless of our lives, to preserve

The king when danger threaten'd horror to him,
And can a temperate man imagine we
Should be his murderers ? we had not sav'd,
To be ourselves the hangmen But I'm charg'd
For stealing of your princess ; can your breaths
Acknowledge her your sovereign, and allow
No faith to what she says ? you have degraded
My blood from honour, and unless you make me
Less than her subject, I was bound to obey
When she commanded I should wait upon her.
But you'll object I counsell'd her , I did,
And justify the act : she was confin'd
Too narrowly, and I durst lead her to
A throne, above the majesty her birth
Can challenge in Arcadia , love, whose force
The gods have not resisted, may plead for me.

Euar Is this all ?

Mus Though it want method, 'tis enough to vindicate

My honour from his base aspersion

Euar. 'To him, you call Dametas

Dame Not guilty, my lord ! as I hope to be saved,
not guilty !

Philan. Neglect of the great charge, with which
the king

Our master trusted him, sums up his fault

Dame I was made a gold finder , I desire justice
for him, and mercy for myself

Philan Silence

Euar. I have heard you with attention , and
whereas

To the king's death (the unhappy cause of this
Assembly) you have answer'd with denial,
Which you think fortified by the queen's
Self's only accusation, I must tell you
It frees you not , for though no manifest proofs,
Yet circumstances well examin'd, make you
'The accidental causes of his murder.

For the other part of your offence, I find not
You have deny'd your guilt, but only use
Qualification and excuse, your services
In themselves high and honourable, allow you
No privilege to offend, but give your black faults
A blacke[r] dye.

Then justly weighing your offence, you meet
In equal guilt, for though you first convey'd
Away Pamela, his intention was
Early as yours, and by the rules of justice
The will stands for the act; both ravish'd,
Although not of the ladies from themselves,
Yet from their parents and their country, which
By all the Grecian laws is paid with death
Thus then I must pronounce Daphantus shall
Be thrown from some high tower, to meet his death,
Palladius lose his head before sunset,
The executioner shall be Dametas,
Which office of the common hangman he
Shall for his whole life execute, a punishment
For his neglect of duty

Dame. Must I be hangman? oh brave 'Heaven
preserve your lordship' I shall quickly learn the
trade, and if ever any of your honours have occa-
sion to use me, I will owe you a good turn, and in
token I have been bound to you, the knot of my
dutiful affection shall tell a tale in your ear, you
shall thank me when you are hanged. Come your
ways. But I beseech your lordship, I may be al-
lowed a man sometimes, I would be loath to hang
or to behead, myself, my wife, or my own kindred,
but if it happen there be more work than he can
turn his hands to, I will not stick with him to hang,
myself. Provide you malefactors, and let me alone
for halters.

Enter CALANDER and CALODOULUS.

Calan. Hold, stay the prisoners, my lord pro-
tector'

Calo Oh, my lord !

Mus My servant Calodoulus ! By thy duty
Reveal us not

Calo Let me rather
Be dumb eternally, than two such princes
Be lost by my silence !

Euar My son and nephew ! are they living ?

Calo. Your own Pyrocles, and his princely nephew

Calan. Ask your father blessing. Unhand 'em rascals.

Philan. The two most famous princes in the world !

Mus 'Tis Euarchus, thy father, Pyrocles,
My uncle, king of Macedon All ye gods,
My heart is ecstasied with joy !

Pyr. My father !

Euar. My blessing and my tears you both divide
Witness with me, ye immortal powers, this day
I have done nothing, but what justice and
Your native laws require, without the knowledge
How near they were to my own blood, but since
They are prov'd my son and nephew
Endow'd by nature richly, and how meriting
The fame and love of all the world before
This accident, I leave to your own thoughts ;
Besides these two I have no joys of life.

Calan Excellent Euarchus ! Why did you change
your names ?

Pyr To prevent the dishonour of our blood,
If we had suffer'd.

Euar. But I have judg'd already, and if right
I have not wrong'd, unless the name
Of child have power to alter sacred justice,
You both must die, though when I speak your death
It creeps upon my heart

Mus We dream - is this
Thy father, Pyrocles ?

Euar. Away with'em.

Mus. 'Tis most tyrannical he is thy son ;
Thou wilt not be a murderer of thy own ?
Make not thy name hated of all the world,
When it shall say hereafter, Pyrocles
Had no fault in him but he was thy son.

Pyr For me, I am his own, and being so,
Dispos'd of by his justice , to whom rather
I hop'd to have been a comfort than a shame.
I kiss my sentence but you cannot place
Your kinsman in the sacrifice , his mother
And country plead a title, he is theirs ,
Oh, save my princely cousin !

Euar Sure, I shall not live
Long after them , and, gentlemen, if I die
Before I leave Arcadia, let my ashes
Mingle with theirs

Bas Oh, oh, oh !

Dame. My lord, gentlemen, there's something
stirs and groans come back

Euar. Basilus alive ! Assist him, Philanax
[*Basilus is raised from the bier.*
He breathes , what streams of joy run through me !
Send for Gynecia and his daughters.

[*Exit an Attendant*

Bas Why am I supported thus, like a dead man ?
What are you ?

Euar Euarchus, your old friend

Bas I ha[ve] seen
That face before , 'tis like sweet Zelmane.

Euar. My son ?

Pyr. But was a counterfeit Zelmane.

Bas. Wonders ! and you ?

Euar My nephew, prince of Thessaly

Mus Though late your servant Dorus

Bas Very strange.

Enter GYNECIA, PAMELA and PHILOCLEA.

Gynecia !

Gyn. My dear lord returned '
A thousand kisses welcome him to life,
Which I was weary of in thy loss.

Bas My daughters '

Pam Oh my father '

Bas Are you Philanax ?

Euar. Your trusty servant

Philan The oracle is accomplish'd.

Bas. You amaze me :

Let me collect

Philoc Oh my sweet Pyrocles !

Pam We shall not be divorc'd, I hope, again.

Pyr. I am your servant ever.

Mus Divinest mistress '

Euar Your souls, I see, are married

Let me present these princes, to be your sons

Bas Is this real ?

Gyn 'Tis dangerous to expect the story
I fear'd the drink, but it may be its⁵ virtue
To increase his love to me I'll tell you more
Within, sir

Philan Let me obtain your pardons

Euar To his chamber lead him gently.

Bas All is strange

Mus. Never was day so full of happy change

[*Flourish, and exeunt omnes.*

⁵ its] The old copy " his " D

THE
TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

VOL VI.

S

The Triumph of Peace] Three editions of this piece are now before me, all in 4to and printed by John Norton for William Cooke in 1633 the two earliest (their title pages leave us ignorant which of them issued first from the press) differ but very slightly from each other, "*The third impression*" varies from them considerably in some passages

The full title of the old copies is *The Triumph of Peace, A Masque, presented by the Foure Honourable Houses, or Innes of Court Before the King and Queenes Majesties, in the Banquetting house at White Hall, February the third, 1633 Invented and Written By James Shirley, of Grayes Inne, Gent Primum hunc Arethusa mihi, &c*

For some account of this splendid Masque see the Life of Shirley D

TO THE
FOUR EQUAL AND HONOURABLE SOCIETIES,

THE INNS OF COURT

I WANT words to express your cheerful and active desires, to present your duties to their royal Majesties, in this Masque, to celebrate, by this humble tender of your hearts and services, the happiness of our Kingdom, so blest in the present government, and never so rich in the possession of so many and great pledges of their Parents' virtue, our native Princes

Your clear devotions already offered and accepted, let not me want an altar for my oblation to you. This entertainment, which took life from your command, and wanted no motion or growth it could derive from my weak fancy, I sacrifice again to you, and under your smile to the world. Let it not repent you to look upon, what is the second time made your own, and with it, the heart of the sacrificer, infinitely bound to acknowledge your free, and noble souls, that have left no way for a poet to satisfy his ambition, how to thank you, but with thinking, he shall never be able to satisfy it.

I dare not rack my preface to a length. Proceed to be yourselves (the ornament of our nation), and when you have leisure to converse with imaginations of this kind, it shall be an addition to your many favours, to read these papers, and oblige beside the seals of your other encouragement,

The humblest of your honours,

JAMES SHIRLEY

SPEAKING CHARACTERS IN THE MASQUE

Opinion.
Confidence.
Fancy
Jollity.
Laughter.
Novelty
Admiration.

Carpenter.
Taylor.
Blackguard
Painter
Taylor's wife.
Property man's wife
Feather maker's wife
Embroiderer's wife
Guards.

Irene
Eunomia.
Diche.
Genius.
Amphiluche
The Hours.
Chorus.

THE
MASQUE OF THE GENTLEMEN
OF
THE FOUR HONOURABLE SOCIETIES, OR
INNS OF COURT

At Ely and Hatton Houses, the gentlemen and their assistants met, and in this manner prepared for the Court.

The Antimasquers were ushered by a hornpipe, and a shalm, riding in coats and caps of yellow taffeta, spotted with silver, their feathers red, their horses led by men in coats of blue taffeta, their wings red, and part of their sleeves yellow, caps and feathers, all the torchbearers in the same habit appointed to attend, and give plentiful light to the whole train

Fancy in a suit of several-coloured feathers, hooded, a pair of bat's wings on his shoulders, riding alone, as sole presenter of the antimasques.

After him rode Opinion and Confidence together
Opinion in an old fashioned doublet of black velvet, and trunk hose, a short cloak of the same with an antique cape, a black velvet cap pinched up, with a white fall, and a staff in his hand,

Confidence in a slashed doublet parti-coloured, breeches suitable with points at knees, favours upon his breast and arm, a broad-brimmed hat, tied up on one side, banded with a feather, a long lock of hair, trimmed with several-coloured ribands, wide boots, and great spurs with bells for rowels

Next rode Jollity and Laughter :

Jollity in a flame-coloured suit, but tricked like a morrice dancer, with scarfs and napkins, his hat fashioned like a cone, with a little fall ,

Laughter in a long side coat of several colours, laughing, vizards on his breast and back, a cap with two grinning faces, and feathers between

Then followed variety of antick music, after which rode six Projectors, one after another, their horses led by torch-bearers

The first,¹ a Jockey with a bonnet on his head, upon the top of it a whip, he seeming much to observe and affect a bridle which he had in his hand ,

The second, a Country fellow in a leather doublet and grey trunk hose, a wheel with a perpetual motion on his head, and in his hand a flail ,

The third, a grim Philosophical-faced fellow, in his gown, furred and girdled about him, a furnace upon his head, and in his hand a lamp ,

The fourth, in a case of black leather, vast to the middle, and round on the top, with glass eyes, and bellows under each arm ,

¹ *The first, &c*] “ First in this Antimasque, rode a fellow upon a little horse, with a great bit in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bit, with headstall and reins fastened, and signified a Projector who begged a patent that none in the kingdom might ride their horses, but with such bits as they should buy of him. Then came another fellow with a bunch of carrots upon his head, and a capon upon his fist, describing a Projector who begged a patent of monopoly, as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, and have the privilege for fourteen years, according to the statute. Several other Projectors were in like manner personated in this Antimasque, and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the law. and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Antimasque of the Projectors ” *Wintelock's Memorials*, p. 20 D

The fifth, a Physician, on his head a hat with a bunch of carrots, a capon perched upon his fist,

The sixth, like a Seaman, a ship upon his head and holding a line and plummet in his hand.

Next these,² rode so many Beggars in timorous looks and gestures, as pursued by two Mastives that came barking after them

Here variety of other antick music, counterfeiting the voices of birds, and after these rode, a Magpie,³ a Crow, a Jay, and a Kite, in a quadrangular figure, and in the midst an Owl, these were followed by three Satyrs, two abreast, and one single, sided with torchbearers, then three Dotterels in the same manner and attendance

After these a Windmill, against which a fantastic Knight with his lance, and his Squire armed, seemed to make their attempts

These moving forward in ridiculous shew and postures, a Drummer followed⁴ on horseback, in a crimson taffeta coat, a white hat and feather tipt with crimson, beating two kettle drums

Then fourteen Trumpeters, in crimson satin coats, white hats and feathers, and rich banners

The Marshal⁵ followed these, bravely mounted, attended with ten horse and⁶ forty foot, in coats and hose of scarlet trimmed with silver lace, white

² Next these - - - after them] Not in the two earliest 4tos The Beggars, says Whitelock, "had their musick of keys and tongs, and the like, snapping, and yet playing in a consort before them These Beggars were also mounted, but on the poorest leanest jades that could be gotten out of the dirt-carts or elsewhere" *Mem* p 20. D

³ a Magpie, a Crow, &c] "These," says Whitelock, "were little boys put into covers of the shapes of those birds rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses," &c *Mem* p 20 D

⁴ followed] The two earliest 4tos "followeth" D

⁵ The Marshal] "Mr Darrel, afterwards knighted by the king" Whitelock's *Mem* p 20

⁶ ten horse and] Not in the two earliest 4tos D

hats and feathers, their truncheons tipt with silver; these upon every occasion moving to and fro, to preserve the order of their march, and restrain the rudeness of people, that in such triumphs, are wont to be insolent, and tumultuary

After these an hundred Gentlemen, gloriously furnished and gallantly mounted, riding two and two abreast, every gentleman having his two⁷ pages richly attired, and a groom to attend him

Next after these, a chariot drawn by four horses, two and two together, richly furnished and adorned with gold and silver, the charioteer in a Polonian coat of green cloth of silver In this were advanced Musicians, like Priests and Sybills, sons and daughters of harmony, some with coronets, other with wreaths of laurel and myrtle, playing upon their lutes, three footmen on each side in blue satin wrought with silver, and every one a flambeau in his hand.

In the next chariot of equal glory, were placed on the lowest stairs four in sky-coloured taffeta robes seeded with stars, mantles ash-coloured, adorned with fringe and silver lace, coronets with stars upon their heads In a seat a little more elevate sat Genius and Amphiluche

On the highest seat of this chariot, sat the three Hours, or heavenly sisters, Irene, Diche, and Eunomia; all whose habits shall be described in their proper places this chariot attended as the former

After these, came the four Triumphals or Magnificent Chariots, in which were mounted the Grand Masquers, one of the four houses in every chariot, seated within an half oval, with a glorious canopy over their heads, all bordered with silver fringe, and beautified with plumes of feathers on the top,

The first chariot, silver and orange,

⁷ his two] The third 4to " many " D

The second, silver and watchet,
 The third, silver and crimson,
 The fourth, silver and white ,

All after the Roman form, adorned with much embossed and carved works, and each of them wrought with silver, and his several colour , they were mounted on carriages, the spring-trees, pole and axle-trees, the charioteer's seat, and standers, wheels, with the fellies, spokes, and naves, all wrought with silver, and their several colour

They were all drawn with four horses afront, after the magnificent Roman triumphs, their furniture, harness, headstall, bits, reins, and traces, chamfron, cronet, petronel, and barb, of rich cloth of silver, of several works and colours, answerable to the linings of the chariots.

The charioteers in Polony coats of the same colour of the chariots, their caps, feathers, and buskins answerable

The two out-horses of every chariot led by two men, in habits wrought with silver, and conformable to the colour of the other furniture, four footmen on either side of every chariot, in rich habits, also wrought with silver, answerable to the rest, every one carrying a flambeau in his hand.

Between every of these chariots, four⁸ musicians in their robes and garlands, were mounted, riding two abreast, attended with torchbearers.

The habit of the Masquers gave infinite splendor to this solemnity , which more aptly shall be expressed in his place

This Masque was presented in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, before the King and Queens Majesties, and a great assembly of lords and ladies,

⁸ four] The third 4to " six " D

and other persons of quality, whose aspect, sitting on the degrees prepared for that purpose, gave a great grace to this spectacle, especially being all richly attired.

At the lower end of the room, opposite to the State,⁹ was raised a stage with a descent of stairs in two branches landing into the room. This basement was painted in rustic work.

The border of the front and sides that enclosed all the scene, had first a ground of arbour-work, intermixed with loose branches and leaves, and in this was two niches, and in them two great figures standing in easy postures, in their natural colours, and much bigger than the life. The one, attired after the Grecian manner, held in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a scrowl, and a picked antique crown on his head, his cuirass was of gold richly enchaîned, his robe blue and silver, his arms and thighs bare, with buskins enriched with ornaments of gold, his brown locks long and curled, his beard thick, but not long, and his face was of a grave and jovial aspect, this figure stood on a round pedestal, feigned of white marble, enriched with several carvings, above this in a compartment of gold was written MINOS. The figure on the other side was in a Roman habit, holding a table in one hand, and a pen in the other, and a white bend or diadem about his head, his robe was crimson and gold, his mantle yellow and silver, his buskins watchet trimmed with silver, his hair and beard long and white, with a venerable aspect, standing likewise on a round pedestal answerable to the other, and in the compartment over him was written NUMA. Above all this, in a proportionate distance, hung two great festoons of fruits

⁹ *the State*] i. e. the raised platform on which were placed the royal seats under a canopy D.

in colours, which served for finishing to these sides. The upper part, in manner of a large frieze, was adorned with several compartments with draperies hanging down, and the ends tied up in knots, with trophies proper to feasts and triumphs, composed of masking vizards and torches. In one of the lesser compartments, was figured a sharp-sighted eye, and in the other a golden yoke, in the midst was a more great and rich compartment, on the sides of which sat naked children in their natural colours, with silver wings, in action of sounding golden trumpets, and in this was figured a caduceus with an olive branch, all which are hieroglyphics of Peace, Justice, and Law.

A curtain being suddenly drawn up, the Scene was discovered, representing a large street with sumptuous palaces, lodges, porticos, and other noble pieces of architecture, with pleasant trees and grounds, this going far from the eye, opens itself into a spacious place, adorned with public and private buildings seen afar off, representing the forum or piazza of Peace. Over all was a clear sky with transparent clouds, which enlightened all the scene.

The spectators having entertained their eyes awhile with the beauty and variety of this scene, from one of the sides of the streets enters Opinion, &c

Enter OPINION, CONFIDENCE *meets him; they salute*

Con. Most grave Opinion!

Op. Confidence, most welcome!

Is Fancy come to court?

Con. Breaking his way
Thorough the guard.

Op So violent?

Con. With jests
Which they are less able to resist ;
He'll crack a halbert with his wit.

Op. A most
Strong Fancy! yet we ha [ve] known a little
engine

Break an ingenious head-piece But your master—

Con. Companion, sir . Fancy will keep no ser-
vants,

And Confidence scorns to wait

Op Cry mercy, sir ,
But is this gentleman, this Signor Fancy,
So rare a thing, so subtle, as men speak him ?

Con He's a great prince of th' air, believe it, sir,
And yet a bird of night.

Op. A bird!

Con Between
An owl and bat, a quaint hermaphrodite,
Begot of Mercury and Venus, Wit and Love .
He's worth your entertainment

Op I am most
Ambitious to see him , he is not
So nimble as I wish him. Where's my wife,
My lady Novelty?

Enter NOVELTY.

Nov. Your wife! you might
Have fram'd a newer word , they can but call
Us so i' th' country

Op. No exception,
Dear madam Novelty ; I must prepare you,
To entertain a gentleman. Where's Admiration,
Our daughter?

Enter ADMIRATION.

Ad. Here, sir. What gay man is this?

Op. Please you honour us, and bring in your friend, sir

Con. I'll do't, but he prevents me

Enter FANCY, JOLLITY, and LAUGHTER.

Op Sir, I am ignorant
By what titles to salute you, but you're welcome
To court.

Fan Save yourself, sir, your name's Opinion

Op. And your's Fancy.

Fan. Right

Jol. Mine Jollity

Laugh Mine Laughter, ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Here's a strange shape!

Ad I never saw the like

Fan I come to do you honour with my friends here,
And help the masque

Op. You'll do a special favour

Fan How many antimasques¹ ha[ve] they² of
what nature?

For these are fancies that take most, your dull
And phlegmatic inventions are exploded;
Give me a nimble antimasque.

Op. They have none, sir.

Laugh. No antimasque! I'd laugh at that, i'faith.

Jol. What make we here? No jollity!

Fan. No antimasque!

Bid'em down with the scene, and sell² the timber,
Send Jupiter to grass, and bid Apollo

¹ antimasques] See Gifford's note on Ben Jonson's *Works*,
vol vii p 251. D

² sell] One of the two earliest 4tos, "fell" D

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Keep cows again ; take all their gods and goddesses,

For these must farce up this night's entertainment,
And pray the court may have some mercy on 'em,
They will be jeer'd to death else for their ignorance
The soul of wit moves here , yet there be some,
If my intelligence fail not, mean to shew
Themselves jeer majors , some tall³ critics have
Planted artillery and wit murderers
No antimasque¹ let 'em look to't.

Op. I have heard, sir ,
Confidence made 'em trust, you'd furnish 'em
I fear they should have made their address earlier
To your invention, but your brain's nimble.
Pray, for the expectation that's upon 'em,
Lend them some witty fancies, set some engines
In motion, that may conduce to the design
I am their friend against the crowd that envy' em,
And since they come with pure devotions
To sacrifice their duties to the king
And queen, I wish 'em prosper

Fan You have charm'd me
I'll be their friend to night , I have a fancy
Already.

Laugh Let it be ridiculous

Con. And confident

Jol And jolly

Fan. The first antimasque
We will present ourselves in our own persons ,
What think you on't² Most grave Opinion,
You shall do well to lead the dance, and give it
Authority with your face , your lady may
Admire what she finds new.

Nov. I shall applaud
The novelties.

Ad. And I admire

³ tall] i e great D

Fan They tumble ;
My skull's too narrow.

Laugh Now his fancies caper

Fan. Confidence, wait you upon Opinion ,
Here Admiration, there Novelty ,
This is the⁴ place for Jollity and Laughter ,
Fancy will dance himself too

*The first Antimasque, the dance expressing the
natures of the presenters.*

Fan How like you this device ?

Op 'Tis handsome, but—

Laugh Opinion will like nothing

Nov It seems new

Con 'Twas bold.

Jol 'Twas jocund.

Laugh Did not I do the fool well ?

Ad Most admirably

Laugh Nay, and the ladies do but take
My part, and laugh at me, I am made, ha, ha !

Op I could wish something, sir, of other nature,
To satisfy the present expectation

Fan I imagine , nay, I'm not ignorant of proprieties

And persons , 'tis a time of peace, I'll fit you,
And instantly make you a representation
Of the effects

Op. Of peace ? I like that well

Fan And since in nothing they are more express'd

Than in good fellowship, I'll present you with
A tavern

The scene is changed⁵ into a tavern, with a

⁴ *the*] One of the two earliest 4tos " a " D

⁵ *The scene is changed &c*] One of the two earliest 4tos has merely " A tavern is discovered in the scene , " the third " The scene a tavern " D

flaming red lattice, several drinking-rooms, and a back door, but especially, a conceited sign, and an eminent bush.

Nov A spick and span new tavern!

Ad Wonderful! here was none within two minutes

Laugh. No such wonder, lady: taverns are quickly up, it is but hanging out a bush at a nobleman's door, or an alderman's gate, and 'tis made instantly.

Con Wilt please you, ladies, to accept the wine?

Jol Well said, Confidence

Nov It will be new for ladies

To go to th' tavern, but it may be a fashion

Follow me, Admiration

Laugh. And the fool,

I may supply the absence of your fidlers

Jol. If we can, let's leave Opinion behind us,

Fancy will make him drunk.

[*Exeunt to the tavern, Confidence, Jollity, Laughter, Novelty, and Admiration.*]

Another Antimasque of the MASTER of the tavern, his WIFE, and SERVANTS After these a MAQUERELLE,⁶ two WENCHES, two wanton GAMESTERS. These having danced and expressed their natures, go into the TAVERN Then enter a GENTLEMAN, and four BEGGARS. The GENTLEMAN first danceth alone, to him the BEGGARS, he bestows his charity, the CRIPPLES, upon his going off, throw away their legs, and dance.

Op. I am glad they are off

Are these effects of peace?

Corruption rather

⁶ *A Maquerelle*] i. e. a hawd — old Fr D

Fan. Oh, the beggars shew
The benefit of peace.

Op. Their very breath
Hath stifled all the candles, poison'd the
Perfumes : beggars a fit presentment ! how
They cleave still to my nostril ! I must tell you,
I do not like such base and sordid persons,
And they become not here

Fan. I apprehend,
If these distaste you, I can fit you with
Persons more cleanly,
What think you of projectors ?

Op. How, projectors ?

Fan. Here's one already

Enter a JOCKEY.

This is a jockey
He is to advance a rare and cunning bridle,
Made hollow in the iron part, wherein
A vapour subtly conveyed, shall so
Cool and refresh a horse, he shall ne'er tire ;
And now he falls to his pace. [*Jockey dances.*]

Enter a COUNTRY-FELLOW.

Op. This other ?

Fan. His habit speaks him ,
A country fellow, that has sold his acres
To purchase him a flail, which, by the motion
Of a quaint wheel, shall, without help of hands,
Thresh corn all day , and now he lays about him.
[*The country-fellow dances*]

Enter a third PROJECTOR.

This with a face philosophical and beard,
Hath with the study of twenty years found out

270 THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE

A lamp, which plac'd beneath a furnace, shall
Boil beef so thoroughly, that the very steam
Of the first vessel shall alone be able
To make another pot above seethe over.

Op A most scholastic project ! his feet follow
[*The third Projector dances*
The motions of his brain

Enter a fourth PROJECTOR.

But what thing's this ?
A chimera out of Rabelais ?

Fan. A new project,
A case to walk you all day under water ,
So vast for the necessity of air,
Which, with an artificial bellows cool'd,⁷
Under each arm is kept still from corruption ,
With those glass eyes he sees, and can fetch up
Gold or whatever jewels ha[ve] been lost,
In any river o' the world
[*The fourth Projector dances*

Op Strange water-rat !

Enter a fifth PROJECTOR.

Fan. This grave man, some years past, was a
physician,
A Galenist, and parcel Paracelsus ,⁸
Thriv'd by diseases, but quite lost his practice,
To study a new way to fatten poultry
With scrapings of a carrot, a great benefit
To th' commonwealth. [*The fifth Projector dances*
Op. He will deserve a monument

Enter a sixth PROJECTOR.

Fan This is a kind of sea gull too, that will
Compose a ship to sail against the winds ,

⁷ cool'd] The two earliest 4tos " cool " D

⁸ parcel-Paracelsus] i e partly a follower of Paracelsus D

He'll undertake to build a most strong castle
On Goodwin sands, to melt huge rocks to jelly,
And cut 'em out like sweetmeats with his keel,
And thus he sails [*The sixth Projector dances*

*All the Projectors dance after their antimasque The
MAQUERELLE, WENCHES, GENTLEMEN, return,
as from the tavern, they dance together; the
GALLANTS are cheated, and left to dance in,
with a drunken repentance.*

Op I know not, sir, how this may satisfy,
But might we be beholding to your fancy
For some more quaint variety, some other
Than human shapes, would happily delight
And reach the expectation, I ha [ve] seen
Dainty devices in this kind, baboons
In quellios,⁹ and so forth.

Fan. I can furnish you

Op Fancy will much oblige us

Fan. If these objects

Please not, Fancy can present a change
What see you now?

*The scene becomes a woody LANDSCAPE, with low
grounds proper for hunting, the furthest part
more desert, with bushes and bye-ways represent-
ing a place fit for pursetaking.*

*In the furthest part of the scene is seen an Ivy-bush,
out of which comes an OWL*

Op A wood, a broad-fac'd owl,
An ivy-bush, and other birds about her'

Fan These can imagination create
Silence, observe

⁹ quellios] i e rulls Span cuello D

*An OWL, a CROW, a KITE, a JAY, a MAGPIE. The birds dance and wonder at the OWL. When these are gone, enter a MERCHANT a' Horseback with his portmanteau, two THIEVES, set upon him and rob him. these by a CONSTABLE and OFFICERS are apprehended and carried off. Then four NYMPHS enter dancing, with their javelins, three SATYRS spy them and attempt their persons, one of the nymphs escapeth, a noise of hunters and their horns within, as at the fall of a deer, then enter four HUNTSMEN and one NYMPH, these drive away the SATYRS, and having rescued the NYMPHS, dance with them*¹

Op This all you will present²

Fan You speak as if

Fancy could be exhaust, invention flows
From an immortal spring, you shall taste other
Variety, nimble as thought. We change the
scene

A LANDSCAPE, the scene, and enter three DOTTERELS, and three DOTTEREL-CATCHERS

Op What are these?

Fan Dotterels, be patient, and expect

*After the DOTTERELS are caught by several imitations,*² *enter a WINDMILL, a fantastic KNIGHT and his SQUIRE armed. The fantastic adventurer with his lance makes many*¹ *attempts upon*

¹ *dance with them*] The third 4to makes the Dotterels &c enter immediately after these words omitting the two speeches of Opportunity and Fancy, and not marking the change of scene D

² *caught by several imitations*] These foolish birds were said to let themselves be taken in the net of the fowler, while they were mimicking his gestures, if he stretched out a leg, so did the dotterel, &c D

¹ *many*] not in the two earliest 4tos D

*the windmill, which his squire imitates to them⁴
enter a COUNTRY-GENTLEMAN and his SERVANT
These are assaulted by the KNIGHT and his
SQUIRE, but are sent off lame for their folly
Then enter four BOWLERS, who shew much
variety of sport in their game and postures, and
conclude the ANTIMASQUE*

*Enter CONFIDENCE, JOLLITY, LAUGHTER, NOVELTY,
ADMIRATION*

Op Madam, accuse your absence—
Nov Come, we know
All your devices, sir, but I will have
An antimasque of my own, in a new place too
Op Hah, what's the matter?
Confidence, Jollity, Laughter, Admiration,
And madam Novelty, all drunk! these are
Extremes indeed
Ad. Admirable Opinion!
Con. Be confident
Laugh And foolish
Jol I am as light now!
Fan Let 'em enjoy their fancies
Op What new change
Is this? these strains are heavenly.
[*Fancy and the rest go off fearfully*]

The Antimasquers being gone,⁶ there appears in
the highest and foremost part of the heaven, by

⁴ *to them --- their folly*] Instead of this, the third 4to has, "these having exprest their folly and gone off, enter four Bowlers, who shew &c" The two earliest 4tos, mark the entrance of four Bowlers, but omit "who shew --- the Antimasque" D

⁵ *Nov* *Com* --- *place too*] Instead of this, the two earliest 4tos, have merely,

"*Nov* We know
All your devices, sir" D

⁶ *The Antimasquers being gone*] One of the two earliest 4tos, "the antimasques being past" D

little and little to break forth, a whitish cloud, bearing a chariot feigned of goldsmith's work, and in it sat Irene, or Peace, in a flowery vesture like the spring, a garland of olives on her head, a branch of palm in her hand, buskins of green taffeta, great puffs about her neck and shoulders.

She sings

SONG 1

*Ir. Hence, ye profane, far hence away '
Time hath sick feathers while you stay
Is this delight
For such a glorious night,
Wherein two skies
Are to be seen,
One starry, but an aged sphere,
Another here,
Created new and brighter from the eyes
Of king and queen ?*

CHORUS

*Hence, ye profane, far hence away '
Time hath sick feathers while you stay*

SONG 2.

*Ir Wherefore do my sisters stay ?
Appear, appear Eunomia '
'Tis Irene calls to thee,*

*Irene calls
Like dew that falls
Into a stream,
I'm lost with them
That know not how to order me*

CHORUS

*See where she shines, oh see
In her celestial gaiety !
Crown'd with a wreath of stars, to shew
The evening's⁷ glory in her brow.*

⁷ evening's] The two earliest 4tos " evening. D

Here, out of the highest part of the opposite side, came softly descending another cloud, of an orient colour, bearing a silver chariot curiously wrought, and differing in all things from the first; in which sate *Eunomia* or Law, in a purple satin robe, adorned with golden stars, a mantle of carnation laced, and fringed with gold, a coronet of light upon her head, buskins of purple, drawn out with yellow ⁸This chariot attended as the former

SONG 3.

*Eu. Think not I could absent myself this night,
But Peace is gentle and doth still invite
Eunomia, yet should'st thou silent be,*

*The rose and lilly which thou strowest
All the cheerful way thou goest,
Would direct to follow thee*

*Ir. Thou dost beautify increase,
And chain security with peace*

*Eu Irene fair, and first divine,
All my blessings spring from thine*

*Ir I am but wild without thee, thou abhorrest
What is rude, or apt to wound,
Canst throw proud trees to the ground,
And make a temple of a forest*

*Eu. No more, no more, but join
Thy voice, and lute with mine.*

*Both. The world shall give prerogative to
neither,
We cannot flourish but together.*

CHORUS.

*CHO Irene enters like a perfum'd spring,
Eunomia ripens every thing,
And in the golden harvest leaves
To every sickle his own sheaves*

⁸ This - - - former] One of the two earliest 4tos, and the third 4to omit these words D

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At this, a third cloud, of a various colour from the other two, begins to descend toward the middle of the scene with somewhat a more swifter motion, and in it sate a person, representing Diche or Justice, in the midst, in a white robe and mantle of satin, a fair long hair circled with a coronet of silver pikes, white wings and buskins, a crown imperial in her hand

SONG 4

Dich *Swiftly, oh swiftly! I do move too slow,
What holds my wing from making haste
When every cloud sails by so fast?
I heard my sisters' voice, and know
They have forsaken heaven's bright gate,
To attend another state,
Of gods below
Irene, chaste Eunomia!*

Ir. Eu. *We,
Diche, have stay'd expecting thee,
Thou giv'st perfection to our glory,
And seal to this night's story,
Astrea, shake the cold dew from thy wing*

Eu *Descend*

Ir *Descend*

Eu *Descend, and help us sing
The triumph of Jove's upper court abated,
And all the deities translated*

CHORUS

*The triumph of Jove's upper court abated,
And all the deities translated*

Eu *Now gaze, and when thy wonder will allow,
Tell what thou hast beheld*

Dich *Never, till now,
Was poor Astrea blind, oh strange surprise,
That too much sight should take away my eyes!
Am I in earth or heaven?*

*Ir What throne is that,
On which so many stars do wait ?
Dich. My eyes are blest again, and now I see
The parents of us three
'Tis Jove and Themis , forward move,
And sing to Themis, and to Jove*

Then the whole train of Musicians move in a comely figure toward the king and queen, and bowing to their State,⁹ this following ode is sung.

SONG 5

*To you, great king and queen, whose smile
Doth scatter blessings through this isle,
To make it best
And wonder of the rest,
We pay the duty of our birth ,
Proud to wait upon that earth
Whereon you move,
Which shall be nam'd
And by your chaste embraces fam'd,
The paradise of love
Irene, plant thy olives here ,
Thus warm'd,¹ at once they'll bloom and bear ,
Eunomia, pay thy light ,
While Diche, covetous to stay,
Shall throw her silver wings away,
To dwell within your sight.*

The Scene is changed, and the Masquers appear sitting on the ascent of a hill, cut out like the degrees of a theatre, and over them a delicious arbour with terms of young men, their arms converted into scrowls, and under their waists a foliage with other carvings to cover the joining of the term from the naked, all feigned of silver, these bore up an

⁹ State] See note, p 261

¹ warm'd] One of the two earliest 4tos " warm " D

architrave, from which was raised a light covering arched, and interwoven with branches through which the sky beyond was seen

The Masquers were sixteen in number, the sons of Peace, Law and Justice, who sitting in a gracious but not set form, every part of the seats made a various composition, but all together tending to a pyramidal figure.

Their habits were mixed, between the ancient and modern, their bodies carnation, the shoulders trimmed with knots of pure silver, and scallops of white and carnation, under them the labels of the same, the under sleeves white, and a puffed sleeve full of gathering, falling down to the elbow, about their waist was a small scallop, and a slender girdle, their under bases were carnation and white, with labels as at their shoulders, and all this in every part was richly embroidered with pure silver, their hats carnation low crowned, the brim double, and cut into several quarters lined with white, and all over richly embroidered, as the rest, about their hats were wreaths of olive, and plumes of white feathers, with several falls, the longest toward the back, their long stockings were white, with white shoes and roses

Beneath these a Genius or angelical person, with wings of several-coloured feathers, a carnation robe tucked up, yellow, long hair, bound with a silver coronet, a small white rod in his hand, white buskins, who descended² to the stage speaketh

Gen No foreign persons I make known,
But here present you with your own,
The children of your reign, not blood,
Of age, when they are understood,
Not seen by faction or owl's sight,
Whose trouble is the clearest light,

² descended] One of the two earliest titles "descending" D

But treasures to their eye, and ear,
 That love good for itself, not fear.
 Oh, smile on what yourselves have made !
 These have no form, no sun, no shade,
 But what your virtue doth create ,
 Exalted by your glorious fate,
 They'll tower to heaven, next which, they know,
 And wish no blessedness but you.
 That very look into each eye [*The masquers move.*
 Hath shot a soul, I saw it fly
 Descend, move nimbly, and advance,
 Your joyful tribute in a dance

Here, with loud music, the Masquers descend
 and dance their entry to the violins , which ended,
 they retire to the scene, and then the Hours and
 Chori again move toward the State and sing

SONG 6

*They that were never happy Hours
 Till now, return to thank the powers
 That made them so
 The Island doth rejoyce,
 And all her waves are echo to our voice,
 Which, in no ages past, hath known
 Such treasures of her own
 Live, royal pair, and when your sands are spent
 With heaven's and your consent,
 Though late, from your high bowers,
 Look down on what was yours ;
 For, till old Time his glass hath hurl'd,
 And lost it in the ashes of the world,
 We prophesy, you shall be read and seen,
 In every branch, a king or queen*

The song ended, and the Musicians returned, the
 Masquers dance their main dance , after which
 they again retire to the scene , at which they no
 sooner arrive, but there is heard a great noise, and

confusion of voices within, some crying, *they will come in*, others *knock'em down*, call the rest of the guard, then a crack is heard in the works, as if there were some danger by some piece of the machines falling, this continued a little time, there rush in a CARPENTER, a PAINTER, one of the BLACK GUARD,³ a TAILOR, the TAILOR'S WIFE, an EMBROIDERER'S WIFE, a FEATHER MAKER'S WIFE, and a PROPERTY MAN'S WIFE.

Carp. D'ye think to keep us out?

1 Guard. Knock her down

Tai. Knock down my wife! I'd see the tallest beefeater on you all but hold up his halberd in the way of knocking my wife down, and I'll bring him a button hole lower.

Tai. Wife. Nay, let'em, let'em husband, at their peril.

2 Guard. Complain to my lord chamberlain

Property m Wife. My husband is somewhere in the works, I'm sure I helped to make him an owl and a hobby horse, and I see no reason but his wife may be admitted in *forma paperis*,⁴ to see as good a masque as this

Bl guard. I never saw one afore I am one of the guard, though of another complexion, and I will see't, now I am here, though I be turned out of the kitchen tomorrow for't

Paint Ay, come, be resolute, we know the

³ the Black guard,] i.e. the meanest drudges in royal residences, who carried coals, &c. see Gifford's note in Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. II p. 169

⁴ *forma paperis*] Before the present masque was written, dramatists had worn almost threadbare the pleasantry of making their characters mispronounce this unfortunate term. One example of which, among several I could quote, will suffice. "to their faces theile cog worse and be more suppliant then Clyents that sue in *forma paper*" Decker and Webster's *Westward Ho*, 1607, Sig. B. 4. D.

worst, and let us challenge a privilege , those stairs were of my painting.

Carp And that timber I set up , somebody is my witness

Feath m. Wife I am sure my husband sold'em most of the feathers , somebody promised me a fall too, if I came to court, but let that pass.

Emb Wife And mine embroidered two of the best habits what though we be no ladies, we are christians in these clothes, and the king's subjects, god bless us

Tai Nay, now I am in, I will see a dance, though my shop windows be shut up for't Tell us²—hum² d'ye hear² do not they laugh at us² what were we best to do² The Masquers will do no feats as long as we are here be ruled by me, hark every one; 'tis our best course to dance a figary ourselves, and then they'll think it a piece of the plot, and we may go off again with the more credit, we may else kiss the porter's lodge⁵ for't, let's put a trick upon'em in revenge, 'twill seem a new device too

Om Content

Tai And the musicians knew but our mind now '
[*The violins play*
Hark, they are at it, now for a lively frisk

[*They dance.*
Now, let us go off cleanly, and somebody will think this was meant for an antimasque.

They being gone, the Masquers are encouraged by a song, to their revels with the ladies

SONG 7.

*Why do you dwell so long in clouds,
And smother your best graces ?
'Tis time to cast away those shrouds,
And clear your manly faces*

⁵ the porter's lodge] See note vol II p 49 D.

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*Do not behave yourselves like spies
 Upon the ladies here ,
 On even terms go meet their eyes,
 Beauty and love shine there
 You tread dull measures thus alone,
 Not satisfy delight ,
 Go kiss their hands, and make your own
 With every touch more white*

The Revels being passed, the scene is changed into a plain champaign country, which terminates with the horizon, and above a darkish sky, with dusky clouds, through which appeared the new moon, but with a faint light by the approach of the morning, from the furthest part of this ground, arose by little and little a great vapour, which being come about the middle of the scene, it slackens its motion, and begins to fall downward to the earth from whence it came, and out of this rose another cloud of a strange shape and colour, on which sate a young maid, with a dim torch in her hand, her face was an olive colour, so was her arms and breast, on her head a curious dressing, and about her neck a string of great pearl, her garment was transparent, the ground dark blue, and sprinkled with silver spangles, her buskins white, trimmed with gold, by these marks she was known to be the forerunner of the morning, called by the ancients Amphiluche, and is that glimpse of light, which is seen when the night is past, and the day not yet appearing.

SONG 8.

*Amph In envy to the Night,
 That keeps such revels here,
 With my unwelcome light,
 Thus I invade her sphere .*

*Proclaiming wars
To Cynthia, and all her stars,
That, like proud spangles, dress
Her azure tress
Because I cannot be a guest, I rise
To shame the Moon, and put out all^b her eyes.*

Amphiluche ascending, the Masquers are called from their revels by other voices.

SONG 9.

1 *Come away, away, away,
See the dawning of the day,
Risen from the murmuring streams ;
Some stars shew with sickly beams,
What stock of flame they are allow'd,
Each retiring to a cloud ,
Bid your active sports adieu,
The morning else will blush for you.*

2 *Ye feather-footed Hours run
To dress the chariot of the Sun ,
Harness the steeds, it quickly will
Be time to mount the eastern hill*

3 *The lights grow pale with modest fears,
Lest you offend their⁷ sacred ears,
And eyes, that lent you all this grace ,
Retire, retire, to your own place*

4 *And as you move from that blest pair,
Let each heart kneel, and think a prayer,
That all, that can make up the glory
Of good and great may fill their story.*

Amphiluche hidden in the heavens, and the Masquers retired, the scene closeth

And thus concluded this Masque, which was, for

^b all] The two earliest 4tos " both " D

⁷ their] One of the two earliest 4tos " those " D

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the variety of the shows, and richness of the habits, the most magnificent that hath been brought to court in our time.

The scene and ornament, was the act of Inigo Jones Esquire, Surveyor of his Majesty's works

The composition of the music, was performed by Mr William Lawes, and Mr Simon Ives, whose art gave an harmonious soul to the otherwise languishing numbers.

A Speech to the King and Queen's Majesties,
when they were pleased to honour the city with
their presence, and gave a gracious command,
the former Triumph should attend them.

Genius Most great and glorious princes, once
more, I
Present to your most sacred Majesty
The sons of Peace, who tender you, by me,
Their joy-exalted heart, and humble knee,
Happy in their ambition to wait,
And pay this second duty to your state,
Acknowledging no triumph but in you
The honour you have done them is so new,
And active in their souls, that it must grow
A part of them, and be immortal too.
These wonders you create, and every man
Receives as much joy as the island can,
Which shews you nearest heaven, that can let fall
Unequal, yet a perfect bliss to all.
Dwell still within yourselves, for other place
Is straight, and cannot circumscribe your grace,
Whilst men grow old with prayers for your blest
reign,
Yet with your smiles shall be restor'd again

A CONTENTION
FOR
HONOUR AND RICHES

A Contention &c] "I know not what to call this," says Langbaine, "whether Interlude, or Entertainment, but I think I may call it *A Useful Moral*." The title of the old copy is *A Contention for Honour and Riches By J S—ubi quid datur oti, illudo chartis*—1633, 4to. Shirley made this piece the foundation of his *Honoria and Mammon*, given in a former part of the present volume—see his address "To the Candid Reader," prefixed to that drama. D

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND HIS HONOURED FRIEND,

EDWARD GOLDING, OF COLSTON,

IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, ESQ

WHERE there is a will to be grateful, the acknowledgement supplies the defect of action, reddit enim beneficium qui libenter debet. Although this hold no force in the common and municipal laws, where men do no benefit before they account to receive, it is allowed a canon in morality, where many good deeds are to be lost that we may place one well. No man can die in debt that hath an honest remembrance of his obligation, since death is to be reckoned from the first day of our ingratitude. In this confidence I appear, and being neither guilty of desert or power to reward, I must present the memory of your own act and virtue to pay yourself.

That which waiteth upon my thanks, is this handful of paper imaginations, though below your study, not beneath your virtue to accept and smile upon. They were meant for innocent mirth, and can be no prejudice, if they only serve to set off your nobler contemplations. Read when you will dispense with half an hour, and continue your favour to him, whose ambition is, to write himself

Your Servant

JAMES SHIRLEY.

SPEAKERS.

Ingenuity, *a scholar*
Courtier.
Soldier
Clod, *a countryman.*
Gettings, *a citizen.*

Lady Honour.
Lady Riches

MUTES

Honesty
No-Pay.
Long-Vacation.
Foul weather-in-harvest

A CONTENTION
FOR
HONOUR AND RICHES.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the house of Riches

Enter RICHES and INGENUITY.

Ing My lady desires to speak with you.

Rich Your lady! who's your lady?

Ing The lady Honour

Rich Let Honour come to Riches, it will not
Disparage her, my friend.

Ing. She is not well

Rich Honour is seldom sound: what ails her
ladyship?

Ing. She had a fall lately.

Rich A fall!

Ing And sprain'd her foot

Rich Teach her to climb, she's so ambitious

Ing Please you to do her the favour, she will
wait

Upon your ladyship another time.

Rich I cannot come

Ing. Good madam!

Rich. I ha[ve] the gout

Ing You may command a coach.

Rich. Riches, I know,
May command any thing, but I do not use
To come to every one desires my company :
Beside, my servants are abroad, and it
Becomes me not to go so unattended

Ing I shall be fortunate, if you accept
My service

Rich. Is that state enough for me ?
Although it be in fashion with your lord
To amble with his footmen and [his] page,
I use to have more followers

Ing Great ladies
Have no such train, many are held superfluous .
The gentleman-usher now a days is thought
Sufficient for a countess, nay, for two,
Take him by turns, and yet he may be courteous
To the waiting gentlewoman

Rich You assume, methinks,
Much liberty in talking what's your name ?

Ing They which know me, call me Ingenuity

Rich Ingenuity ! out upon thee ! I suspect
You are a scholar

Ing I have studied arts

Rich. Defend me from his witchcraft ! Had thy
mistress

None but a scholar to employ upon
Her complements to me ? one whose profession
I hate, whose memory is my disease,
And conversation, death ? How rank he smells
Of Aristotle, and the musty tribe
Of worm-eaten philosophers ! Get from me !
I will endure the bears and their provision,
Lie in an hospital of¹ French footmen, feed
With prisoners, or be rack'd at Westminster,
Nay die, and make poor orphans my executors
Ere be confin'd to hear thy learned nonsense.

Ing. Why should you be such enemy to scholars ?

¹ of] The old copy " or " D

They waste Minerva's precious dew, their sweat,
To gain your favour, and would think themselves
Blest, when your golden beams but shine upon 'em

Rich. 'Tis not your flattery can win upon me
Go, and declaim against me, good Diogenes,
Admire a virtuous poverty and nakedness,
Call Fortune whore, and write whole volumes in
The praise of hunger and your lousy wardrobe,
Yes, teach the world, Riches is grown a monster,
And that she dotes on ignorance These are
Your vulgar doctrines, and, I pray, pursue 'em,
My most immortal beggar, and get fame
With some twice-sodden pamphlet, till you make
Submission to my fool, in hope of the
Reversion of his groom's bare livery
Your theses and your syllogisms will
No doubt convert the beadle and the dog-whip

Ing. Be pleas'd to hear me speak.

Rich. What impudence
Does this appear, you should desire that favour!
Have I not given testimony to the world
Sufficiently, I do not love a scholar?

Ing. Endure me, for my mistress, lady Honour

Rich. I wonder what she meant, to entertain
thee

Away, dispute no further, if you move me
To more impatience, Riches will find ways
To curb your insolence 'Tis not your pretence
To Honour's service, can protect you from
My anger I have kindred and acquaintance
Shall with their breath blow thee beyond the sea,
Or if I should be merciful and let thee
Enjoy thy country, never hope to arrive at
Above a pension, that will find you woollen,
A pedant, or a vicarage preferment,
Gelded sufficiently by the improper parson,
Is all your wit must hope for, and take heed
That you be modest then, no coat nor cassock

Can charm you , if I offer to complain,
I shall put your divinity to silence.

Ing. I despise

Thy womanish threats, and shall account myself
Happy without thy favour O Philosophy,
Assist thy poor admirer, and infuse
A noble fortitude to scorn her malice !
I have no thought, but has a triumph o'er
Thy base conspiracy Welcome, my dear books,
And contemplation, that shall feed my soul
To immortality ! Let puppets doat
Upon thy gifts, and sell their privilege
For gaudy clothes and Epicurean surfeits,
Lust, and a catalogue of rich men's sins,
That shall, like plummets, hang upon their heart,
When wings are most requir'd. Keep thy resolve,
And be an enemy to learning still,
That, when we find a scholar by thee favour'd,
We may suspect him counterfeit and a dunce.
Honour will be my mistress, whose least smile
I value above all thy pride or treasures,
And she will scorn thee too. Farewell, gay
madam,

A painted tomb, though glorious to the eye ;
Corruption dwells within thee [Exit

Rich. Foul-mouth['d] satyr !

But 'tis some punishment to let him waste
His spirits with his railing. Let him fret,
It may consume him without more diseases ,
Let him die any way , men of his quality
Are living but unprofitable burdens
To th'earth, as they were born to consume fruits,²
And talk of needless sciences.—Who are these ?
My ancient suitors, Clod, the countryman,
And Gettings, the rich citizen.

² *born to consume fruits*] From Horace, *Epist* ii 27, lib 1
“ fruges consumere nati.” D

Enter CLOD, and GETTINGS

Get. She's here.

Good morrow to the star of my delight,
Whose beams more glorious do eclipse the sun,
And cast a richer warmth about the world.

Rich How² turn'd poet¹

Get. Fear me not, lady,
I'm none of those were born to't. I had rather
Be a Jew, than christen'd in Parnassus'³pump,
I have nothing but the knuckles and the rumps
Of poetry

Rich Take heed in time lest you become infected
With wit I do not love poetic fancies,
Nor any thing that trenches on the Muses;
They were baggages, and Phœbus, their protector,
Deserv'd the whipping-post

Get. I have read, he was
A common piper, and those Nine were gipsies,
That liv'd by cheating palmistry

Rich I like it,
When you do rail at learning. I allow you
To read a ballad, and ridiculous pamphlets,
Writ on the strength of beer or some dull liquor,
But if you smell profane sack in a poem,
Come not within a league of understanding,
As you respect my favour

Get. I am instructed

Rich But why does Clod stand all this while so
mute²

Clod. Either I am John-a-Noakes, or I am not
John-a-Noakes

Rich. He's dreaming of his horses

Clod. Gee' sweet lady, I am all-to-be-m'ed in
your beauty, the horses of my imagination are
foundered in the highway of your perfections, for
I am deep in love with your ladyship Though I

³ pump.] The old copy " Pompe " D

do not wear such fine clothes as master Gettings here, and [am] so much out of fashion,—for if I commend my doublet I must speak fustian,—yet my heart is cut and slashed, and I defy any man that has a better stomach to you in the way of matrimony.

Get. No comparison[s], master Clod

Clod Let him be odious, that names comparison[s], for my part, I scorn'em all and the degrees

Get You're very positive.

Clod Dost thou positive me? and my mistress were not here, thou shouldest find Clod is made of another guess mould than to endure thy affronts.

Rich. And you quarrel, I am gone

Get Nay, nay, sweet lady, we shall be friends again

Rich I hope it wo' not stretch to a duel. [*Exit.*

Get Duel! you wo' not provoke me, Clod, will you? if you do, Clod—

Clod. I will provoke any man living in the way of love.

Get How?

Clod He that shall go a wooing to my mistress, I will provoke him, and he were my father.

Get You're a dirty fellow, Clod, and if I had met thee that year I was scavenger, I would have had thee carted

Clod Me carted! cart thy bawds, there be enow within the walls Dost tell me of a scavenger? a fart for thy office! I am a better man in the country than the constable himself, and do tell thee to thy face, though I am plain Clod, I care not a beanstalk for the best *What lack you* on you all,—no not the next day after Simon and Jude, when you go a feasting⁴ to Westminster with your galley-foist and your pot guns, to the very terror of the paper-whales, when you land in shoals, and make

⁴ *when you go a feasting, &c*] See note p. 10, of this vol. D.

the understanders in Cheapside wonder to see ships swim upon men's shoulders, when the fencers flourish and make the king's liege people fall down and worship the devil and saint Dunstan, when your whiffers are hanged in chains, and Hercules' club spits fire about the pageants, though the poor children catch cold, that shew like painted cloth, and are only kept alive with sugar plums, with whom, when the word is given, you march to Guildhall, with every man his spoon in his pocket, where you look upon the giants, and feed like Saracens, till you have no stomach to Paul's in the afternoon. I have seen your processions, and heard your lions and camels make speeches, instead of grace before and after dinner. I have heard songs too, or something like 'em, but the porters have had the burden, who were kept sober at the city charge, two days before, to keep time and tune with their feet, for brag what you will of your charge, all your pomp lies upon their back

Get So, so

Clod Must this day's pride so blow you up, that a countryman's tale may not be heard?

Get That day's pride!

Clod. Or what is't make[s] you gambol so?

Get Why, anger has made you witty, countryman.

Clod. Thou liest, and I am none of thy countryman; I was born out of the sound of your pancake bell. I cannot abide to see a proud fellow. And it were not for us in the country, you would have but a lean city, we maintain your charter, and your chamber too. You would ha[ve] but ill markets, and we should forswear to furnish 'em. Where were your hides, horns, and plenty of other provision? Your wives could not do as they do, with your short yard and your false light, and the country should not come in upon them. Come, you cannot live without

us: you may be called a body politick, but the country is the soul, and therefore subscribe, and give way to me.

Get The high way, but not the wall, in London. Do you know where you are, and what you have talked all this while? an informer would squeeze your trunk-hose for this, and teach you to know your terms and your attornies.

Clod I'll have as good law for my money, as the best on you: I know what belongs to't, I have almost broke the parson of the parish already about his tithe-eggs

Get Why, thou lump of ignorance, leather, and husbandry, ill-compounded! thou, that hast been so long a dunghill till the weeds have overgrown thee, and afar off hast cozened a horse! thou, that dost whistle out thy prayers, and wo' not change thy dirty soil for so many acres in paradise, nor leave thy share of the plough for saint Peter's patrimony! thou, that were begot upon a hay-mow, bred in thy father's stable and out-dunged his cattle! thou, that at one and twenty wert only able to write a sheep's mark in tar, and read thy own capital letter, like a gallows, upon a cow's buttock! you that allow no scripture canonical, but an almanack, which makes you weatherwise, and puts you in hope of a dear year! let the country starve, and the poor grind provender, so the market rise, let your soul fall to the devil among the corn-cutters,—I am ashamed to hold discourse any longer with thee, only one word I would advise you to let your action of love fall, and be content to marry with Malkin in the country, (—she can churn⁵ well, and humble herself behind a hedge—) for this lady is no lettuce for your lips. Go, go, meddle with your jades, and exercise a whip among your bread and cheese-eaters.

⁵ *churn*] The old copy "churme" D

Clod Sirrah cit, I do challenge thee

Get. What weapon ?

Clod. The next cutler shall furnish us both If thou hast any mettle, let us try, before we part, who is the better man

Get If thou hast any ambition to be beaten to dust, *Clod*, thank yourself

Clod. I will slash thy skin like a summer doublet come thy ways. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II

An Apartment in the House of Honour

Enter Courtier and Soldier, courting Honour, and
INGENUITY.

Court. Look this way, lady, and in me behold
Your truest servant.

Sold. 'Tis but airy courtship
That he professes look upon me, lady,
That can be active in your service

Ing 'Tis
The Courtier and the Soldier, pleading their
Affection to my mistress, lady Honour,
I wo' not interrupt them yet I cannot
Find by her countenance that she inclines to either

Court Bless me but with one smile : if you did
know

With what devotion my soul looks on you,
How next to my religion I have plac'd,
If not above it, your bright excellence,
How long since I first vow'd myself your captive,
That eye would deign some influence

Sold I have
No stock of soft and melting words to charm you,
Such silken language we are strangers to,
We are us'd to other dialect, and imitate

The drum [or] bold artillery . can you love me?
 When I have march'd upon the dreadful cannon,
 My heart was fix'd on Honour, nor could death,
 In all her shapes of horror, tempt one thought
 To base retire. When no voice could be heard
 But thunder, and no object seen but lightning,
 Which seem'd to have been struck from the first chaos
 So great a darkness had echps'd the sun,
 Yet then I thought on Honour, and look'd in
 Their lives that sunk about me , every body
 I trod upon (for now the dead had buried
 The earth) gave me addition to heaven,
 Where, in my imagination, I saw
 Thee charioted, and dropping down a garland.

Hon No more , these are but complements of
 wars,

Perhaps some studied speech , I love your quality,
 But am not ⁶ caught with these hyperboles
 Honour's not won with words , true valour needs
 No paint of ostentation , the wound
 That has the greatest orifice includes not
 The greatest danger

Ing. She has quash'd his culverin,
 And now he's swearing out some prayers.

Court. She's mine —
 Thus look'd the Moon, when with her virgin fires,
 She went in progress to the mountain Latinos,
 To visit her Endymion yet, I injure
 Your beauty, to compare it to her orb
 Of silver light , the Sun, from which she borrows,
 That makes her up the nightly lamp of heaven,
 Has in his stock of beams not half your lustre.
 Enrich the earth still with your sacred presence ,
 Upon each object throw a glorious star,
 Created by your sight, that when the learn'd
 Astronomer comes forth to examine heaven,
 He may find two, and be himself divided

⁶ caught] The old copy " taught " D.

Which he should first contemplate.

Hon. You both love me

Court. But I the best

Sold How, sir, the best?

Court E'er since I knew the court,
I had no other study but to advance
Myself to Honour, all my suits have been
Directed to this one, that Honour would
Fix me among those other constellations
That shine about the king. 'Tis in thy love
To plant a coronet here, and then I dare
Jostle the proudest hero, and be inscrib'd
A demi-god, frown dead the humble[st] mortal[s],
And with my breath call back their souls again
What cannot Honour do?

Hon. Not that you boast.

True Honour makes not proud, nor takes delight
I' th' ruin of poor virtue

Sold Sir, you said

You lov'd her best

Court And will maintain it

Sold You cannot, dare not

Court. Dare not!

Hon So peremptory! Honour may in time
Find ways to tame the insolent Lady Riches,
But leave her to her pride.

Ing. The Courtier and
The Soldier look as they would quarrel

Hon. Let 'em.

You see how they pursue me still, but Honour
Is not so easily obtain'd

Ing They are
Gay creatures, and conspicuous in the world.

Hon. But no such miracles —Gentlemen, you
promise

Some spirit in you, there's no way to make
Me confident of your worth, but by your action
In brief, if you be ambitious of Honour,

You must fight for me, and as fame shall give me
Your character, I shall distinguish you,
And cherish worth : meantime, I take my leave —
Come, Ingenuity, you and I must have
Some private conference ; I dare trust your bosom
With something of more weight.

Ing. I am then happy,
When you command me service.

Hon And I keep
 A register of all, and, though delay'd,
 Forget not the reward [*Exit with Ingenuity*
Sold Hark, Master Cringe,
 How d'y'e like her sentence? if you mean
 To have Honour, you must fight for't; not oil'd
 speeches,

Nor crinkling in the hams will carry her ,
You have worn a sword thus long, to shew the hilt,
Now let the blade appear

Court Good Captain Voice,
It shall, and teach you manners, I have yet
No ague, I can look upon your buff,
And punto beard, and call for no strong waters
I am no tavern-gull, that wants protection,
Whom you with oaths do use to mortify,
And swear into the payments of all reckonings,
Upon whose credit you wear belt and feather,
Top and top gallant, and can make him seal
At midnight to your tailor Go invite
Young gentlemen to dinner, and then pawn 'em,
Or valiantly with some of your own file
Conspire a sconce, or to a bawdy-house
March with your regiment, and kick the leverets,
Make cullice o'the bawds, yet be made friends
Before the constable be sent for, and
Run to the ticket for the pox • these services,
I do presume, you are acquainted with.

Sold Musk-cat!

Court. Or wert thou what thou seem'st, a
soldier,—

For so much good I wish thee for my honour,
When I have kill'd thee—

Sold Sirrah civet-box!

Court. Let me ask

Your soldiership but one cold question .

If Lady Honour, whom you have presum'd
Without good manners to affect, should possibly
Descend to marry thee, prithee, what jointure
Could'st thou make her ?

Sold Jointure!

Court I'll admit, for

Argument's sake, thou art a soldier Perhaps,
You will give her a catalogue of towns,
Of leaguers, the names of bridges broken down,—
Your nose in time may make another,—you will
tell her

Of onslaughts, bulwarks, barricado [s], forts,
Of cannon, culverin, sakers, and a rabble
Of your artillery, which you have coun'd by heart,
A roll of captains' names, perhaps you have
In ready wounds some twenty, I'll admit it,
And in diseases can assure her forty
This wo'not do, she cannot eat a snapsack,
Nor carry baggage, lie in your foul hut,
And roast your pullen, for whose precious theft
You and the gibbet fear to be acquainted
If you return into your wholesome country,
Upon your honourable wooden legs,
The houses of correction are no palaces,
And passes must be had, or else the beadles
Will not be satisfied, the treasurer's name,
And twelve pence for your service i' th' Low
Countries,

And spending of your blood for doughty Dutchmen,
That would have hang'd you there, but in their
charity

You were reserv'd for beggary at home,
Is no inheritance, I take it, sir.

Sold. Have you done yet ?

Court I have not much more to say.

Sold It does appear by all this prattle then,
You do not know me, and have ta'en too much
On trust to talk of Soldier, a name
Thou'st not deserv'd to mention Because
Some fellows here have bragg'd, and perhaps
beaten

You, and some other of your satlin tribe,
Into belief that they have seen the wars,
That perhaps muster'd at Mile-end or Finsbury,
Must the true sons of courage
Be thus dishonour'd, and their character
Defac'd by such prodigious breath ? must we,
We that for Honour and your safeties suffer
What in the repetition would fright
Your pale souls from you, when perhaps you foot
A jig at home, and revel with your lady,
Be thus rewarded ? Happy they that died
Their country ['s] sacrifice, to prevent the shame
Of living with such popular drones ! But I
Should wrong our glorious profession,
By any arguments to make thee sensible
Of what we are . it shall suffice to publish
What is not now in ignorant supposition,
But truth, of your gay quality and virtues,
You are a Courtier

Court Very good

Sold. Not so,

If such there be, I talk not to them now,
But to thee, Phantasm, of whom men do doubt
Whether thou hast a soul, thou that dost think it
The better and more grateful part of thy
Religion, to wear good clothes, and suffer
More pains at buttoning of thy gaudy doublet

Than thou durst take for Heaven. Thou hast divided
 Thy flattery into several articles,
 And hast so often call'd your great men Gods,⁷
 That 'tis become thy creed, and thou dost now
 Believe no other. Thou⁸ wo't take a bribe
 To undo a nation, and sell thy countrymen
 To as many persecutions as the devil
 Thou art beholding to thy pride, it has
 Made thee thy own self-lover, for without it,
 None else affecting thee, I do not⁹ see
 What else could keep thee from despair and
 drowning
 Thy wantonness has made thy body poor,
 But not in shew, for though thy back have paid
 for't,
 It wears rich trappings art may help your legs,
 But cannot cure your dancing, that and pepper
 Avoid with like discretion, one betrays you
 At dinner, and the other between meals
 Go purchase lands, and a fair house, which must
 When thou liv'st in it be an hospital,
 And owe no other body for diseases.

Court Pray, come and take a chamber.

Sold Thou hast ignorance

And impudence enough for twenty alchemists

Court I'll hear no more

Sold A little, I'll intreat you,

You shall be beaten afterward, ne'er fear it

Court Dar'st thou blaspheme the court?

Sold I honour it,

And all the noble ornaments of state,
 That, like pomegranates in old Aaron's coat,
 Adorn the prince that wears'em, but such Courtiers,
 That cozen us, like glow-worms, in the night,

⁷ Gods] The old copy " goods " D

⁸ Thou] There is but one edition of this piece, yet the old copies vary here, and in another passage, some have " then " D

⁹ not] The old copy " now " D.

Or rotten wood, I hate, and in their number
For this time be content I list your worship

Court How do you know what I am, or what title
Perhaps I wear?

Sold. I know thee by the wrong
To Soldiers.

Court I speak of such as thou art,¹ and I dare
Maintain, and write as much in thy own blood.—

Enter HONESTY

Dost thou not see? Honesty!

Sold Honesty! what hast thou to do with
Honesty?

Court I never could endure her, she appears
More terrible than a ghost, I ha[ve] no stomach
To fight, my blood is frozen in my veins,
She is a thousand punishments at once
Now would I give my office to be at peace
With mine own conscience. Hah! she does pursue
me!

Sold These are idle imaginations collect
Yourself, good Courtier, and remember what
We are to do, or I shall—Hah!

Enter NO-PAY

Court. What's the matter? more terror!

Sold I am cold too

Court Another apparition!

Sold You may know him by a jaw fall'n, 'tis
No-Pay,

And what a comfort No-Pay's to a Soldier,
I appeal to a council of war, the devil is not
So full of horror No-Pay! I'll not fight
A stroke, though I were sure to clear the empire.

[*Ereunt.*

¹ art] The old copy "wert" D

SCENE III.

A retired spot, near the Houses of Honour and Riches

Enter GETTINGS and CLOD, armed

Get Our weapons' length is² even, but you'll find

There is such odds betwixt us, nought but death
Can reconcile our difference

Clod Deny your major,—I think I heard a scholar use that word against Bellarmine Ay, I'll stand to't, for if nought but death can reconcile our difference, we must be both killed, so³ prepare thyself I hope to send thee to heaven, and be far enough off ere sunset if thou hast made thy will, let them prove it when thou art dead, and bury thee accordingly thy wife will have cause to thank me, it will be a good hearing to the poor of the parish, happy man be⁴ his dole, besides, the Blue-coats can but comfort thy kindred with singing and rejoicing at thy funeral Come on thy ways

Get You're very round, Clod I do not think you have practised fencing of late this is a weapon you are not used to, a pitch-fork were more convenient for you to manage

Clod A pitch-fork ' thou shalt know thy destiny by this, though it have but one point, I know where thy heart lies, I desire no more, and less would satisfy me Unless thou wilt eat thy words, and confess thou hast wronged me, out it shall I have a stomach to cut thee up, and my sword has a pretty edge of itself, and my greatest grief is, that I owe thee nothing, to discharge all together, but 'tis no matter, I can but kill thee

² *is*] The old copy " are " D

³ *so*] The old copy " no " D

⁴ *be*] The old copy " by " D

Get You cannot, sure : for ought I see in your countenance, you are not long-lived yourself, you have but a tallow complexion Do you know what ground you stand upon, Clod ?

Clod Ground !

Get You may tread upon your grave now, for all this blustering

Clod Thou hiest, there's more to provoke thee No, I came not hither to die, and I wo'not be buried at any man's discretion my father was buried i'the country, and my grandfather, and his father before him , and if I live, I'll be buried there myself But what do we lose time ? Look to thy head, for I will make an even reckoning with thy shoulders presently

Enter FOUL-WEATHER-IN-HARVEST.

Hah ! hold , alas, I wo'not fight ! I ha' no heart to lift up a weapon

Get You were fire and tow but e'en now

Clod But here's water Dost not see ? I shall be undone

Get. Who is this ?

Clod Why, 'tis Foul-weather-in-Harvest all spoiled ! I wo'not have thy heart now, and thou wouldest gie't me

Get 'Tis well something will cool you after so much thunder , but it wo'not quench the fire of my anger I do not use to put up these things, when I am drawn to't your Foul-Weather is nothing to the business in hand, therefore submit thy neck to my execution, or—

Clod Kill me, I'll forgive thee , I shall have no harvest to year.

Get And thou hadst as many heads as Hydra—

Enter LONG-VACATION.

Hah ! I'll not hurt a hair , I am frightened ⁵ this is my heart ! You had not so wet, but we are like to have as dry a time on't . I stood upon terms before . this is Long-Vacation

Clod Long-Vacation !

Get I dreamed of a dry summer : he will consume me , it will be a thousand years till Michaelmas. Prithee, let's be friends , for my part, I have no hope of Riches

Clod. And I but little, and this weather hold.

Enter RICHES

Here she comes.

Rich Where be these friends of mine ? Alas, what mean you ?

I am faint with seeking you, to stay your fury ,
For I was told your bloody resolutions
You should be a man of government , are these
The ensigns of the city ? will you give,
Without the herald, in your arms a sword
To the old city dagger ? you wear a gown,
Emblem of peace , will you defile your gravity
With basket hilt and bilbo ? And you, bold yeo-
man,

That, like a rick of hay, hath stood the shock
Of winter, and grew white with snow of age,
Is this an instrument for you ? But I
Am confident that you will say, 'tis love
Of me hath brought you to the field , and therefore
To prevent future mischief, I determine
Here to declare myself. But first conjoin
Your loving hands, and vow a constant friendship ,
Then one of you I'll choose [to be] my husband.

⁵ *frighted*] Some of the old copies (see note, p 305) " frigated " The passage seems corrupt perhaps for " heart," we should read " hurt " D

Get. By our seven gates, that do let in
 Every day no little sin ,
 By the sword which we advance,
 And the cap of maintenance ,
 By the shrive's post, and the hall
 Y-cleped Guild, and London wall ,
 By our Royal Change which yields
 Gentle ware, and by Moor-fields ,
 By our thrice-burnt famous steeple,⁶
 That doth overlook the people ;
 Cheapside-cross, and loud Bow-bell,
 And by all that wish it well ,
 I am friends with him till he dies,
 And love him like my liberties :
 So help me Riches, what I speak,
 The citizen will never break

Rich What say you ?

Clod. By my cart, and by my plough,
 My dun mare, and best red cow ,
 By my barn, and fattest wether,
 My grounds, and all my state together ,
 In thy love I overtake thee,
 Else my whistling quite forsake me,
 And let me ever lie, which worse is,
 At rack and manger with the horses.

Rich Then, master Clod—

Clod. Hah, hah¹ with all my heart am I the
 man¹

Rich. The man¹ I must entreat you⁷ have some
 patience.

I do imagine you affect me dearly,
 And would make much of Riches.

Clod. There's no lady that shall outshine my

⁶ *Our thrice burnt famous steeple*] In 1087 a fire consumed St Paul's and the greater part of the city in 1444 the steeple of St Paul's was much injured, and in 1561, utterly destroyed by lightning D

⁷ *you*] The old copy " to " D

darling 'Tis no matter though I be in russet all the week, Riches shall live like a lady, have perfumed linen, costly gowns, and petticoats worth taking up, and, as the fashion is, I will put thee into a bag.

Rich This wo'not, sir, agree with your condition, To keep me brave, the country cut must be Observ'd

Clod Hang country cuts! do but marry me—

Rich. But this is not my exception, there is more That interdicts our marriage, for though you Are willing to conceal it, master Clod, Yet you and I are kindred, at least cousins

Clod Why, is not your name Riches?

Rich. Though my name Be Riches, yet my mother was a Clod, She married rich earth of America, Where I was born, a dirty family, But many matches have refin'd us now, And we are called Riches

Clod If you were born in America, we are but kindred afar off

Rich. Let us not confound our genealogies

Clod I would be loath to marry an infidel born, and yet I like your complexion so well, that—

Rich No, I am reserv'd for thee, And here I plant my best affection

Get. Welcome to my heart!

How I do love thee, Riches! Oh my soul, We'll marry straight.

Rich And thus much for your comfort, Nay, droop not, Clod, though I be wife to him, Yet if I bury Gettings, I'll be thine, And carry London with us into th' country.

Clod. After this rate you are my wife in law Well, give you joy.

Get Methinks, I fumble my gold chain already But who are these?

Enter Courtier and Soldier.

Court. No Honour to be found !

Sold. Let us enquire

Of these Did any see the lady Honour ?

Get. What care we for Honour, so we have
Riches ?

Court. Hah ! I have been acquainted with this
lady

Rich. I was at court the last week, sir

Court. I remember

Sold. I ha'seen her somewhere too

Rich. I ha'been a traveller.

Sold. Were you never taken by the Hollander ?

Rich. I was in the Plate fleet ⁸

Sold. *Beso las manos, señora.*

Rich. I have almost forgot my Spanish, but after
a little practice I may recover it

Clod. I know not Honour, if I see her, I have
heard of such a lady, ten to one, but Riches can
direct you to her

Rich. I apprehend your desires, sir, and will di-
rect you

Court. I am your servant, lady

Rich. But first, master Gettings, know these
gentlemen

Get. They are in my books already Pray, gen-
tlemen, know my commodities, when I ha' mar-
ried Riches, I shall be better able to furnish you.

Court. We wish you joy.

Sold. And shall remain your debtors

Get. I make no doubt

Court. But here's the lady whom we enquire for

Sold. She has music to attend her. [*Music*

⁸ *I was in the Plate Fleet*] Is this a satirical allusion to the disappointment that prevailed at the non-capture of the Spanish Plate fleet by the combined English and Dutch fleets in October, 1625 ? D.

Enter HONOUR *and* INGENUITY.

Hah ! the Scholar !

The case is alter'd is not that Ingenuity ?

Court. How familiar they are ! I hope they're not married

Clod. Is this madam Honour ?

Court So, lady.

Hon Gentlemen,

I come to reconcile your difference.

I did forsee you desperate in love,

And prompted, I confess, your swelling valours

To fight for me, but, upon second thoughts,

I cancell'd that opinion, and devis'd

A way to settle all things without danger

This gentleman, late my servant, Ingenuity,

Hath remov'd all occasion of your further

Courtship, and now [hath] won me for his bride.

Court Married the Scholar ! despis'd !

Sold Affronted !

Hon You are passionate

You could not both possess me, yet in him

Your excellencies meet, and I enjoy'em

He can be courtier and a soldier,

When the occasion presents itself ;

He that hath learn'd to obey well, can command.

Nay, be not sad if you love⁹ me, express it

In your congratulations. Here I fix

Myself, and vow my best affection.

If in the number of my friends I may

Write you, be confident you shall not lose

By your respect to Honour. Lady Riches,

I hope there is no antipathy in your nature,

But you may smile upon a scholar now,

Married to Honour

Rich. Since you have so advanc'd him,

He shall not want my favour.

⁹ love] The old copy "lov'd" D

Ing Now I am confident

Court. We must obey our destiny. Since fate
Meant me not so much happiness, to be
The husband, let me still be humble servant
To Honour.

Sold My desires have the same ambition

Court } Joys crown your marriage '
Sold }

Ing Now you both divide¹ me ,
But in this empire I can brook no rival.
Be all my honour'd guests, and with one feast
And revels celebrate our double marriage

Court And here our love unites. Pardon what
language

My passion threw upon thee I acknowledge
A Soldier's worth above the reach of malice

Sold. My heart shall spread to embrace the noble
Courtier.

Clod. Here's nothing but complement you
should bring up a fashion to kiss one another

Get 'Tis such a dry Clod '

Ing Correct your passions, sir I am inform'd
You have been guilty this day of abuse
Against the noble citizens, and traduc'd
Their yearly Triumph

Get. 'Twas his ignorance ,
But we are friends again

Ing. Then I ha[ve] done Now, gentlemen and
ladies,

In the assurance all are pleas'd, let us
Join in [a] dance , such mirth becomes a wedding
Strike up some nimble air

They Dance

Ing Thus all have seen how providence imparts
Wealth to the city, Honour to the Arts [*Exeunt*

¹ divide] The old copy " denide " D

THE
TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

The Triumph of Beauty] This piece is appended to Shirley's Poems, 1646, 8vo. The title of the old copy is, "*The Triumph of Beavtie As it was personated by some young Gentlemen, for whom it was intended, at a private Recreation By James Shirley*"

"Our author," observes Langhaine, "has imitated Shakspeare in the comical part of his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Shirley's shepherd Bottle is but a copy of Shakspeare's Bottom, the weaver." D

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Paris, son of Priam.

| | | |
|-------------------|---|------------------|
| <i>Bottle,</i> | } | <i>Shepherds</i> |
| <i>Crab,</i> | | |
| <i>Clout,</i> | | |
| <i>Toadstool,</i> | | |
| <i>Shrub,</i> | | |
| <i>Scrip,</i> | | |
| <i>Hobbinoll,</i> | | |

Juno

Pallas.

Venus

Cupid.

Mercury

Hymen

Delight

The Graces.

The Hours.

A King

A Senator.

A Soldier

A Philosopher

SCENE, Mount Ida

THE
TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

Scene, a Grove

Enter BOTTLE, followed by CRAB, CLOUD, TOADSTOOL, SHRUB, SCRIP, and HOBBINOLL

Omnes A Bottle, a Bottle !

Bot I am out of wind So, so, are we all here ?
Good men and true, stand together, and hear your
charge Hum, hum—

Hob Bottle has something in him, I knew him
of a little one

Ser A very sucking Bottle

Bot Peace, Scrip, and Hobbinoll Toadstool,
draw a little nearer You all know—

Crab What do you know ?

Bot Silence, neighbour Crab Which of you
all is so wise, as to know what I would say now ?
why there's it, and yet you will be prating . ignorant
puppies ! and a man should knock your brains
out—You all know, I say—

Crab I say again, we know not Bottle, you
forget yourself, you called us all ignorant puppies
but now, and now again you say, we all know—

Bot. The prince,—excuse me,—you all know
Paris, the prince of Troy.

Crab We know him now, but it was a mystery
for many years.

320 THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY

Hob Our young lord and master?

Bot Why, very good then, and yet I must be corrupted? No, no, Bottle is a dry coxcomb, an empty fool. Bye t'ye, make the prunce merry yourselves.

Scr Nay, Bottle, sweet Bottle, sweet Bottle. You will never leave this peevish humour, Crab. Come, he is sorry.

Crab. Well, I am sorry, but will you not give a man leave to speak?

Bot Speak! yes, but then you must not talk, and bolt such peremptory questions, when I mis-call you for your own good. What is't to me, and the Prince shall take a convenient twig, or drown himself in one of his melancholy fits? I can live, when you have all betaken yourselves to hemp, I can. Only I prefer the public good before all the world, and the prince before that, and myself before the prince, and my wife before myself, and your wife, neighbour, before her. I know what's what. But what's all this, unless we be reconciled and perfectly divided among ourselves? I know you all love me.

Scr I love Bottle with my heart.

Bot But the prince is another manner of man, though I say't, and, every day, falls away with a humour of melancholy, if we shall join our panners, to make him merry with some rare and pleasant device—why, your old friend and Bottle, and so forth. Now, let every man speak his opinion freely, as his own want of discretion shall direct him.

Hob Some new device? there be a thousand new devices, and a man could but remember one on'em.

Scr Stay, some strange shapes, Bottle. Silence. What do you think, and we should all be fishes?

Bot He says well for silence, this must consist of mutes.

Scr. I can play a mute rarely

Crab You the mute! as if nobody could speak but you, you the mute!

Hob And the river hard by, will serve us rarely to act in.

Scr And when we dance under water, nobody can see our footing. And you love me, let me be a whale: oh, I can foot it curiously! and I can drink like a fish

Bot No, I do not like these water-works I was in a fair election to be drowned at the last sheep-shearing; and the cramp is a thing to be considered. No water-works

Hob What do you say to birds, a device of birds?

Bot. Birds! You'll be an owl too.

Hob I have been taken for one in a tree a hundred times. [*He counterfeits the voice of an owl.*]

Bot No, I have thought of a conceit—d ye hear? we scorn fishes, they are dull, phlegmatick things, and your birds at best are melancholy matters. what do you think of—

Hob Beasts then, let us all be beasts, Bottle

Bot Be all asses, will you not? bye t'ye again Play the fools yourselves, do, and see how the prince will like it, if Bottle be out I am a puppy, I? no, no

Scr Nay, nay, honest Bottle. did you not bid every man speak according to his discretion?

Bot I grant you, but is there discretion in a beast? let us all play the beasts, quotha! Oh, I could be as musty as the prince now, but I am of too sweet a nature to fly out which makes you presume. Well, now or never, will you be ruled yet?

Hob Now, and never too, Bottle.

Omnes A Bottle, a Bottle! Silence, break silence.

322 THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

Bot Why then I'll make you all princes or lords, or something else that shall be little better, and because we are all shepherds, we'll do a thing proper to our callings

Omnes That, that, Bottle

Bot What do you say, if we act the Tragedy of the Golden Fleece?

Crab How! a tragedy to make the prince merry!

Bot There's the conceit if he do not laugh at every man of us, I'll lose my part of the next posset, neighbour

Scr He cannot choose

Bot You all remember the story of Jason, that sailed to Colchos, with Hercules, and a company of blades, where he killed the brazen-footed bulls, and the fiery dragons Let me see, how many actors are we?—the number will serve well, let me see, first, who shall do Hercules in the lion's belly?

Hob Belly!

Bot Why, in the lion's skin; 'tis all one.

Shr I'll do Hercules

Hob Let Shrub do Hercules, he has played afore

Shr I have a club already, and I know where a terrible lion is, if any man will but flea off his skin for me Let me alone. [*He struts and speaks small.*]

Omnes A Shrub, a Hercules!

Bot. Who shall do lady Medea, the king's daughter, that fell in love with Jason, and bewitched the dragon?

Toad. I'll do the lady, and the king's daughter, and for a witch I am right by the mother's side.

[*He speaks big*]

Crab His very voice will conjure

Toad Who plays Jason, my sweetheart?

Hob. Is Jason a man or a woman?

Bot Jason is a king's son, and captain of a ship called Argo.

Crab. For a prince or an emperor, I know where a choice might be made; but I have no heart to the captain

Bot Your reason, neighbour Crab?

Crab I know not which limb I can best spare, and carpenters ¹make but scurvy legs At foot-ball or fisty-cuffs, I fear no prince under the moon

Bot You fight against nobody but bulls, and fiery dragons

Crab Do I not?

Bot. And they must be all fast asleep when you kill'em, nay, Hercules himself must take your part too

Crab Nay, then let me alone

Bot Now, my masters, who shall do the dragon?

Scr Is it a he, or a she dragon?

Bot No matter which

Scr What do you think of my wife? she'll do't. She does the dragon at home, 'twould do a man's heart good to be out of the house, nobody is able to endure her, she is a flying dragon, and will fit you rarely

Bot We wo' not be troubled with women, and you'll do't yourself, well and good

Scr Rather than the play shall not go forward, my wife shall teach me my part

Hob Do you mean I shall have no part? shall Hobbinoll play nothing? Clout has no part neither

Bot. You shall be Medea's brother, Absyrtus, a little child.

Hob I shall be too tall.

Bot You must be cut a pieces, and have your limbs thrown about the waves

Crab And when your legs, and your head, are cut off, you will be no bigger than a child we'll take a course to make you little enough And,

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Clout, do you see? you shall be the ship, hung all round about with flags, and fine things, we cannot come to Colchos without you

Clout Shall I play the ship? let me alone to carry my body swimming.

Crab Have a care you do not leak before the prince, and be sure to carry a good wind in your poop, Clout. But stay, all this while, who shall do the golden fleece? Bottle, you forget that?

Bot. The chief part in the play, and one that must wear the best clothes too

Crab Why, let some body else do Jason, and I'll do the golden fleece.

Scr. Or I.

Hob Or I

Toad Or any body; or what if we left out the golden fleece?

Bot What if you left out the play? the golden fleece out? why 'tis the name, and the only rich thing in the play.

Scr. Why, then leave out the ship.

Clout. Yes, and go by land to Colchos. May not some body do two parts? let Scrip do the dragon, and the king's daughter

Crab Or leave out the little boy, he has but a small part

Hob I'll be cut in pieces a hundred times first. leave out Hercules, and you will, or Jason. if I do not fit you, Crab!

Shr Why Hercules left out, good-man Hobbinoll? [*Shrub strikes Hobbinoll. they all fight*]

Toad. No mutiny, Shrub. Neighbour Crab—

Bot. So, so, we shall have a tragedy indeed. Have a care of the King's daughter among you. Hold,—They'll tear Clout all to pieces—have a care of the ship.

Crab. Sink or swim, I care not.

Clout Oh, my ribs!

Bot. He that gives the next blow shall lose his share, if he be not turned out of the company What, my masters, you shall not fall out about this golden fleece, I kept that part for myself, I warrant you you shall not fall out about sharing, I am resolved the golden fleece is mine, as I am the best actor, and master of the company.

Clout Bottle indeed had no part before so, so, then we are all friends, and fitted

Hob When shall we have our parts? oh Bottle how I thurst! when our parts?

Bot Parts! why, you must do it instantly, the Prince stays for't

Shr How? the Lion is to be killed, whose skin I must wear when I play Hercules

Clout Do you think, I can do the ship, and have not half my tacklings about me?

Scr. And I have not practised to spit fire yet

Bot I knew what a company of sots you would be You'll be Hercules, and you'll be a whale, and you'll be a ship, and you'll be a dragon, and you will be a lady You, actors! you animals, to undertake a play, and ask when you shall have your parts! Oh I am ashamed! but there is no remedy, with such dull capacities Do you remember the antic dance, I taught you last? that shall serve for this time The prince keeps his old walk be sure to be within reach of my voice, when I call you Get behind the trees, I spy him
[*Exeunt*]

Enter PARIS

Par What is it to be sprung of kingly race,
Or have the blood of Priam in my veins,
Yet dare not call him father? He was cruel,
Thus for a dream to banish me his sight,
And my dear mother's arms

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[*Bot. within*] So ho, ho, ho !

Par. This busy shepherd will afflict me still
 With his unseasonable mirth I am
 Only in love with melancholy , pleasures
 Are tedious to my soul Must I be ever
 Confin'd to woods ? are beasts or men more wild
 Than they, companions for a prince ? are these
 Fit ornaments of state ? is this a palace ?

[*Bot. within*] So ho, ho, ho !

Par. Again ? would I could hide me from the
 world !

I will go seek my dwelling in some rock,
 Where never day shall be acquainted with me ,
 The sun, whose beams cheer all the world beside,
 Shines like a comet o'er my head

Re-enter BOTTLE.

Bot So ho, ho, ho ! I thought we had lost you.
 Why, how now ? still in this humour ? will your
 highness never be a changeling ? D'ye hear sir ?
 I met your nurse at the bottom of the hill

Par What nurse ?

Bot The charitable bear that gave you suck ,
 for though you be a prince born, your parents
 would not be at the charge to bring you up at
 court Mistress Ursula, and I, have been the best
 friends to your blood royal.

Par I prithee, leave me

Bot. Leave my young prince in a wood ! A word
 to the wise—are not you in love ?

Par. In love ! with what ?

Bot Nay, I do not know what wild beast hath
 entangled you, but I have a shrewd suspicion , for
 thus simply did I look by all report, when I was
 in love too , it had almost undone me, for it infected
 me with poetry, and I grew witty, to the admiration
 of all the owls in Ida You shall hear my verses

*Heigh-ho, what shall a shepherd do,
That is [in] love, and cannot woo ?
By sad experience now I find,
That love is dumb as well as blind
Her hair is bright, her forehead high,
Then am I taken with her eye
Her cheeks I must commend for gay,
But then her nose hangs in my way.
Her lips I like, but then steps in
Her white and pretty dimpled chin
But then her neck I do behold,
Fit to be hang'd in chains of gold
Her breast is soft as any down,
Beneath which lies her maiden town,
So strong and fortifi'd within,
There is no hope to take it in*

—And so forth But I thank my dutiful father, he cured me with a flail, and most learnedly thrashed blind Cupid out of my sides, I had been no Bottle of this world else

Par If thou dost love me, do not interrupt me, I would be private

Bot I would be loth to be unmannerly, and hinder a princely recreation, but I see no temptations, nothing in the likeness of a petticoat What would you be private for ?

Par I have some serious thoughts to examine If thou wilt use thy diligence to keep off those that rudely would disturb my present retirement, trust me, I'll reward thy care with my best wether.

Bott'e Wether¹ you are wise Do you think, sir, I have so little honesty, to be sir Pandarus to your melancholy ? Illo, ho¹

Par What, art thou mad ?

Bot You are little better if you can get their consent—

Par Whose consent ?

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Bot. Hobbinoll, Crab, Toad-stool—Illō ho, boys!
—some friends of yours, that sent me to hunt out
your highness, your humble subjects and play-fel-
lows, that have a mind to be merry. To tell you
true, we have taken notice of your sullen disposi-
tion, and therefore half a dozen have penned a
dance to revile your spirits: simple as I appear, my
head had a hand in it. If you do hear an oration
over and above, by way of a preparative to the
physick we intend, so I name nobody: all the
shepherds' wit is not a wool-gathering. Therefore
stir not, my dear prince, as you will answer the
contempt of our authority at your peril. [*Exit*

Par. What a strange rudeness am I forc'd
to obey!

Unhappy Paris! thy ungentle stars
Not only have decreed thy cruel exile
From those delights thy blood and birth should
challenge,
But by their fatal doom vouchsafe thee not
'To enjoy a quiet misery

Bagpipes are heard

Re enter BOTTLE

Bot. Hold thou unlearned bagpipe; for now I am
To act a speech unto the son of Priam. Hum, hum
Most noble prince!—you must not lie down yet,—
Most noble prince, behold thy Bottle here,
Thy well beloved Bottle does appear,
With many more that shall be seen hereafter,
To tickle thy kind spleen into a laughter
With fear and wit, or without fear and wit,
We come, as it becomes, to frisk a bit,
In a ridiculous round, and therefore lie
Thee down and laugh,—now you may lie down,
so,—

Thee down and laugh, for we do mean whereby
It may be said in a well written dance
To shew thee sport, our heels for to advance,
Which is an excellent thing Banish thy fears,
Oh lovely prince, bred up amongst the bears,
And bear with us.

*The Shepherds enter and dance On the sudden,
other music is heard, and, MERCURY descending,
BOTTLE and the Shepherds run in*

Par. What mist doth dwell about my eyes? I
feel
Their heavy curtains fall Welcome, soft sleep,
The cure of all unrest, help to repair
The broken silence of my brain, distil
Thy balm into my wounded thoughts oh see,
I do obey, and throw my cares on thee! [*Sleeps.*]

A Song

*Cease warring thoughts, and let his brain
No more discord entertain,
But be smooth and calm again.
Ye crystal rivers that are nigh,
As your streams are passing by,
Teach your murmurs harmony.
Ye winds that wait upon the spring,
And perfumes to flowers do bring,
Let your amorous whispers here
Breathe soft music to his ear
Ye warbling nightingales repair
From every wood, to charm this air,
And with the wonders of your breast,
Each striving to excel the rest,
When it is time to wake him, close your parts,
And drop down from the trees with broken hearts*

Mer Young Priam's son, and darling of the gods,

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I, Mercury, wing'd messenger of Jove,
 By his command have left his spangled court,
 And through the silver orbs descend to tell thee,
 That he hath chosen thee to be the judge
 Between three deities, which shall best deserve
 This golden ball, Juno, his queen of heaven,
 Pallas, the goddess of fair arts and arms,
 And Cytherea, queen of love and beauty.
 Shake off thy clouds of sleep, and freed from all
 Distractions, prepare to hear them plead
 Their glories here. Imperial Juno, drawn
 By her proud birds, is stooping from her coach;
 The Jove-born maid already hath dismounted;
 The Paphian queen, with her young archer, drawn
 By swans more white than Rhodopean snow,
 Is now descending from her chariot;
 And on the green plush of this Ida hill
 They all move to thee with celestial pace.
 Paris, awake, Jove doth his herald call;
 To the most worthy give this golden ball

[*Ascends.*

Par What have I seen?
 What strange but heavenly dream hath Paris had?
 [*He spies the ball.*

Yet this presents more than an empty shadow:
 I'm sure it grew not here, there are no trees
 That bear such fruit in Ida, such as these
 Grew in the orchard of Hesperides,
 And ever guarded by a watchful dragon
 Then Jove hath gather'd it, and sent it me.
 What's here inscrib'd? *This to the best deserver!*
 I am not then deluded, it is fit
 I should observe with all obedience
 Great Jove's command

Soft music.

What sacred change is this?
 Such harmony must needs speak the approach
 Of the celestial powers

Song of Juno, within

*Love sent thee, Paris, what is mine ,
 Be safely bold ,
 And for that trifle I resign
 A wreath of gold
 Obey then and command thou canst not be
 Just to thyself, if not to me*

Song of Pallas, within.

*Twice happy in thy choice, be wise ,
 Ere thou dispense
 This treasure, give thy reason eyes,
 And blind thy sense.
 Thus arms and arts thy humble name shall raise,
 Alike to wreaths of oaks and bays*

Song of Venus, within

*She, whom all suppliants else implore,
 Is here made thine,
 And will for this a gift restore,
 No less divine
 The best of pleasures thus enjoy, and try
 Where Beauty courts, who can deny ?*

Chorus within.

*Examine, princely shepherd, here
 The offerings which we send thee,
 How for that narrow golden sphere,
 Wealth, fame, and love attend thee ,
 And judge by this, how large these honours be,
 None to each other yield, yet all to thee.*

*JUNO, PALLAS, and VENUS, at several places appear : JUNO attended by a king and a senator ,
 PALLAS by a soldier and a philosopher , VENUS by
 HYMEN and CUPID They dance : at the close, their
 attendants remove. PARIS kneels*

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Juno. Put off thy wonder, Paris, and collect
 Thy scattered senses in our temples we
 Expect those humble adorations
 And sacrifice from mortals, that do bring
 Petitions to our altars We are come,
 Juno, Minerva, and the sea-born queen,
 From our bright palaces, to sue to thee,
 Think it no stain to our celestial nature.
 That golden ball, sent thee by Jove, to be
 Her prize, whose merits can obtain it from
 Thy equal sentence of us three, hath brought
 Our competition hither. be just, Paris,
 And live for ever happy

Par. How shall Paris,
 Whose years are green, and too unripe for judgment,

Decide the worth of three such deities,
 Which not a council of the gods themselves
 Hath wisdom to determine?

Juno We will plead
 Our own deserts before thee, to which give
 Thy fixt attention, and hear Juno first
 Court thy election

Par Humbly I attend

Juno I'll not insist, that I am with the vote
 Of all the gods first both in place and title,
 Th'Olympian empress, Jove's wife and sister,
 These are but names and shadows of my greatness,

And which do rather fright, than win from mortals,
 Whose sense must let in objects to the soul.
 Know, Paris, with that sceptre I controul,
 Not skies alone, but all this under world
 Kingdoms and crowns are mine, all wealth contain'd

In Neptune's watery circle, or the veins
 Of earth, as subject to my gift and largess,

Mm With favour of great Juno's empire,

She that disposeth golden mines at pleasure,
 'Tis strange should hold contention for a ball

Juno. I do, and will reward it with more treasure
 Than his ambition knows how to ask ,
 Not that I prize that poor and narrow globe,
 But that I hate, Pallas should be competitor,
 Or any with Saturnia Give it me,
 And I will furnish thee with the same metal,
 To build thyself a palace, about which,
 The vellow Tagus, and Iberus' streams,
 Asian Pactolus, and the Indian Ganges,
 Shall flow with golden sands Let thy birth, Paris,
 Put thee in mind what 'tis to be a monarch.
 I will adorn thy temples with a wreath,
 Whose flame shall dim bright Ariadne's crown,
 Embellish'd with the glorious lamps of heaven.
 Name but the bounds and limits of thy empire
 Asia shall bow, and all her stubborn princes,
 Like petty homagers shall kneel before thee,
 And lay their shining sceptres at thy feet ,
 Europe shall prostrate all her provinces,
 And glory in her servitude Incline
 To me, and India shall send thee pearls,
 As tribute to bestow upon thy queens
 The precious ermine² shall without pursuit
 Present thee with her skins , and the cold climes
 Bring home rich furs and sables to adorn thee
 The servile rooms within thy palace, shall
 Have Babylonian hangings, and rich shapes,
 Wrought by the needle of Semiramis
 The fish shall bring thee purple to the shore ,
 Panchaia send thee spice and wealthy gums,
 Such as the Arabian³ bird doth fill her nest with,

² *ermine*] The old copy "Ermynos,"—a form of the word, which, I believe, occurs sometimes in our early writers D

³ *Arabian*] I have substituted this word for the reading of the old copy "Assyrian," following the example of Mr Gifford in vol u 248 D

334 THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

When she prepares for sacrifice , the spoils
Of silk-worms shall make proud thy meanest
grooms.

What shall I say? present that ball to me,
And in exchange I'll give the world to thee.

Pal Juno hath said, and were not Pallas here,
Might tempt thee, Paris, to forget thyself:
Her promises are vast, and full of state,
But weigh'd with what Minerva can bestow,
They shrink to air, and thou, Ixion-like,
Embracing Juno dost but grasp a cloud.
Nay, if thou dost examine well her gifts,
Howe'er their flattering sound affect thy ear,
Or their possession court thy eye with shew
And specious glories, thou shalt find within
They have disguis'd a poison, that doth lurk
To infect thy mind, and kill with their corruption
Thy intellectual beauties, by soft ease,
A sordid avarice, coward thoughts, and all
The train of lust[s] and lethargies that hang
Upon a masculine soul , where⁴ thy acceptance
Of what is in my power, shall make thee scorn
These things of care and golden slavery,
That fool and flinty consciences adore,
And grasp'd, like thieving sands steal through our
fingers

I'll give thee wisdom, Paris, in which name
I comprehend all harmony of earth
And heaven, and make thee kinsman to the gods.
Nature shall open her dark bosom to thee,
And give thee leave to rifle all her wonders ,
The virgin arts shall court thee to be call'd
Their oracle , and whatsoe'er the extent
Of that wide orb contains, whose bounds shut up
The universal creature, shall unveil
Their beauties, and be proud to enrich thy know-
ledge.

⁴ *where*] i e *whereas* D

Ven. Juno and Pallas promise gallantly.

Pal. Yet this concludes not, what Minerva can
Bestow upon her Paris If the arts
Inflame thee not, or do appear less active,
And glorious to meet thy fierce ambition,
Fame shall want breath to tell the world what
triumphs

Shall crown thy name in war, if Pallas arm
Thy breast with courage, which my bounty throws
To thy acceptance If that ball be mine,
I'll give thee a spirit, Trojan, and such conquests
By thy own valour, as at once shall fright,
And please the hearer's faith Nations shall tremble
To mention thy great acts, whose memory
Shall out-live all Egyptian pyramids,
And bloom when winters have defac'd the world,
And feeble time shall droop and halt with age
Trophies shall fall in duty to thy sword,
And captive princes wait upon thy chariot,
Some shall build statues, others invent games,
Some temples to thy name, while holy priests,
And virgin quires shall make it their religion,
To pay thee songs, and crown thy images
With ever-springing garlands Be wise, Paris,
Resolve to make that golden circle mine,
Both arts and arms shall make their glories thine.

Ven. What words, what argument to move thee,
Paris,

Is left for Cytherea? Mighty Juno
Woos thy ambition with state and kingdoms,
Courting thy genius in a shower of gold.
Pallas not only will inspire thy soul,
With valour, on which victory shall wait,
And crown thy head with her immortal laurels,
But make thee rich in science, and uncloud
The sacred beauties of all art and nature
These bounties seem to have left Venus nothing;
But when my power and gifts come to the balance,

336 THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

Paris shall see their glories, thin and light,
 Fly into air. I am the queen of love
 Think but how poor are Pallas' victories,
 When I have made her greatest soldiers tame,
 Forc'd'em look pale, and tremble, sigh and weep,
 Ready to give their ghost up at a frown,
 And think my smile or kiss their only heaven.
 Her oracles of wisdom and philosophy
 Have been my fools, and all their strength of
 learning,

But able to express great Love's supremacy,
 And my dominions boundless What do I
 Boast the extent of my command on earth,
 When under my diviner ensigns march
 Etherial troops, my power confess'd by Jove
 To sway in heaven ? and what are all the treasures
 And gifts of Juno, kingdoms pil'd on kingdoms,
 Which at the best but multiply thy cares
 To keep, if Love be not propitious to thee ?
 Who can discharge a thousand stings upon
 Thy heart, and make it prisoner when I please.

Juno. The goddess of vexation we allow thee.

Ven. But these are not the motives to incline
 Thy thoughts, young prince, to me, thus fear, not
 love

Should plead for me, although the torments are
 High and consuming, where I fix displeasure,
 The joys I pour upon my favourites
 Shall be my orators, whose endless charms
 Are above counter-magic, and shall tie
 Thy soul in everlasting chains of love.
 Poets have feign'd Elysium after death,
 Which thou shalt here possess, and all the pleasure
 Of those blest shades, they talk of in their songs,
 Shall spread themselves before thee, which thou
 shalt

Possess as lord, not tenant to the groves.
 It shall be ever spring, and ever summer,

Where Paris shall inhabit , all rude airs,
 The killing dews, tempest, and lightning, shall
 Be strangers to thy walks, which the west wind[s]
 Shall with their soft and gentle gales perfume.
 The laurel and the myrtle shall compose
 Thy arbours, interwoven with the rose,
 And honey-dropping woodbine , on the ground
 The flowers ambitiously shall crowd themselves
 Into love-knots and coronets, to entangle
 Thy feet, that they may kiss them, as they tread,
 And keep them prisoners in their amorous stalks
 The violet shall weep when thou remov'st,
 And the pale lilly deck her innocent cheek
 With pearls to court thy stay , the hyacinth,
 When thou art passing by her, shall disclose
 Her purple bosom to thee, proud to be
 Saluted by thy eye, and being left,
 Blush, droop, and wither, like a love-sick virgin.
 Doth Paris thirst ? rivers of nectar flow
 In every chrystal channel wouldst thou feed ?
 The trees shall bow under their heavenly fruit,
 And offer their ambrosia to thy gathering
 Nor shalt thou be alone , a thousand nymphs,
 Fairer than ever thy eyes gaz'd upon,
 Shall wait upon my darling, and with sport
 Make thy delight immortal These at last,
 To crown thy joys, shall lead thee to a mistress,
 Compar'd to whom, their beauties have no name ,
 In whose least part more wonders shall invite
 Thy amaz'd eye, than all the queens of earth
 Can boast together , and this beauty's heaven
 Will I bestow on Paris, in whose love
 He shall possess more raptures, than are sands
 In all the glass of time

Juno Fine any blessings !

A small art will distinguish 'twixt us three,
 Who can deserve thee best

Par I am transported ,

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And first my humble gratitude presented
 For this, an honour above all, that has
 A name in story, lent to grace a mortal,
 And give me patience, you diviner natures,
 If it distract, and fright my weaker counsels.
 It is not safe to think ; what language then
 Shall have the confidence to express those thoughts
 That merit to be stifled ? I must tremble
 To be myself, and speak Yet, if I dream not,
 I am commanded to resign this ball,
 Not mine, but hers, of you three best deserving :
 Is't not a sin to name one best ? oh pardon !
 That I had leave to whisper in the ear
 Of Jove two minutes !

Pal. It was meant by him,
 You should declare yourself to us.

Ven Be confident,
 And wisdom guide the sentence

Juno 'Tis expected,
 Be therefore bold and wise.

Par I feel new courage
 Infus'd ; there's something spreads through every
 part,
 And chides my timorous youth into resolve
 Of something that must be.

Omnes It must be welcome.
 We are prepar'd

Par. Great Juno, I not dare
 To question your vast power, the world and you
 Shut all up with one circle. Wealth and kingdoms
 Are able to strike blind with their temptation
 The eyes of young ambition, and my birth
 Had sure those seeds of glory, but my fate
 Has stifled'em, and made them so familiar
 With shades and humble thoughts, I cannot find
 My soul now fit for those desires

Juno Despise
 My gifts ! perish in wants unpitied.

Pal Nay, stay, and hear one more concluded,
Juno :⁵

The ball is not bestow'd

Par. 'Tis some unhappiness,
 I look not with that admiration
 Upon Minerva's gifts Philosophy,
 That teacheth to contemplate heaven and nature,
 Carries some trouble with it ; and for arms,
 There are enow will bleed to be triumphant ,
 A limb to me is better than a laurel
 Purchas'd with wounds Your pardon, if I think
 The queen of love to be preferr'd Accept
 The ball, bright Cytherea, and with it
 The humble heart of Paris.

Juno. Am I thus
 Neglected by a boy? how I despise him !

Pal. I pity the fond youth

[*Exeunt Juno and Pallas.*

Par They are both gone

Ven. Displeased.

Par Their anger frights not me,
 So I be welcome here.

Ven. Be confident,

Enter CUPID

Love shall confirm it : see, my son appears
 Cupid, I thought thou hadst been lost.

Cup. Though blind,
 I never lose my way to beauty · mother,
 I all this while but hover'd in the air,
 To hear how Paris would determine, and
 Rejoice in beauty's triumph, and thy justice

Par. Let Juno fret, and Pallas frown ,
 Nature to all succeeding times shall prove,
 Wealth, arts, and arms must yield to conquering
 love

⁵ *Nay, stay, &c*] A friend proposes to read

“ *Nay, stay, and hear once more concluded, Juno* ” D

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Cup That name belongs to me.

Par Venus and Cupid will no doubt agree
Love dwells with beauty, they together move,
There is no beauty where there is not love.

Cup For this choice, young Paris, know,
While powerful Cupid hath a bow,
A golden shaft, or skilful hand,
All shall move at thy command

Par You both make Paris happy

Ven But where are
Our train of Graces, and the pleasant Hours,
To entertain our darling? Where is Hymen?
Where is Delight?

Cup Mother, they both appear

Enter HYMEN and DELIGHT

Song

Hym. Come, ye Graces, come away

Del. Ye pleasant Hours, why do you stay?

Both Upon your mistress wait

Hym See, where in state,
The queen of love and beauty is

Del On such a solemn night as this,
Sacred to kissing,

What bold nymph dare be missing?

Hym. They come, they come, behold
The modest Graces

Enter the Graces

Del. For love's sake mend your paces,
And blush not to be bold

Hym The Hours have lost their wings, I fear

Enter the Hours.

Del No, they appear,

Chorus.

*And Ida green
Is now the court of Paphos' queen,
Where every one doth welcome sing
To Venus, and their new made king*

They all bow to Venus

Ven All these wait
On me, and I command them to attend
On lovely Paris

Par Let me dwell ever
With Cytherca, Ida is turn'd heaven.

Ven Now let us dance, these pleasures are not
active

They dance, after which a Song, and the
Hours steal off.

*How dully all your joys do move ?
Delight is crippled here,
Your motion should be like to that above ;
This is too thick a sphere
The feather-footed Hours are fled away,
Asham'd to stay.
Then follow, fly, oh come,
You must make haste,
If you will taste
Love's new elysium*

Ven We want some of our nymphs, Eunomia,
Fair Diche, and Irene, are they gone ?

I Grace. Although we did entreat them stay,
The pleasant Hours are stol'n away

Ven. Which way ?

[2] *Grace* That way,
To the Elysian bowers.

Par We'll fly, and overtake the happy Hours.
[*Ereunt.*

CUPID AND DEATH.

Cupid and Death) The fiction of Cupid and Death exchanging weapons, is found in various writers, and was probably, as the late Mr Boswell observes, of Italian origin see his note on *Venus and Adonis*,—*Shakspeare*, vol xx p 67 The title of the old copy is *Cupid and Death A Masque As it was Presented before his Excellencie, the Embassadour of Portugal, Upon the 26 of March, 1653 Written by J S* 4to 1653 it was again printed in 4to in 1659 D

THE PRINTER TO THE READER

This Masque was born without ambition of more than to make good a private entertainment, though it found, without any address or design of the author, an honourable acceptation from his Excellency, the ambassador of Portugal, to whom it was presented by Mr Luke Channen, &c

It had not so soon been published, for the author meant all civilities to all persons, but that he heard an imperfect copy was put to the press, with an addition before it, of some things, that should be obtruded by another hand, which the author's judgment could not consent to

The scenes wanted no elegance, or curiosity for the delight of the spectator The musical compositions had in them a great soul of harmony For the gentlemen that performed the dances, thus much the author did affirm upon sight of their practice, that they showed themselves masters of their quality

CHARACTERS IN THE MASQUE

Cupid

Folly

Madness

Death

Despair.

Mercury.

Nature

Host

Chamberlain.

Lovers

Ladies

Old men and women.

Gentlemen

Satyr.

CUPID AND DEATH.

THE SCENE.

A Forest, on the side of a hill, a fair House, representing an Inn or Tavern, out of which cometh an Host, being a jolly, sprightly old man, his cap turned up with crimson, his doublet fustian, with jerkin and hanging sleeves, trunk-hose of russet, stockings yellow, cross-gartered, after him, a CHAMBERLAIN.

Host Are all things in their preparation
For my immortal guests ?

Chamb Nothing is wanting
That doth concern my province, sir ; I am
Your officer above stairs The great chamber,
With the two wooden monuments to sleep in,
(That weigh six load of timber, sir,) are ready.
'That for the prince d'Amour, whom we call Cupid,
I have trimm'd artificially with roses,
And his own mother's myrtle. but I have
Committed sacrilege to please the other,
Death does delight in yew, and I have robb'd
A church-yard for him Are you sure they'll come
'To night ? I would fain see this dwarf call'd Cupid ;
For t' other, I look on him in my fancy
Like a starv'd goblin

Host. Death, I must confess,

Cuts not so many inches in the say¹
 As our last venison , 'tis a thin-chapp'd hound,
 And yet the cormorant is ever feeding

Cham He is kin² to the devouring gentleman
 Of the long robe—

Host. That has bespoke a chamber
 I th' college among the bears, and means to be
 In commons with them.

Cham But, good sir, resolve me,
 Are they good spirited guests[?] will they tipple
 To elevation[?] do they scatter metal
 Upon the waiters[?] will they roar, and fancy
 The drawers, and the fiddles, till their pockets
 Are empty as our neighbour's drone[?] and after
 Drop by degrees their wardrobe, and in the morning
 When they have day-light to behold their naked-
 ness,

Will they with confidence amaze the streets,
 And in their shirts, to save their pickled credits,
 Pretend a race, and trip it like fell footmen[?]
 These rantings were the badges of our gentry
 But all their dancing days are done, I fear.

Host. These were the garbs and motions, late
 in fashion
 With humorous mortals , but these guests are of
 No human race

Cham Pray, what attendance have they[?]

Host Love has two
 Gentlemen, that wait on him in his chamber,
 Of special trust . he cannot act without them.

Cham Their names, sir, I beseech you[?]

Host Folly, and Madness

Cham. A pair of precious instruments,¹ and fit
 To be o' th' privy council.

¹ *Cuts not so many inches in the say*] See note vol 1, p 232 D

² *He is kin* *commous with them*] Not in the 4to of
 1659 D

³ *and fit* *come to*] Not in the 4to of 1659 D

Host. We may see
What most of our nobility are come to
Cham. Sure they are well descended, sir.

Host The fool
Could ride a hundred mile in his own pedigree,
And give as many coats—

Cham. Fools' coats, there are
Enough to wear them.

Host As he had acres in eleven fat lordships,
And play'd at duck and drake with gold, like
pebbles

Cham Was this man born a fool?

Host No, but his keeping
Company with philosophers undid him,
Who found him out a mistress they call'd Fame,
And made him spend half his estate in libraries,
Which he bestow'd on colleges, took the toy
Of building quadrangles, kept open house,
And fell at last most desperately in love
With a poor dairy-maid, for which he was begg'd—

Cham A fool?⁴

Host And leads the van in Cupid's regiment

Cham What was the mad-man, sir?

Host A thing was born to a very fair *per annum*,
And spent it all in looking-glasses

Cham How?

That's a project I ne'er heard on looking-glasses!
How many did he break, sir, in a day?

Host They broke him rather, in the right under-
standing,
For nature having given him a good face,
The man grew wild with his own admirations,
And spent his full means upon flatterers,
That represented him next to an angel
Thus blown up, he took confidence to court

⁴ *he was begg'd—a fool*] An allusion to the custom of begging from the crown the custody of the person, and the profits of the estate, of a man, who was *purus idiota* D

A lady of noble blood, and swelling fortune ;
 Within three days fell sick of the small pox,
 And on the fourth run mad, with the conceit
 His face, when he recover'd, would be like
 A country cake, from which some children had
 New pick'd the plums

Cham. A brace of pretty beagles.

Host. They are here

Cham I see not Death

Host. He's the last thing we look for

*Enter CUPID, FOLLY, and MADNESS , the Host
 joins with them in a dance*

SONG.

*Though little be the god of love,
 Yet his arrows mighty are,
 And his victories above
 What the valiant reach by war .
 Nor are his limits with the sky ,
 O'er the malky way he'll fly,
 And sometimes wound a deity.
 Apollo once the Python slew,
 But a keener arrow flew
 From Daphne's eye, and made a wound,
 For which the god no balsam found
 One smile of Venus too did more
 On Mars, than armies could before
 If a warm fit thus pull him down,
 How will she ague-shake him with a frown !
 Thus Love can fiery spirits tame,
 And, when he please, cold rocks inflame*

*[Exeunt Cupid, Folly, Madness, Host, and
 Chamberlain.]*

*Enter DEATH , he danceth the second entry , after
 which, he speaks*

Death. Holla ! within !

Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN

Cham. You are welcome, gentlemen — Hah !
 Quarter, oh quarter ! I am a friend, sir,
 A moveable belonging to this tenement,
 Where you are expected — Cupid is come already,
 And supp'd, and almost drunk — we ha[ve] reserv'd,
 According to order, for your palate, sir,
 The cockatrice's eggs, the cold toad-pie,
 Ten dozen of spiders, and the adders' tongues
 Your servant Famine, sir, bespoke.

Death Live, live [Exit

Cham I thank you, sir — A curse upon his phys-
 nomy !

How was I surpris'd ! 'twas high time to comfort me,
 I felt my life was melting downward

Within Death, oh, Death !

Cham Who's that ? I do not like the voice
 What art !

Enter DESPAIR, with a halter.

Des A miserable thing

Cham Ay, so thou seem'st
 Hast not a name ?

Des My name, sir, is Despair

Cham Despair ! my time's not come yet — what
 have I

To do with thee ? what com'st thou hither for ?

Des To find out Death, life is a burden to me,
 I have pursued all paths to find him out,
 And here i'th'forest had a glimpse on him,
 But could not reach him with my feet or voice
 I would fain die, but Death flies from me, sir.

Cham I wonder you should travel in the forest,
 And among so many trees find none convenient,
 Having the tackling ready 'bout your neck too
 Some great affairs take up the devil's time.

He cannot sure attend these low employments ,
 He's busy bout leviathans I know not ;
 There's something in't You have not made your
 will, sure

Des Yes, sir, I carry it wi'me , it wants nothing
 But his name, and my subscription

Cham Whose name ?

Des His name, I mean to make my heir.

Cham Who's that ?

Des That charitable man,
 Will bring Death to me , there's a blank left for
 him ,

And if you please to do me, sir, the office,
 Even you shall be the man I have profess'd
 An usurer these fifty years and upwards ,
 The widows and sad orphans, whose estates
 I have devour'd, are croaking in my conscience

Cham And shall he be your heir, that does this
 feat,

To make you acquainted with this cannibal
 You talk of ?

Des Oh, my happiness !

Cham I'll do it

But I believe you're sorry for your baseness,
 Your rapines and extortions⁵—

Des Mistake not,
 I am sorry for no mischief I have done ,
 That would come near repentance, which, you
 know,

Cures all the achings of the soul , if I
 Could but be sorry, Death were of no use to me

Cham Keep ye of thit mind, you say very right,
 sir,

I'll try what I can do

With Death, to do your conscience a courtesy .
 He's now within our house I'll bring you pen
 And ink, to write my name too, honest father.

⁵ *extortions*] The 4to of 1653 “ extortion ” D

Des. 'Thou art my dearest child, take all my blessings

Cham Here's like to be a fortune! [*Exit.*

Des I want strength

To climb, I see a very pretty twig else,

And space for a most comfortable swing

'Tis a hard case the devil wo' not help [*He climbs*

At a dead lift [*He falls*] O my sciatica!

I have broke my spectacles, and both my hips

Are out of joint Help!

Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN, with a bottle of wine

Cham Death will be with you presently, the last course

Is now on the table that you may not think

The time long, I have brought you—hah! rise up,
sir

Des Alas! I have had a fall: I was endeavouring
To do the meritorious work, and hang
Myself, for Death, methought, was long a coming,
But my foot slipp'd

Cham Alas, what pity 'twas!
If I had thought your soul had been in such
Haste, I would have given you a lift before
I went

Des It was my zeal,

Cham Alas, it seem'd so!

You might have took the river with more ease,
The stream would have convey'd you down so gently,
You should not feel which way your soul was going.
But against the frights Death might bring with him,
I have brought you a bottle of wine. I'll begin, sir.
[*Drinks.*

Des Would it were poison!

Cham. So would not I, I thank you,
'Tis pure blood of the grape

Des Wine?

Cham. At my charge,—I know you do not use
To pay for nectar,—I bestow it, sir

Des That's kindly said I care not if I taste—
[*Drinks.*

Cham. I'th'mean time, please you, I'll peruse
the will,

I can put in my own name, and make it fit
For your subscription What's here? hah! [*Reads.*
A thousand pound in jewels, in ready money
*Ten thousand more,—land—*Hah, preserve my
senses!

I'll write my name, and thank heaven afterwards.
Here, sir, before you can subscribe, the gentleman
Will come, and kill you to your heart's content.

Des Hum!

This foolish wine has warm'd me what d'ye call
The name on't?

Cham Sack.

Des Sack! why, truly, son—

Cham Nay,

Sir, make haste, for Death will be here instantly

Des At his own leisure, I would not be trouble-
some

Now I do know his lodging, I can come
Another time

Cham But the will, father? you may write now—

Des Deeds are not vigorous without legal wit-
nesses,

My scrivener lives at the next town, and I
Do find my body in a disposition
To walk a mile or two Sack, d'ye call it?
How strangely it does alter my opinion!

Cham. Why, have you no mind to hang your-
self?

Des. I thank you,
I find no inclination

Cham Shall not I be your heir then?

Des. In the humour,

And spirit, I now feel in brain and body,
I may live—to see you hang'd . I thank you heartily.

Cham But you will have the conscience, I hope,
To pay me for the wine has wrought this miracle.

Des Your free gift, I remember ; you know, *I*
use not

To pay for nectar, as you call it Yet
I am not without purpose to be grateful
Some things shall be corrected in my will ,
In the mean time, if you'll accept of a
Small legacy, this hemp is at your service ,
And *it shall cost you nothing, I bestow it*
[*Gives him the halter.*

We men of money, worn with age and cares,
Drink in new life from wine that costs us nothing.
Farewell, and learn this lesson from Despair,
Give not your father sack, to be his heir [*Exit*

Cham Not a tear left² would's brains were in
the bottle' [*Exit*

SONG.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ,
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far,
As night or day,
I et you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men
Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are ;
Nor to these alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ,
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN

Cham. Ho, master, master¹

Enter Host

Host What's the matter?

Cham. Nothing but to ask you, whether you be
Alive or no, or whether I am not
My own ghost, that thus walk and haunt your house

Host Thou lookest frighted

Cham. Death and his train are gone,
I thank heaven he's departed. I slept not
One wink to night, nor durst I pray aloud,
For fear of waking Death, but he at midnight
Calls for a cup to quench his thirst, a bowl
Of blood I gave him for a morning's draught,
And had an ague all the while he drunk it
At parting, in my own defence, and hope
To please him, I desir'd to kiss his hand,
Which was so cold, o'th'sudden, sir, my mouth
Was frozen up, which as the case stood
Then with my teeth did me a benefit,
And kept the dancing bones from leaping out
At length, fearing for ever to be speechless,
I us'd the strength of both my hands to open
My lips, and now feel every word I speak,⁶
Drop from it like an icicle

Host This cold

Fit will be over. What said Cupid?

Cham He

Was fast asleep

Host The boy went drunk to bed.

Death did not wake him?

Cham It was not necessary in point of reckoning,

⁶ *feel every word I speak*] The old copies "feel'd every word
I spake" D

Death was as free as any emperor,
And pays all where he comes, Death quits all
scores

I have the *summa totalis* in my pocket,
But he without more ceremony left
The house at morning twilight

Host Hah! they knock

Get thee a cup of wine to warm thy entrails

[*Exit Chamberlain*]

Though Love himself be but a water-drinker,
His train allow themselves rich wines—Your fool
And madman is your only guests to taverns,
And to excess this licence time affords,
When masters pay, their servants drink like lords.

Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN

Cham Sir, they call for you—Cupid's up, and
ready,

And looks as fresh, as if he had known no surfeit
Of virgins' tears, for whose fair satisfaction
He broke his leaden shafts, and vows hereafter
To shoot all flames of love into their servants
There are some music come, to give his godship
Good morrow, so he means to hear one song,
And then he takes his progress

Host I attend him

[*Exit*]

Cham But I have made my own revenge upon
him,

For the hard-hearted baggage that he sent me,
And Death I have serv'd a trick for all his huffing
They think not what artillery they carry
Along with them, I have chang'd their arrows
How Death will fret, to see his fury cozen'd!
But how will Love look pale, when he shall find
What a mortality his arrows make
Among the lovers! let the god look to't
I have put it past my care, and not expect

To see them again ; or should I meet with Death,
 I shall not fear him now , for Cupid, if
 Lovers must only by his arrows fall,
 I'm safe, for, ladies, I defy you all [Exit.

SONG

*Stay, Cupid, whither art thou flying ?
 Pity the pale lovers dying .
 They that honour'd thee before,
 Will no more
 At thy altar pay their vows
 Oh let the weeping virgins strow,
 Instead of rose and myrtle boughs,
 Sad yew, and funeral cypress now '
 Unkind Cupid, leave thy killing ;
 These are all thy mother's doves ,
 Oh do not wound such noble loves,
 And make them bleed, that should be billing !*

The scene is changed into a pleasant Garden, a fountain in the midst of it , walks and arbours delightfully expressed, in divers places, Ladies lamenting over their Lovers slain by Cupid, who is discovered flying in the air

Enter a LOVER, playing upon a lute, courting his MISTRESS , they dance

Enter NATURE, in a white robe, a chaplet of flowers, a green mantle fringed with gold, her hair loose. They start, and seem troubled at her entrance.

Nat Fly, fly, my children ! Love, that should
 preserve,
 And warm your hearts with kind and active blood,
 Is now become your enemy, a murderer.
 This garden, that was once your entertainment
 With all the beauty of the spring, is now,
 By some strange curse upon the shafts of Cupid,

Design'd to be a grave Look, every where
The noble lovers on the ground lie bleeding,
By frantic Cupid slain , into whose wounds
Distracted virgins pour their tears so fast,
That having drain'd their fountains, they present
Their own pale monuments While I but relate
'This story, see, more added to the dead
Oh, fly, and save yourselves ! I am your parent,
Nature, that thus advise you to your safeties
He's come already.

Enter CUPID, who strikes the Lover, and exit.

Lov. Hah ! what winter creeps
Into my heart !

Nat He faints, 'tis now too late.
Some kinder god call back the winged boy,
And give him eyes to look upon his murders
Nature grows stiff with horror of this spectacle
If it be death to love, what will it be,
When Death itself must act his cruelty !

Enter DEATH

And here he comes what tragedies are next ?

Enter OLD MEN and WOMEN, with crutches

Two aged pair[s] · these will be fit for Death ,
They can expect but a few minutes more
To wear the heavy burden of their lives

*Death strikes them with his arrow, and exit , they,
admiring one another, let fall their crutches and
embrace*

Astonishment to Nature ! they throw off
All their infirmities, as young men do
Their airy upper garments. These were the

Effects of Cupid's shafts ; prodigious change !
 I have not patience to behold 'em longer [Exit.

They dance with antic postures, expressing rural courtship.

SONG

*What will it, Death, advance thy name,
 Upon cold rocks to waste a flame,
 Or by mistake to throw
 Bright torches into pits of snow ?
 Thy rage is lost
 And thy old killing frost
 With thy arrows thou may'st try
 To make the young or aged bleed,
 But indeed
 Not compel one heart to die*

CHORUS

*Oh, Love, Oh, Death, be it your fate,
 Before you both repent too late,
 To meet, and try
 Upon yourselves your sad artillery !
 So Death may make Love kind again,
 Or cruel Death by Love be slain*

Enter six GENTLEMEN armed, as in the field, to fight three against three to them DEATH, he strikes them with his arrow and exit, and they, preparing to charge, meet one another and embrace They dance.

SONG

*Change, oh, change your fatal bows,
 Since neither knows
 The virtue of each other's darts !
 Alas, what will become of hearts !
 If it prove
 A death to love,*

*We shall find
 Death will be cruel to be kind .
 For when he shall to armies fly,
 Where men think blood too cheap to buy
 Themselves a name,
 He reconciles them, and deprives
 The valiant men of more than lives,
 A victory and fame .
 Whilst Love, deceiv'd by these cold shafts, instead
 Of curing wounded hearts, must kill indeed*

CHORUS

*Take pity, gods ! some ease the world will find
 To give young Cupid eyes, or strike Death blind .
 Death should not then have his own will,
 And Love, by seeing men bleed, leave off to kill*

Enter CHAMBERLAIN, leading two Apes

Cham O yes, O yes, O yes !
 All you that delight to be merry, come see
 My brace of court Apes, for a need we be three
 I have left my old trade of up and down stairs,
 And now live by leading my Apes unto fairs
 Will you have any sport ? draw your money, be
 quick, sir,
 And then come aloft, Jack ! they shall shew you a
 trick, sir
 Now am I in my natural condition,
 For I was born under a wandering planet :
 I durst no longer stay with my old master,
 For fear Cupid and Death be reconcil'd
 To their own arrows, and so renew with me
 Some precious acquaintance

Enter DEATH, he strikes CHAMBERLAIN, and exit

Oh my heart !

'Twas Death, I fear I am paid then with a vengeance.

My dear Apes, do not leave me · hah ! come near.
 What goodly shapes they have, what lovely faces !
 Ye twins of beauty, where were all those graces
 Obscur'd so long ? what cloud did interpose,
 I could not see before this lip, this nose ?
 These eyes, that do invite all hearts to woo them,
 Brighter than stars ? ladies are nothing to them.
 Oh, let me here pay down a lover's duty !
 Who is so mad to doat on woman's beauty ?
 Nature doth here her own complexion spread,
 No borrow'd ornaments of white and red ,
 These cheeks wear no adulterate mixtures on them,
 To make them blush as some do,—fie upon them !
 Look, what fair cherries on their lips do grow !
 Black cherries, such as none of you can show,
 That boast your beauties Let me kiss your a—

*Enter a SATYR, who strikes him on the shoulder,
 and takes away his Apes*

What's that ? a shot i'th'shoulder too ? hah !
 What will become of me now ? Oh, my Apes !
 The darlings of my heart are ravish'd from me
*He beckons, and courts them back with passionate
 postures*

No ? not yet, nor yet, hard-hearted Apes ?
 I must despair for ever to enjoy them.

Despair ' that name puts me in mind—

[He looks in his pocket, and pulls out the halter
 'Tis here ,

Welcome, dear legacy ! I see, he was
 A prophet that bestow'd it how it fits me,
 As well as if the hangman had took measure !
 'Tis honour in some men to fight, and die
 In their fair ladies' quarrel, and shall I
 Be 'fraid to hang myself in such a cause ?

Farewell, my pretty Apes ! when hemp is tied,
Drop tears apace, and I am satisfied. [Exit.

A dance of the Satyr and Apes.

Upon the sudden, a solemn music is heard, and Mercury seen descending upon a cloud, at whose approach the others creep in amazed In a part of the scene, within a bower, Nature discovered sleeping.

Mer Hence, ye profane, and take your dwellings
up

Within some cave, that never saw the sun,
Whose beams grow pale, and sick to look upon you!
This place be sacred to more noble objects
And see, where Nature, tir'd with her complaints
To heaven for Death and Cupid's tyranny,
Upon a bank of smiling flowers lies sleeping.
Cares, that devour the peace of other bosoms,
Have by an overcharge of sorrow wrought
Her heart into a calm, where every sense
Is bound up in a soft repose and silence
Be her dreams all of me ! But to my embassy

Cupid, wheresoe'er thou be,
The gods lay their commands on thee,
In pain of being banish'd to
The unfrequented shades below,
At my first summons to appear
Cupid, Cupid !

Enter CUPID

Cup I am here.

What send the gods by Mercury ?

Mer. Thy shame and horror I remove
[He unblinds him.

This mist Now see in every grove

What slaughter thou hast made ! all these,
 Fond Cupid, were thy votaries.
 Does not their blood make thine look pale,
 All slain by thee ? 'twill not prevail
 To urge mistakes , thy fact appears
 Jove and the gods have bow'd their ears
 To groaning Nature, and sent me
 From their high crystal thrones to see
 What blood, like a dire vapour rise,⁵
 Doth spread his wings to blind the eyes
 Of heaven and day , and to declare
 Their justice and immortal care
 Over the lower world —But stay,
 Another must his fate obey.

Death, heretofore the look'd-for close
 To tedious life, the long repose
 To wearied nature, and the gate
 That leads to man's eternal fate,
 I, in the name of every god,
 Command thee from thy dark abode,
 As thou wilt fly their wrath, appear,
 At my first summon[s] !¹

Enter DEATH

Death I am here

Mer Nature, awake, and with thy sleep
 Shake off the heavy chains that keep
 Thy soul a captive

Nat Mercury !
 Or am I still in dreams ?

Mer. Thy eye
 Take truce with tears : see, much abus'd
 Nature, whom thou hast long accus'd.
 Leave thy wonder, and attend
 What the gods by Hermes send.

¹ rise] for risen D

But first I charge you to resign
Your fatal shafts.

[*Cupid and Death exchange their arrows*]

Cup Ay, these are mine

Mer Cupid, the gods do banish thee
From every palace, thou must be
Confin'd to cottages, to poor
And humble cells. Love must no more
Appear in princes' courts. their heart,
Impenetrable by thy dart,
And from softer influence free,
By their own wills must guided be

Cup I shall obey

Mer Death, thou may'st still
Exercise thy power to kill;
With this limit, that thy rage
Presume not henceforth to engage
On persons, in whose breast[s] divine
Marks of art or honour shine
Upon these if thy malice try,
They may bleed but never die,
These are not to be overcome
Above the force of age or tomb
Is Nature pleas'd?

Nat The gods are just

Mer To this you both submit'

Cup } We must
Death }

Mer. Ye are dismiss'd

[*Exeunt Cupid and Death*]

Nat But, Mercury,
What satisfaction shall I have
For noble children in the grave,
By Cupid slam?

Mer They cannot be
Reduc'd^b to live again with thee,
And could thy fancy entertain

^b *Reduc'd*] See note p. 178 D

In what blest seats they now remain,
Thou would'st not wish them here

Nat Might I

With some knowledge bless my eye,
Nature would put on youth

Mer Then see

Their blest condition

*The scene is changed into Elysium, where the
grand Masquers, the slain Lovers, appear in glo-
rious seats and habits*

Nat. Where am I?

The world no such perfection yields

Mer These are the fair Elysian fields.

SONG

*Open, blest Elysian grove,
Where an eternal spring of love
Keeps each beauty fair these shades
No chill dew or frost invades
Look, how the flowers, and every tree,
Pregnant with umbrosia be,
Near banks of violet, springs appear,
Weeping out nectar every tear,
While the once harmonious spheres,
Turn'd all to ears,
Now listen to the birds, whose quire
Sing every charming accent higher*

CHORUS

*If this place be not heaven, one thought can make it,
And gods, by their own wonder led, mistake it.*

Nat Oh, who shall guide me hence? old Na-
ture's sight
Grows feeble at the brightness of this glory

Mer I will be Nature's conduct

Nat. Mercury, be ever honour'd.

[*Exeunt*

The grand Dance

Re-enter MERCURY

Mer Return, return, you happy men,
To your own blessed shades again,
Lest staying long, some new desire
In your calm bosoms raise a fire
Here are some eyes, whose every beam
May your wandering hearts inflame,
And make you forfeit your cool groves,
By being false to your first loves
Like a perfuming gale o'er flowers,
Now glide again to your own bowers

The Masquers retreated, the curtain falls

THE CONTENTION
OF
AJAX AND ULYSSES
FOR THE
ARMOUR OF ACHILLES.

The Contention &c] Was printed in a small octavo volume, in 1659, together with the drama (already given) *Honoria and Mammon* the title of the old copy is, "*The Contention of Ijax and Ulysses for the Armor of Achilles As it was nobly represented by young Gentlemen of quality, at a private Entertainment of some persons of Honour Written by James Shirley*."

This piece is founded on the earlier part of the 13th book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. As that work is familiar to every school-boy, I have not encumbered the page by quoting parallel passages from it. D

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Agamemnon.

Menelaus

Nestor

Diomedes.

Ajax

Ulysses

Calchas

Thersander.

Polybrontes.

Lysippus. page to Ajax.

Didymus, page to Ulysses

Captains, Officers, &c

SCENE, The Grecian Camp.

THE CONTENTION
OF
AJAX AND ULYSSES.

SCENE I.

Near the Tent of Agamemnon

*Enter, from opposite sides, DIDYMUS and LYSIPPUS:
as they pass, LYSIPPUS justles DIDYMUS.*

Did. Why, how now insolence ?

Lys. You know me, sir ?

Did. For one that wants good manners—yes, I
know

Your name, and best relation, you attend
A page on Ajax Telamon

Lys. And you,
In such an office, wait upon Ulysses,
But with this difference, that I am your better,
In reference to my lord, as he exceeds
Your master, both in fortitude and honour :
Therefore, I take this boldness to instruct
Your diminutive worship in convenient duties,
And that hereafter when you see me pass,
You may descend, and vail, and know fit distance

Did. To you descend, and vail ! to you ! Poor
rat.

Is he not poison'd, that he swells so strangely ?
 I would bestow this admonition, that
 You talk within your limits : I may find
 A pity for your folly, while you make
 Comparisons with me, but let your tongue
 Preserve a modesty, and not dare to name
 My lord, without a reverence, and not
 In the same week your master is in mention,
 Lest I chastise you

Lys. Hah, hah, prodigy !
 The monkey grins, the pigmy would be rampant !
 Sirrah, 'tis I pronounce, [that] if you have
 A mind to lose one of your lugs, or quit
 Some teeth, that stick impertinent in your gums,
 Or run the hazard of an eye, or have
 Your haunches kick'd into a gentle cullee,
 Or tell your master in whose cause you have
 Deserv'd a cudgelling, and mented
 A crutch to carry home your broken body,
 Talk on, and when it is too late, you may
 Repent your impudence

Dud. Mighty man of gingerbread !
 Is not your name Lysippus ? what mad dog
 Has bit thee ? thou art wild, hast lost thy senses

Lys. You'll find I have not

Dud. Is all this in earnest ?
 And hast thou so much ignorance to think
 That lump of flesh, thy master (a thing meant
 By nature for a flail, and hang the sheaves)
 Is fit to be in competition
 With the wise prince of Ithaca ? whose name
 Shines, like a constellation, throughout Greece,
 And is look'd at with admiration
 By friends and enemies ? For shame, retract
 Thy gross opinion — it is possible
 Thou may'st retrieve thy lost wits

Lys. Very well
 Then, you do think, my little spawn of policy,

That your sly master, the oil-tongu'd Ulysses,
Will win the prize to day, Achilles' armour,
And that the kingly judges, and grave council,
Will give it against Ajax?

Dul In true wisdom,
As to the best deserver

Iys Dandiprat!

[*They fight*]

Enter CALCHAS

Cal Remove yourselves, and petty differences
This place is meant the scene for a contention
Between the valiant Ajax Telamon,
And the far-fam'd Ulysses, who shall best
Merit to wear the great Achilles' arms
Methinks, I see heaven's mighty windows open,
And those great souls, whom noble actions here
Translated to take place among the stars,
Look down, and listen with much expectation
Of this day's glory The rough winds (lest they
Should interrupt the plea of these competitors)
Stand close committed in their horrid caves,
And Phæbus, drest in all his brightest beams,
Curbs in his steeds to stay,¹ to wait upon
The great decision

Silence! no noise profane this place, and may
The soul of wisdom be at this great council!

[*Exeunt Dulymus and Lysippus*]

*Enter Officers, one after another, bearing the
pieces of Achilles' armour after them, in state,
AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, MENELAUS, DIOMIDES,
THERSANDER, Captains, &c*

Agam I need not, Grecian princes, spend much
time,
Or language, in discoursing the occasion

¹ stay] Or delay D

Why this great council hath been call'd Achilles,
 Whose very name will be enough to fill
 The breath of fame, is here again concern'd ;
 Nor can his honour'd ashes be without
 Contention in his sacred urn, until
 The difference between these great competitors
 Be reconcil'd.

Cap They both, great Agamemnon, are prepar'd
 And cheerful, as when honour call'd them forth
 To fight, impatient of delay, or danger

Agam Attend them hither [Exit Captain

Dion Let the officers

Take care the soldiers press not past their limit

Enter AJAX, preceded by LYSIPPUS, bearing his target

Ajax appears, with lightning in his eyes,
 His big heart seems to boil with rage.

Men He was

Ever passionate Here comes Ulysses,

Enter ULYSSES, preceded by DIDYMUS, bearing his target, he makes obeisance, and sits down in a chair

A man of other temper, and as far
 From being transported with unhandsome anger,
 He seems to smile

Agam They have both deserv'd
 For their great service in this expedition,
 We should with calm and most impartial souls
 Hear and determine therefore, if you please,
 Because the hours are precious, I shall
 Desire them lose no time.

Dion We all submit,
 And shall obey your prudence

Agam You honour much

Your Agamemnon — Princes, then to you.
 I hope you have brought hither with your persons
 Nothing but what your honours may consent to,
 Speak yourselves freely then, these are your judges,
 Who are not only great in birth and titles,
 And therefore bring no thoughts to stain their honour,

But bound by obligation of one country,
 Will love, and do your name and valours justice
 There lies your great reward, Achilles' arms,
 Forg'd by the subtle art of him, that fram'd
 Jove's thunderbolts, pride of Cyclopien labours
 He that is meant by his kind stars to have
 The happy wearing of them next, may write
 Himself a champion for the gods and heaven,
 Against a race of giants that would scale it
 I have said, and we with silence now as deep
 As that doth wait on midnight, and as fix'd
 As marble images, expect your pleasure

[Ajax rises, and looks about him]

Ajax Great Jove, immure my heart, or girt it
 with

Some ribs of steel, lest it break through this flesh,
 And with a flame, contracted from just fury,
 Set fire on all the world! How am I fallen,
 How shrunk to nothing, my fame ravish'd from me,
 That this sly talking prince is made my rival
 In great Achilles' armour! Is it day?
 And can a cloud, darker than night, so muffle
 Your eyes, they cannot reach the promontory,
 Beneath which now the Grecian fleet rides safe,
 Which I so late rescu'd from Trojan flames,
 When Hector, frightful like a globe of fire,
 By his example taught the enraged youth
 To brandish lightning? But I cannot talk,
 Nor knows he how to fight, unless i' th' dark
 With shadows. I confess, his eloquence
 And tongue are mighty, but Pelides' sword

And armour were not made things to be talk'd on,
 But worn and us'd , and when you shall determine
 My juster claim, it will be fame enough
 For him, to boast he strove with Ajax Telamon,
 And lost the prize, due only to my merit

Lys Now, Didymus, how goes Ulysses' pulse ?
 Run to his tent, and fetch him some strong waters

Dud This storm shakes not a leaf it had been
 more

Honour for Ajax Telamon to have hir'd
 A trumpeter, than make this noise himself

Agam. Silence the Duke proceeds

Ajax I am asham'd,

And blush, that I can plead so vast a merit.
 Why am I not less honourable ? a cheaper
 Portion of worth, weigh'd in the balance with
 This rival, would so croud and fill my scale,
 His virtues, like a thin and trembling vapour,
 Would lose themselves i'th' air, or stick a comet
 Upon heaven's face, from whence, the matter
 spent,

It would fall down, the sport and scorn of children
 Allow me then less valiant, pinch all
 The laurels from my brow, that else would grow
 there,

The honour of my birth and blood must lift me
 Above the competition with Ulysses
 My father was Duke Telamon, a name
 Fatal to Troy, companion to Alcides,
 Whom in the expedition to Colchos
 Argo was proud to bear His father Æacus,
 Who, for his exemplary justice here,
 Was, by eternal patent from the gods,
 Made judge of souls , him Jupiter begot
 On fair Ægina, from whose womb I write
 Myself a third from Jove But let not this
 Entitle me to great Achilles' arms,
 Without my interest in his blood , our fathers

Grew from one royal stem , I am his kinsman,
 And I demand in this, but just inheritance.
 In what relation of blood can then
 Ulysses, of a strange and forfeit race,
 Equal in fraud to his progenitor,
 Condemn'd to labour at the restless stone,
 Lay claim to Achilles' arms ?

Cal What, asleep Thersander ?

Ther No, no, I observe every word. Ulysses
 has said very well, he was ever a good orator

Cal You are mistaken, sir, 'tis Ajax pleads,
 Ulysses has not spoke one word.

Ther Was't Ajax ?

I cry you mercy, it was very handsome,
 And to the purpose, in my opinion,
 Whoever said it

Igam I entreat your silence

Ther With all my heart

Ajax It is wonder, princes,
 That this Dulichian king dare bring his face
 Before a sunbeam, and expose that brand
 Of infamy, the name of coward, writ
 In leprous characters upon his brow,
 To the world's eye

Ul How, Telamon ?

Ajax Ulysses,
 'Tis I that said it, and these kings may all
 Remember, when most wretchedly, to save
 Those tender limbs of yours, and that warp'd face,
 When Greece rise up, one man, to punish Troy,
 Thou cowardly didst counterfeit a madness,
 Till Palamedes pull'd that vizer off
 Was Ajax Telamon at that sordid posture?
 Nay, was not I the first in field, and eager
 To engage my person in these wars of Troy,
 (Witness thou sacred genius of our country !)
 As a curl'd youth could fly to meet a mistress,
 And print his fervour on her amorous lip ?

But for his valour since, let Nestor speak .
 That good old man made not his age excuse,
 Nor his white hairs, that like a grove of snow,
 Shew'd what a winter dwelt upon his head,
 But flung himself on war , when in the heat
 Of battle, over-charg'd with multitudes,
 And his horse wounded, he espied Ulysses,
 To whom in this distress he call'd for succour,
 When he (unworthy of his name and honours)
 Left the old man to struggle with his dangers,
 To whom the Gods sent aid But here's the
 justice ,

He that dishonourably forsook his friend,
 Met with an enemy, that made him call
 As loud for his relief , I heard that clamour,
 And with my sword cut out my passage to thee ,
 When thou wert quaking at the enemies' feet,
 And ready to exhale thy panting soul,
 I interpos'd, bestrid thy coward body,
 And took thy many deaths upon my target ,
 I, Ajax brought thee off, (my least of honours,)
 And sav'd thy wretched life.

Diom This Ajax did,
 But being done, the honour's overpaid,
 When he that did the act is commentator
Ajax. If thou could'st call again that time,
 Ulysses,

The wounds upon thee, and thy fears of death,
 When thou didst skulk behind my shield, and
 tremble

At every lightning of a sword, thy soul
 Would have a less ambition to contest
 For great Pelides' arms.

Men Ajax will carry it.

Agam It will

Become our prudence to expect, what may
 Be said in answer to this accusation
 I have heard an orator, with that subtle method

Of art and language, state his client's cause,
 And with such captivating arguments
 Prevail'd on every ear, it was concluded
 All law must be in favour of that interest ;
 But when the adverse part was heard, that which
 Appear'd so sacred in the first relation,
 Vanish'd, and 'twas the wonder of all men,
 By what strange magic they were so deceiv'd
 I speak not this in prejudice of him
 That pleads, whom we all know a man made up
 Of every masculine virtue, but to stay,
 (Where two of so much honour are concern'd,)
 Precipitate and partial votes of merit.
 Ajax has more to say.

Ajax I know not how, with safety of mine own,
 I should direct your judgments to consider,
 That after all this story of myself,
 I do not seek these arms, nor court the glory
 To wear 'em, for 'tis justice to pronounce
 They seek me, Ajax, and should prompt you to
 Believe, I only worthily can wear 'em.
 What hath Ulysses done, he should be nam'd
 With Telamon? We have his chronicle.
 He surpris'd Rhesus in his tent, a great
 And goodly act, nay, had the heart to kill him!
 He snatch'd a spy up, Dolon, and dispatch'd him
 To the other world, a most heroic service!
 And had the confidence to filch from Troy
 The dead⁶ Palladium,—memorable actions!
 Fought he with Hector? did he stand immov'd
 As I, when I receiv'd upon my casque
 A mighty javelin, that he darted at me?

⁶ *dead*] In my copy of this piece, some one has altered with a pen "dead" into "dread," not perceiving that Ajax applies contemptuously the former word to the Palladium, as being a lifeless image. I may add that Shurley did not borrow the epithet from Ovid,

"Priamidenque Helenum raptū cum Pallade captum"

Met. xiii 99. D

When you, pale with the wonder of my strength,
 Forsook your prayers, and gave me from the Gods
 Into my own protection, and at last
 I was not overcome, but, in the face
 Of both the armies, sent this mighty champion
 Staggering home to 'Troy

Nes 'Twas a fierce battle,
 And Ajax lost no honour.

Ajax. Had I done
 But this alone, it might be argument
 To prefer Ajax Telamon, before
 Ulysses, to that armour, which I'm thinking
 How he'll become, or how he dare sustain 'em :
 Their very weight will crack his chine, that
 burgonet

Will bring his neck in danger of a cramp ,
 In pity of his fears, discharge his hope
 Of so much steel , he has the art of running,
 'Twill much retard his motion Are you yet
 Considering, as doubtful to distinguish us ?
 Some god convey those arms upon the wings
 Of a swift wind into the enemies' camp !
 Guard 'em with all the strength and soul of Troy,
 Let every sword mount death upon the point,
 And leave us to our single fate, who soonest
 Should fetch 'em off , then you should tell your-
 selves,

How much this carpet prince came short of Ajax.
 I had rather fight than talk . now hear him tattle

Soldiers [*within*] An Ajax, an Ajax !

Ulys. If my prayers, with your own, renowned
 kings,
 Could have prevail'd with heaven, there had been
 no

Contention for these arms , he might have liv'd
 To have enjoy'd them still, and we Achilles.
 But since by the unkindness of our fate
 We are decreed to want him, (pardon me,

If, at that word, unmanly tears break forth,) Who can with greater merit claim the armour, Than he, whose piety to Greece and you, Engag'd alone his valour to these wars, And made him yours? Nor let it be a sin Ere I proceed, to pray this justice from you, That since my adversary hath been pleas'd To make a virtue my reproach, and stain The name of eloquence, which in me is not worth Your envy or his rage, (since he declares His incapacity for more than fighting,) You will not judge his dullness an advantage, Or that which he calls eloquence in me A blemish to my cause, who have employ'd All that the gods made mine, to serve my country.

Diom Thersander, are you not asham'd to sleep?

Ther Hah! no. I sleep!

I have not scap'd a syllable, by my honour
I thought not Ajax half so good an orator

Diom Ajax! it was Ulysses that spoke last

Ther. Ulysses! ay, I meant Ulysses did I say
Ajax? between you and I be it spoken, Diomedes,
Ajax is a blockhead

Diom Yet he spoke to purpose.

Ther I grant you that: nay, nay, let him alone.

Agam Silence

Ulys The lustre of our birth, by Ajax boasted,
Which we derive not from our act or virtue
We vainly call our own. nature contributes
A common gloss to all our blood, the honours
And swelling titles, pinn'd upon our name,
Chance often stamps upon a fool or coward.
But if, provok'd by Ajax, I must yield
Him magnified by blood, that title which
He takes from Jove, makes me his grandchild
too.

Laertes was my father, his Arcesius,

Whom Jupiter begot , no difference here,
 But that our family contain'd no uncle,
 Banish'd for murder, as in Telamon's.
 Besides, my mother but remember'd, makes
 My derivation on both sides divine,
 Which lifts me above Ajax, if I were
 No king of Ithaca. But he hath pleaded
 A nearer privilege, by being kinsman,
 And calls these arms his just inheritance ,
 Your wisdom could not chuse but smile to hear
 him

Pyrrhus, his son, is yet alive, and Peleus,
 Achilles' father, Teucer, his next cousin ,
 And Ajax to be heir, is worth your wonder.
 But you know how to waive impertinence
 Of blood or kindred in this cause, nor shall
 I need to pray your justice, that we both
 May only charge the balance with our merits
 Diom. Thus is not ranting , he is master of
 A worthy temper.

Agam Give him your permissions

Ulys Ajax hath read, not without mighty lungs,
 His own bold history when I shall tell
 But my first act for Troy, if it be less
 Than all that Ajax yet hath done or boasted,
 And with his own consent too, I quit all.
 I have rais'd your expectations up to wonder,
 And there I'll fix it, when I name Achilles,
 Whose actions for your service, scorning all
 Equality, are owing to Ulysses ,
 And I may call them mine, that made him yours.
 By his sword fell the great Priamides,
 Hector, whose single arm carried the strength
 And fate of Ilion , the death alone
 Of Hector is an act, if well consider'd,
 Doth easily exceed what hath been done
 In all your Grecian commentaries I arm'd
 Achilles first to do these mighty things,

And for those may deserve Achilles' armour.

Diom. We must acknowledge all the benefits
Of great Achilles' valour are a debt
We owe to Ulysses, who discover'd him
Under a female habit, 'twas Ulysses
That made him man again, and our great cham-
pion.

Men. All this is granted, yet, I think, Ulysses
Lost little blood in any of these services.

What do you think, Thersander?

Ther I think as the general thinks, he's wise
enough.

Ulys. But give me leave to offer to your memory
Another service, and reduce⁵ your thoughts
To Aulis, when our army shipp'd, and big
With our desires for Troy, for want of wind
Were lock'd in the Eubœan bay at anchor,
When the oracle consulted gave no hope
Of the least breath of heaven or gentle gale
To be expected, till Diana's anger
Were first appeas'd by Iphigenia's blood;—
I melt with the remembrance, and I could
Accuse my faith, but that the public interest
And all your honours, arm'd me to persuade
Nature against the stream of her own happiness,—
There stands the tear-drown'd father, Agamemnon
Ask his vex'd soul, (and let me beg his pardon,)
How I did work upon his murmuring heart,
Divided 'twixt a father and his country,
To give his child up to the bleeding altar,
Whose drops, too precious to enrich the earth,
The goddess (hid within a cloud) drank up,
And snatch'd her soul, whose brighter substance
made

One of the fairest stars that deck yon canopy.
Had Ajax been employ'd to have wrought Atrides,
When he was angry with the gods, to have given

His only pledge, his loved Iphigenia,
Up to the fatal knife, our Grecian fleet
Had by this time been rotten in the bay,
And we, by a dishonourable return,
Been wounded in our fames to after ages.

Agam. This truth is urg'd too home.

Ulys The deity appeas'd with virgin sacrifice,
The winds put on fresh wings, and we arriv'd,
Swift as our wishes, to affrighted Troy,
Where, after their first battle, they no more
Drew forth their army, which engag'd us to
Nine horrid winters' expectation
It would be tedious to relate, how active
My counsels were, during this nine years' siege,
When Ajax, (only good at knocks and wrestling,)
Was of no use ; the bold designs I carried,
My care of our defences and approaches,
Encouraging the soldier, wearied
And worn away with empty expectations,
How I did apt provisions, arms, and hearts,
To fight withal ; I shall not here inforce,
When you, whose just commands I still obey'd,
Are conscious of my pious undertakings.

Ajax He'll talk eternally

Ulys These actions have deserv'd no brand of
coward :

How it may stain his forehead that accus'd me,
Judge you, by the short following story, princes
There was a time when Agamemnon was
Deluded by a dream, and bid to leave
The siege ; which coming to the soldiers' ear,
(Whose fears were help'd by superstition,)
How did they run to th' ships from every quarter !
Where was the torrent of great Ajax' valour,
So talk'd of, that did bear all things before it ?
Why, it was here, that torrent carried him too :
I saw and blush'd at Ajax' preparation
To be aboard,—I will not call it running

How did I, careless of all danger, throw
Myself among the mutineers, and court
The fugitives to face about again,
And build themselves a name and wealth in Troy,
Given over by the gods to be their captive !
What acted Telamon but unworthy fears,
And rather coward them by his retreat,
Than teach them honour by his own example ?

Ajax. Can Jove hear this ?—hah !

Agam. Look to Ajax

Nes. Contain yourself

Ajax. Let me fight him here,

Or you are all confederates in my infamy

Nes. For my sake—

Ajax. I am patient

Ulys. Nor am I without wounds and crimson
characters,

Which, as her ornament, my bosom carries,
Greater than Telamon can boast, although
He fought with Hector, which was but his fortune,
And might have been the lot of Agamemnon,
Of Menelaus, Diomed, myself,
And others, who had equally engag'd,
And only chance prefer'd him to the combat
But let me not be thought to take from Ajax
His just reward of fortitude. I grant
He did repress the fury of the Trojans,
When they came arm'd in fires against our navy,
But 'twas not single valour, that repuls'd
The numerous enemy, Patroclus had
The armour of Achilles on, that day,
Which struck a terror in the Phrygian courages,
And many princes' swords contributed ;
Mine was not idle, and I merit some
Proportion of fame for that day's victory,
But if it come with murmuring, defer it,
And make it up in your accounts of honour
Due for the great Palladium, which I fetch'd,

(Assisted by the valiant Diomed,)
Out of the heart of Troy, spite of the groves
Of spears, that grew a bright defence about it,
And swords, whose every motion darted lightning,
To guard the fatal image. In this act
I gave you Troy · till this was ravish'd from 'em,
It was not in your fate to make a conquest,
Ajax, and all the army, might have fought
Against the moon, with as much hope of victory

Diom This must be granted him a signal service;
I can attest the danger of this action

Ulys. I blush, I am compell'd to mention these,
But where my honour is traduc'd, 'tis just
To make my fairest vindication
The wealth of Greece should not have brib'd me to
This contestation, but Achilles' armour
Would strike ambitious thoughts into a hermit
Nor will my limbs much tremble to sustain 'em,
I had the honour, at his death, to carry
His body, with all that weight of arms upon it,
And plac'd him in his tent. Although I want
Some bulk of Ajax, I can walk, and fight,
And tell him where he fails, and mark him out
A truer path to glory, than his strength
Is able to pursue, with no more brains
To guide him, than his empty panner carries
Wise men join policy with force, the lion
Thus with the fox, makes up the soldier's emblem.

And now I look on Ajax Telamon,
I may compare him to some specious building.
His body holds vast rooms of entertainment,
And lower parts maintain the offices,
Only the garret, his exalted head,
Useless for wise receipt, is fill'd with lumber.
A mastiff dares attempt to combat lions,
And I'll find men among your mercenaries,
Shall fly on hydras, if you name that valour;

But he, that we call valiant indeed,
 Knows how and when to fight, as well as bleed
Soldiers [*shouting within*] Ulysses, Ulysses!
Agam. Please you withdraw your persons for
 some minutes.

Ajax. Is't come to this?

Ulys I obey [Exit

Ajax I scorn to court

Such staggering opinions, and repent
 That I once thought you fit to be my judges [Exit.

Ther. For my part, with pardon of the general,
 My voice shall be to please them both.

Agam Impossible.

Ther. Divide the armour, and compose the dif-
 ference,

Or give Ulysses, 'cause he has the better
 Head-piece, Achilles' helmet, and to Ajax
 Those parts that guard the body

Diom I am for

Ulysses

Nes He shall have my vote.

Men And mine

Agam Your judgments meet with Agamem-
 non's

Entreat the prince of Ithaca return [Exit an officer

Re-enter ULYSSES

Agam Sir, I congratulate your fate you have
 With the concurrence of our votes, deserv'd
 To be the second owner of these arms,
 Which, as the first reward of all your service,
 I, in their names, present, nor are these trophies
 More than an earnest, and a glimpse, of those
 Eternal monuments shall crown your wisdom.
 Where's Ajax 'Telamon?

Off Transported hence with fury

Lys How is't, my low and mighty Polybrontes?

Poly Tir'd out with killing of the creature,
Wild beasts and men will come into my way,
Some I look dead, others I take the pains
To cut or quarter, as they move my fury:
The hate of Juno is entail'd upon
Our generation, I think

Did How, Juno?

I pray, what kin are you to Hercules?

Poly I am his son, son to the Theban Hercules,
That did the mighty labours, we number twelve.
I have been told too, I am very like him.
There were fifty of us in one night begotten.

Did You are not, sir, so big-bon'd as Hercules
Altogether

Poly Hang bones, and flesh, and blood!
It is the soul that's tall, a giant's spirit

Lys. Not in that body;
A soul can hardly stand upright in't.

Poly 'Tis the more dangerous being confin'd,
and must

Break out like lightning

Did What's that upon your hat?

Poly My case of toothpicks

Lys. How? 'tis a lion's paw.

Poly A legacy my father left me, part
Of that Nemean lion that he kill'd,
Whose skin he us'd to wear; which, since these
wars,

I turn'd into a knapsack, and it carries

A charm against all venomous beasts come near it

Did. Vermin he means.—What kind of belt is
this?

Poly This was a serpent, which at Aulis was
Observ'd to climb up to the sparrow's nest,
Where, having swallow'd nine, Calchas presag'd
We should be nine years at the siege of Troy,
And in the tenth be conquerors. Thus I kill'd

With a flint stone, as it came hissing toward me ;
It had ten row of iron teeth

Did Where are they ?

Poly. All beaten out with that stone I threw at
her.

Did. Nothing scapes you then .

But, good sir, favour us, to let us know
How many men have fallen by your sword,
During our siege , I know you keep a catalogue.

Poly Not of all ,
I only register within my diary
The men of honour that I kill , the rest
I leave to the common bills of mortality.

Lys. The men of honour, I pray, sir ?

Poly They rise to
Seven hundred in my roll.

Did With your own hand ?

Poly. Ten princes, beside two of Priam's sons
Paris and Hector.

Lys. Paris is alive.

Poly. Not that Paris I kill'd, upon my honour.

Did. And all the army knows, Achilles, with
His Myrmidons, slew Hector.

Poly From me tell
Achilles, 'tis false.

Lys He's dead too.

Poly. 'Tis well he is so , he that steals my fame,
Must not be long i'th'number of the living

Did You are
The little wonder of the world, you had
Done yourself right, to have put in with Ulysses
And Ajax, for the armour.

Lys Had he stood,
There had been no competitor , Ulysses
Had this day miss'd his triumph

Poly Had Ulysses
The armour then ?

Enter AJAX behind.

Lys. Given by all the judges

Poly. I believe

The man is so modest, [he] at mention
Of me, would have recanted his ambition :
Do not I know Ulysses ? yes, and Ajax.

Ajax Hah !

Poly And all the swelling flies that blow the
army

I'll tell that Ajax, when I see him next,
That I dare fight.

Ajax [*coming forward*] With whom, sir, dare
you fight ?

Poly. With any man, that shall affront you,
sir.

Renowned Ajax, my soul falls to crumbs,
That day I do not honour your remembrance.
Ulysses is a juggler : I do wonder
At's impudence, to stand in competition
With him, that is the man of men, brave Telamon.
Shall I carry him a challenge ? prithee, let me,
I long to thunder him.

Ajax Stay, weasel

Poly Or to Agamemnon, or the best of them ?
Would I were in my knapsack nibbling cheese
now ! [*Aside.*

Ajax. I say the word, be dead.

[*Striking Polybrontes*

Poly My brains, my brains !

Ah, my own sweet brains ! Who wants any brains ?

Ajax. Art thou not dead ?

Poly Oh, yes, sir, I am dead !

Give my ghost leave to walk a little.

Ajax. Come back your name ?

Poly. Ah, when I was alive, the soldiers call'd
me—

Ajax Agamemnon ?

Poly. I shall be brain'd in earnest

Ajax. When thou hast pass'd the Stygian lake,
commend me

To Æacus, one of the infernal judges

Poly. I will, sir ; I am acquainted with his clerk.

Ajax. And, when I have made my revenge
perfect,

I'll visit him myself

Poly. I'll bring you an answer too

Ajax. Do so.

Poly. I were best to make haste, sir , Charon
stays for me,

And I shall lose my tide

Ajax. Then vanish

Poly. Presto

[*Exit.*

Ajax. There's one dispatch'd , he's company
for ghosts .

I know whose fate is next, and then I leap

To immortality What cloud is that

Descends so big with prodigy ? my steel

Shall give the monster birth Hah ! 'tis Ulysses

Come to affront me, in Achilles' armour :

Enter CALCHAS

A thousand serpents creep within my skull

I'll find the coward's soul through all this darkness.

Have at thee, politician ! dost thou bleed ?

Now I have met wi' ye, thanks to my good sword

I kiss thy cold lips, for this brave revenge

Thou art my own, without competitor,

And must be my last refuge, and companion.

Cal. Alas, poor Telamon !

Ajax. Who calls Telamon ?

Cal. One you have known, and lov'd . can you
forget

Calchas so soon ?

Ajax. Our Grecian prophet ? you are very
welcome.

What news from the upper world? do they agree
In heaven? we are all to pieces

Cal I am trusted

With a direction to you : the sacred powers
You serve—

Ajax. Speak on, but let me tell you, as a friend,
They have not us'd me kindly, but no matter,
I'll be my own revenger

Cal Sir, take heed

How you provoke their anger, or contemn
Their precepts, for the partial acts of men :
They know, and pity that a man so valiant
Should for a trifle lose his manly temper.
You are not, sir, forgotten by the Gods,
And I am sent, their prophet, to acquaint you,
That what you lost alive by human judges,
Their divine justice shall restore with honour
To your calm dust for know, those very arms,
In which Ulysses triumphs now, shall be
Snatch'd from him by a tempest, and shall land,
A floating treasure, upon Ajax' tomb,
And by their stay convince the future age
Who best deserv'd 'em Be not then unmann'd,
And thus deface the beauties of your reason.

Ajax I thank 'em, they are pleas'd, when I am
dead,

To make a restitution to my fame,
And send me home the armour, this is something
I'll make myself in a capacity,
By death, to be an object of their justice,
I'll die immediately, I can do't myself

Cal Your piety avert so black a deed '
This is a way to make the world suspect
The worth of all your former actions,
And that they were not births legitimate,
Born from true honour, but the spurious issue
Of an unguided heat, or chance How shall
We think that man is truly valiant,
And fit to be engag'd in things of fright

And danger, that wants courage to sustain
 An injury? It shews a fear of others,
 To be reveng'd upon ourselves; and he
 Is not so much a coward that flies death,
 As he that suffers, and doth fear to live
 Besides, this will enlarge your enemy's triumph,
 And, in the world's opinions, be granted
 A tame concession to his worth nay, men,
 And with much face of reason, may affirm,
 Ulysses did not only win the arms,
 But conquer'd Ajax.

Ajax Therefore I will die
 With my own hand, and save that infamy
 I am resolv'd, all fate shall not prevent it.
 Leave me

Cal I must not.

Ajax. I am not confin'd
 To place: thy office yet is thy protection,
 Do not presume to follow, lest my rage
 Make me forget your person, and, by sad
 Mistake, I turn the priest into a sacrifice.
 Go, tell the world, I am dead, and make it known,
 That Ajax fell by no hand but his own [*Exit*

Cal. This will turn all our triumph into mourn-
 ing [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III

Another part of the camp

*Enter CALCHAS before the body of AJAX, supported
 by six princes, AGAMEMNON, DIOMEDES, MENE-
 LAUS, THERSANDER, NESTOR, and ULYSSES,
 following the hearse, as going to the temple*

Cal. The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things,
 There is no armour against fate,
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.

*Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade*

*Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still*

*Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their manning breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death*

*The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,*

*Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust*¹

Agam. Set forward to the temple This was
once

A day of triumph, but the death of Ajax
Will make it dark within our calendar.
Joys are abortive, or not born to last,
And our bright days are quickly overcast

[*Exeunt omnes*]

¹ Here the old copy tells us ' This was afterwards sung in parts, the music excellently composed by Mr Ed Coleman '

" In this *Contention*," says Oldys " is the fine song which old Bowman used to sing to king Charles, and which he has often sung to me, *The glories*, &c ' M S note on Langbaine's *Acc of English Dram Poets*, p 485 (in the Brit Mus) D

P O E M S

FROM THE

OCTAVO VOLUME OF 1646,

&c

Poems &c.] The pieces which immediately follow, appeared in an octavo volume, in 1646, under the title of *Poems &c by James Shirley Sine aliquod dementid nullus Phæbus* What portions of that volume I have now rejected, because they have been already printed in the present work, the subjoined table will shew

| POEMS &c ED 1646 | PRESENT EDITION |
|---|---|
| <i>Commendatory Verses</i> | prefixed to vol 1 |
| <i>Upon his Mistress sad</i> , p 18, | } partly in the <i>Changes</i> , or <i>Love in a Maze</i> , vol 11 p 327 , and partly in <i>The Witty Fair One</i> , vol 1 p 335 |
| <i>A Gentleman in Love with two ladies</i> , p 19 | |
| <i>Melancholy converted</i> , p 19, | } in the <i>Changes</i> , or <i>Love in a Maze</i> , vol 11 p 354 |
| <i>Strephon, Daphne</i> , p. 24, | |
| <i>A Letter to the Lady D S sent with a New Comedy</i> , p 39, | } in <i>The Example</i> , vol 111 p 364 in <i>The Cardinal</i> , vol v p 344 |
| <i>To the never enough Honoured E of St on New-Yeares day at night, after other entertainment</i> , p 40 | |
| <i>Io</i> , p 44 | } prefixed to the <i>Changes</i> , or <i>Love in a Maze</i> , vol. 11 p 271 |
| <i>A Song in a Play called Hude Parke</i> , p 46 | |
| <i>Prologue to his own Comedy there, called Rosania, or Loves Vutory</i> , p 148. | } appended as Epilogue to <i>The Royal Master</i> , vol. 1v p 187 |
| <i>A Prologue to his Comedy at the Cock-pit, called the Coronation, Presented in the person of a Lady</i> , p 149 | |
| <i>A Prologue to his Comedy of the Changes, or Love in a Maze, First Acted at Salisbury Court</i> , p 151 | } in <i>The Imposture</i> , vol. v p 189 |
| <i>The Epilogue [to the same]</i> p 152 | |
| | } <i>Hyde Park</i> , vol. 11 p 512 |
| | |
| | } prefixed to <i>The Doubtful Heir</i> , vol 1v p 278 |
| | |
| | } prefixed to <i>The Coronation</i> , vol 111 p 458 |
| | |
| | } prefixed to the <i>Changes</i> , or <i>Love in a Maze</i> , vol 11 p 273 |
| | |
| | } appended to the same p. 364 |
| | |

| | |
|---|--|
| <i>An Epilogue</i> , p 153 | } appended to <i>The Coronation</i> , vol iii p 540 |
| <i>A Prologue at the Globe to his Comedy call'd The doubtfull Heire, which should have been presented at the Black-Friers,</i> p 154 | } prefixed to <i>The doubtful Heir</i> , vol iv p 279 |
| <i>Epilogue to the same play, there,</i> p 155 | } appended to the same p 361 |
| <i>A Prologue to his play called the Brothers</i> , p 156 | } prefixed to <i>The Brothers</i> , vol i p 191. |
| <i>Epilogue [to the same] in the person of Don Pedro</i> , p 157 | } appended to the same p 272. |
| <i>Prologue to his Tragedy call'd the Cardinall</i> , ¹ p 158 | } prefixed to <i>The Sisters</i> , vol v p 356 |
| <i>The Triumph of Beautie</i> | in vol vi. p 315 |

In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is a MS collection of *Verses and Poems by James Shirley,—Rawl Poet 88* With the exception of one or two poems, it consists entirely of pieces, which were printed, though with very great variations, in our author's volume of 1646 The reader, perhaps, in turning over the following pages, will think that I have given too many, rather than too few, extracts from this MS collection the hitherto unpublished poems which it has furnished, he will find placed by themselves D

¹ The lines entitled *A Prologue to his Tragedy call'd the Cardinal*, in the vol of *Poems*, 1646, Shirley afterwards printed as a *Prologue to The Sisters* in 1652, and prefixed a different prologue to the *Cardinal* when it was given to the press in the latter year

TO THE TRULY NOBLE,

BERNARD HYDE, ESQ.

SIR,

IT will be a long ambition satisfied, if by this I have the happiness of making myself more known to you, though in the same act I put myself to a blush, that I have not a better present to excuse the confidence. If I do look upon you but as you relate to me in the common interest and fame of your virtues, wherein I share with others, I may be censured a bold man, since as they are proportioned to me, they are more than equal to the whole deserts of some that write both honour and abilities. But when I consider that graceful part of your character, sweetness, which gives both the price and beauty to your other furnitures of art and nature, I cannot think myself without capacity of pardon for this application, the well meant tender of my service

They are papers in themselves not worth your eye, or to be numbered with those reserves of wit and learning that wait upon your recreations, and if they receive entertainment abroad, I shall acknowledge it rather a debt which men pay to your name, than a merit of the poems, and if they meet with the frowning world, I have subscribed my own, to be accused for them and this presumption. Howsoever, if they may enjoy but your smile and shade, which was the first choice of my thoughts, it shall encourage me to reach your worth with more suitable imaginations, till when, give me leave to write myself

Your faithful honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY

POEMS.

CUPID'S CALL ¹

Ho ! Cupid calls, come, lovers, come,
Bring his wanton harvest home ;

¹ *Cupid's Call*] In Rawlinson's MS stands thus

The Courtezan

Cupid calls, Oh young men, come,
Bring his wanton, wanton harvest home !
 When the birds most sweetly sing,
 And flowers are in their prime,
 No season but the spring
 Is Cupid's harvest time

Into love's held, or garden walk ,
Virgins dangle, dangle on their stalk,
 Blown, and playing at fifteen,
 And pointing to their beds ,
 Come, bring your sickles then,
 And reap their maidenheads.

Another

Hark, hark, how in every grove
Nightingales do sing of love
They have lost their sullen note,
Warbling with a merry throat,
 There is no bliss to men,
 Oh let them ravish me again !

Virgins, that are young and fair,
Kiss yourselves into a pair ,
Warm and active keep your blood,
Let no thought congeal the flood ,
 In youth refuse no art,
 For age will snow upon your heart D

The west wind blows, the birds do sing,
The earth's enamell'd, 'tis high spring ,
Let hinds, whose soul is corn and hay,
Expect their crop another day

Into Love's spring-garden walk ,
Virgins dangle on their stalk,
Full blown, and playing at fifteen ;
Come bring your amorous sickles then ,
See, they are pointing to their beds,
And call to reap their maiden-heads.

Hark, how in yonder shady grove
Sweet Philomel is warbling love,
And with her voice is courting kings ,
For, since she was a bird, she sings,
There is no pleasure but in men,
Oh, come and ravish me again !

Virgins, that are young and fair,
May kiss, and grow into a pair ,
Then warm and active use your blood,
No sad thought congeal the flood ,
Nature no medicine can impart,
When age once snows upon our heart

TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS

Sure, thy heart was flesh at first ,
For what sin hath it been curst
Into that stubborn thing of late,
Above the reach of wonder ? What,
In some winter was it lost,
And, its blood drunk up by frost,
Grew stiff, and so a rock became ?
Yet this would soften at a flame
Or didst thou bathe thy pretty limbs
In some cold and fatal streams,

Which turn what they embrace to stone,
 And by degrees thy heart grew one?
 I know not, but too true I find
 A quarry of prodigious kind:
 Yet since I lov'd it, I will try,
 From the warm limbeck of my eye,
 In such a method to distil
 Tears on thy marble nature, till
 Their frequent drops, by love's new art,
 Write my epitaph on thy heart;
 That men may know for whom I die,
 And say, beneath that stone I lie.

GOOD MORROW.

Good morrow unto her, who in the night
 Shoots from her silver brow more light
 Than Cynthia, upon whose state
 All other servile stars of beauty wait:

Good morrow unto her, who gives the day,
 Whose eyes preserve a purer ray
 Than Phœbus, when in Thetis' streams
 He hath new bath'd himself, and wash'd his beams

The day and night are only thine, and we
 Were lost in darkness but for thee;
 For thee we live, all hearts are thine,
 But none so full of faith and flame as mine.

TO HIS MISTRESS

I would the God of love would die,
 And give his bow and shafts to me,
 I ask no other legacy,
 This happy fate I then would prove,
 That, since thy heart I cannot move,
 I'd cure, and kill my own with love

Yet why should I so cruel be,
 To kill myself with loving thee,
 And thou a tyrant still to me ?
 Perhaps, couldst thou affection show
 To me, I should not love thee so,
 And that would be my medicine too.

Then choose to love me, or deny,
 I will not be so fond to die
 A martyr to thy cruelty
 If thou be'st weary of me, when
 Thou art so wise to love again,
 Command, and I'll forsake thee then.

TO ODELIA

Health to my fair Odelia ! Some that know
 How many months are past
 Since I beheld thy lovely brow,
 Would count an age at least ,
 But unto me,
 Whose thoughts are still on thee,
 I vow
 By thy black eyes, 'tis but an hour ago.

That mistress I pronounce but poor in bliss,
 That, when her servant parts,
 Gives not as much with her last kiss,
 As will maintain two hearts
 Till both do meet
 To taste what else is sweet.
 Is't fit
 Time measure love, or our affection it ?

Cherish that heart, Odelia, that is mine,
 And if the north thou fear,
 Dispatch but from thy southern clime
 A sigh, to warm thine here ,

But be so kind
 To send by the next wind,
 'Tis far,
 And many accidents do wait on war

TO HIS MISTRESS CONFINED.

Think not, my Phebe, 'cause a cloud
 Doth now thy heavenly beauty shroud,
 My wandering eye
 Can stoop to common beauties of the sky,
 Be thou but kind, and this eclipse
 Shall neither hinder eyes, nor lips,
 For we will meet
 Within our hearts, and kiss, when none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
 Without some loving signs of me,
 When thou dost spy
 A sun-beam peep into thy room, 'tis I,
 For I am hid within that flame,
 And thus unto thy chamber came,
 To let thee see,
 In what a martyrdom I burn for thee

[When² thou dost touch thy lute, thou may'st
 Think on my heart, on which thou play'st,
 When each sad tone
 Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groan
 When thou dost please, they shall rebound
 With nimble airs, struck to the sound
 Of thy own voice
 Oh, think how much I tremble, and rejoice !]

² *When thou dost, &c*] This stanza is inserted from Rawlinson's MS and Carew's *Poems* see note on Shirley's *Postscript to the Reader* D

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
 Upon thy arras wall, but well
 Resembles me
 No matter though our years do not agree,
 Love can make old, as well as time,
 And he that doth but twenty climb,
 If he will prove
 As true as I, shews fourscore years in love

LOVE'S HUE AND CRY.³

In Love's name you are charg'd, oh, fly
 And make a speedy hue and cry
 After a face, which t'other day
 Stole my wandering heart away
 To direct you, take in brief
 These few marks to know the thief
 Her hair, a net of beams, would prove
 Strong enough to imprison Jove,
 Drest in his eagle's shape, her brow
 Is a spacious field of snow,
 Her eyes so rich, so pure a grey,
 Every look creates a day,
 And if they close themselves (not when
 The sun doth set) 'tis night again,
 In her cheeks are to be seen
 Of flowers, both the king and queen,
 Thither by all the graces led,
 And smiling in their nuptial bed,
 On whom, like pretty nymphs, do wait
 Her twin-born lips, whose virgin state
 They do deplore themselves, nor miss
 To blush, so often as they kiss

³ *Love's Hue and Cry*] These lines, with many variations, occur in *The Witty Fair One*, vol. 1 p. 311, and in Carew's *Poems* — see note on Shirley's *Postscript to the Reader* D

Without a man. Beside the rest,
 You shall know this felon best
 By her tongue, for, when your ear
 Once a harmony shall hear
 So ravishing, you do not know
 Whether you be in heaven, or no,
 That, that is she, oh, straight surprize,
 And bring her unto love's assize,
 But lose no time, for fear that she
 Ruin all mankind, like me,
 Fate, and philosophy controul,
 And leave the world without a soul

GOOD NIGHT.

Bid me no more good night, because
 'Tis dark, must I away?
 Love doth acknowledge no such laws,
 And love 'tis I obey,
 Which blind, doth all your light despise,
 And hath no need of eyes
 When day is fled
 Besides, the sun, which you
 Complain is gone, 'tis true,
 Is gone to bed.
 Oh, let us do so too¹

SONG.⁴

Would you know what's soft? I dare
 Remit you to the down, or air
 The stars we all acknowledge bright,
 The snow too is exceeding white.

⁴ *Song*] This piece, as printed in Carew's *Poems*, (see note on Shirley's *Postscript to the Reader*,) agrees almost entirely with the copy in Rawlinson's MS. The present text of it differs much from that of those collections. D

To please your scent, 'twill not be hard
 To present you bruised nard
 And would you heavenly music hear,
 I'll call the orbs to take your ear,
 If old Pythagoras sing true
 But ambrosia heavenly dew
 Divinely must affect your taste,
 And nectar is your drink at last .
 But would you have all these delights in one,
 Know but the fair Odelia, and 'tis done

A FAIRING

A Fairing if you ask, I will next day
 Bestow upon you the new puppet play
 The children made in wax, I dare not try,
 For, I confess, the models at your eye
 Will melt themselves away, and then you know
 The man will be undone, and lose his show
 What monsters would you see ? I'll bring a man
 Has been in France or Italy, that can
 Play his deformities with all the fair.
 We'll for the Cloisters, where the pictures are,
 The king and queens, the princes, all the babies,
 The paper lords, and all the painted ladies ,
 The men of ginger-bread , what art can do '
 You shall see cannibals will eat them too
 We'll to the horse that dances, and ('tis said)
 Tells money, and which virgin is a maid :
 This beast must be an understanding creature,
 For he will snort you by instinct of nature,
 If you but name the pope , there's something in't,
 That a wall eye should read Geneva print
 These are but half the knacks we'll see, and buy,
 If you will walk into the fair with me .
 But you are angry, mistress , troth, I meant
 A jest, in answer of your merriment ;

For sure you cannot mean, with hope to gain
 That gift from me is worth your entertain.
 For whatsoever is not I, must be
 Trifles, and empty things bestow'd on thee,
 And you may thank your beauty for't, I am
 So poor, I have not left myself a name,
 Or substance, not translated thine before,
 He that bestow'd his heart, can give no more.
 If thou wilt have a fairing from me then,
 Give myself back, I'll give it thee again.

TO L⁵ FOR A WREATH OF BAYS SENT.

Soul of my Muse, what active unknown fire
 Already doth thy Delphick wreath inspire!
 O'th'sudden, how my faculties swell high,
 And I am all a powerful prophesy!
 Sleep, ye dull Cæsars! Rome will boast in vain
 Your glorious triumphs, one is in my brain,
 Great as all yours, and circled with thy bays,
 My thoughts take empire o'er all land and seas:
 Proof against all the planets, and the stroke
 Of thunder, I rise up Augustus' oak,
 Within my guard of laurel, and made free
 From age, look fresh still as my Daphnean tree.
 My fancy's narrow yet, till I create
 For thee another world, and in a state
 As free as innocence, shame all poets' wit,
 To climb no higher than Elysium yet,
 Where the pale lovers meet, and teach the groves
 To sigh, and sing vain legends of their loves,
 We will have other flights, and taste such things
 Are only fit for sainted queens and kings.

⁵ To L &c] The first twenty lines, and the concluding couplet, of this piece, occur, slightly varied, in *Honoria and Mammon* see p 29 D

Musæus, Homer, and ye sacred rest,
 Long since believ'd in your own ashes blest,
 Awake, and live again¹ and having wrote
 Our story, wish your other songs forgot,
 And yourselves too ; but our high subject must.
 In spite of death and time, new soul your dust

What cannot I command² what can a thought
 Be now ambitious of, but shall be brought
 By virtue of my charm³ I will undo
 The year, and at my pleasure make one new,
 All spring, whose blooming paradise, but when
 I list, shall with one frown wither again

Astrologers, leave searching the vast skies ,
 Teach them all fate, Odeha, from thine eyes ,
 All that was earth resolves, my spirit's free,
 I have nothing left now but my soul and thee.

TO THE PAINTER⁶ PREPARING TO DRAW M M. H

Be not too forward, painter , 'tis
 More for thy fame and art, to miss
 All other faces, than come near
 The lady, that expecteth here ,
 Be wise, and think it less disgrace
 To draw an angel, than her face,

⁶ *To the Painter, &c*] In 1720, a bookseller named Jauncy published an octavo volume, called *A New Miscellany of Original Poems, Translations and Imitations By the most Eminent Hands, viz Mr Prior, Mr Pope, Mr Hughes, &c Now first published from their Respective Manuscripts With some Familiar Letters by the late Earl of Rochester never before Printed* At p 150 of this *Miscellany*, the present poem occurs, with many variations, and is entitled ;

" To the Painter preparing to draw Mrs Mary Hammond, Sister to Sir William Hammond of St Alban's in Kent

Written by Mr James Shirley, In the year 1634 " The Editor no doubt printed it from a manuscript copy

It is found also, much varied, in Rawlinson's MS D

For in such forms, who is so wise
To tell thee where thy error lies?
But since all beauty (that is known)
Is, in her virgin sweetness, one,
How can it be, that painting her,
But every look should make thee err?
But thou art resolute I see,
Yet let my fancy walk with thee
Compose a ground more dark and sad,
Than that the early chaos had,
And shew, to the whole sex's shame,
Beauty was darkness till she came
Then paint her eyes, whose active light
Shall make the former shadows bright,
And with their every beam supply
New day, to draw her picture by
Now, if thou wilt complete the face,
A wonder paint in every place

Beneath these, for her fair neck's sake,
White as the Paphian turtles, make
A pillar, whose smooth base doth shew
Itself lost in a mount of snow,
Her breast, the house of chaste desire,
Cold, but increasing others' fire.

But how I lose (instructing thee)
Thy pencil, and my poetry!
For when thou hast express'd all art,
As high as truth, in every part,
She can resemble, at the best,
One in her beauty's silence drest,
Where thou, like a dull looker on,
Art lost, and all thy art undone:
For if she speak, new wonders rise
From her teeth, chin, lip, and eyes,
So far above that excellent
Did take thee first, thou wo't repent
To have begun, and lose i'th'end
Thy eyes with wonder how to mend.

At such a loss, here's all thy choice,
Leave off, or paint her with a voice.

TO A LORD, WHO HAD COURTED A LADY OF MUCH
PERFECTION, AND AFTER OFFERED HIS SERVICE TO
ANOTHER OF AN INFERIOR BEAUTY AND PARTS, IN
CONFIDENCE THAT THE FIRST WOULD RE-ACCEPT
HIM.

And can thy proud apostate eyes
Court her again, with hope t'entice
One gentle language, or a smile
Upon a renegade so vile?
Thing call'd a lord, forbear, 'tis fit
Ambition leave thee, like thy wit
Send for an exorcist from Rome,
And let him with full orders come,
To dispossess thy wanton sense
Of this grand devil, Impudence
Can she, in whom shines every grace,
Love's wide fancy can embrace,
Forget her nobler soul to be
Upon thy pride retriev'd by thee?
She hath let fall too many beams,
Thus heaven upon corrupted streams
Hath dropp'd transparent dew, which shews
The spring is clear, whence crystal flows
Enjoy thy madness, or what's worse,
Thy new made mistress 'Tis a curse
To be in hell, but thine is more,
Whose eyes have witness'd heaven before
Th'Hesperian apples thou may'st see
Hereafter, but ne'er climb the tree,
For rather than thou gather fruit,
The plant will wither at the root
Dote still upon the dragon, she
Is fierce, and form'd enough for thee,
And if thy own ill can dispense,
Kiss there, and suck more poison thence

A LOVER THAT DURST NOT SPEAK TO HIS MISTRESS

I can no longer hold, my body grows
Too narrow for my soul, sick with repose,
My passions call to be abroad, and where
Should I discharge their weight, but in her ear,
From whose fair eyes the burning arrow came,
And made my heart the trophy to her flame?

I dare not How? Cupid is blind we know,
I never heard that he was dumb till now,
Love, and not tell my mistress! How crept in
That subtle shaft? Is it to love a sin?
Is't ill to feed a longing in my blood?
And wasn't no fault in her to be so good?
I must not then be silent Yet forbear,
Convey thy passion rather in some tear,
Or let a sigh express, how much thy bliss
Depends on her, or breathe it in a kiss,
And mingle souls, loud accents call the eyes
Of envy, and but waken jealousies:
Then silence be my language, which if she
But understand, and speak again to me,
We shall secure our fate, and prove at least
The miracles of love are not quite ceast
Bar frowns from our discourse, and every where
A smile may be his own interpreter:
Thus we may read, in spite of standers by,
Whole volumes, in the twinkling of an eye

TO ONE THAT SAID HIS MISTRESS WAS OLD

Tell me not, Time hath play'd the thief
Upon her beauty, my belief
Might have been mock'd, and I had been
An heretic, if I had not seen,

My mistress is still fair to me,
 And now I all those graces see,
 That did adorn her virgin brow ,
 Her eye hath the same flame in't now,
 To kill or save, the chemist's fire
 Equally burns , so my desire ,
 Not any rosebud less within
 Her cheek, the same snow on her chin ;
 Her voice that heavenly music bears,
 First charm'd my soul, and in my ears
 Did leave it trembling , her lips are
 The self same lovely twins they were .
 After so many years I miss
 No flower in all my paradise
 Time, I despise thy rage, and thee ,
 Thieves do not always thrive, I see.

UPON HIS MISTRESS DANCING.

I stood and saw my mistress dance,
 Silent, and with so fix'd an eye,
 Some might suppose me in a trance ,
 But being asked why,
 By one that knew I was in love,
 I could not but impart
 My wonder, to behold her move
 So nimbly with a marble heart.

TO A MISTRESS, IN WHOSE LETTER SOME TEARS WERE DROPPED.

Think not, my dearest mistress, that I can
 Forget my vows to thee, and be a man ,
 Love is for more than life, that's but a span.

Those drops which on thy letter did appear,
At once both stain'd and made thy paper clear,
I would have read thy eyes, and not thy tear

Yet I'll not chide thee for it, it may be
To make me rich thou send'st those pearls to me
Alas, I must be poor in wanting thee !

Had I a thought about me did not lay
'Thee up a treasure to my love, I'd say
Thy tears were sorrow for my sin, and pray .

But knowing myself thine, howe'er thou do
An act to grieve my love, and thy own too,
Myself I'll flatter by not thinking so

Examine thy own soul, and if thou find
Faith there, it was but copied from my mind,
Which may be wounded, never be unkind.

So, farcwell, my Odelia : be thou just ,
For when I die, I'll love thee in my dust,
And when I fail thee most, secure thy trust

PRESENTING HIS MISTRESS WITH A BIRD.

Walking to taste the welcome spring,
The birds which cheerful notes did sing
On their green perches, 'mong the rest,
One, whose sweet warble pleas'd me best,
I tempted to the snare, and caught.
To you I send it to be taught ,
'Tis young, and apt to learn, and near
A voice so full of art and clear
As yours, it cannot choose but rise
Quickly a bird of paradise.

UPON SCARLET AND BLUSH-COLOURED RIBBANDS,
GIVEN BY TWO LADIES

Let other servants boast a snowy glove,
Or glory in their mistress' hair,
Or think they straight immortal prove,
If they once obtain to wear
A ring enamell'd, by her finger blest,
Wherein the rainbow is exprest,
In whose circle Cupid dwelling,
Doth offer a sweet poesy to their smelling

Not all the orient beauties that embrace
Fair Venus' neck, nay, grant that she
Deign to disfurnish her own face,
And bestow her mole on me,
Not this, nor those are half so rich, so fair
As these two silken ribbands are,
Favours Juno might have given
The Graces, on her wedding day in heaven

Mysterious colours, carrying more than shew '
For you express in your rich dye
Rare virtues, which the givers owe,⁷
Constant love, and modesty.
To which when I prove false, my blood be curst,
To satisfy the injur'd first,
Shame be next reward, and then
I forfeit blush and scarlet back again.

TO HIS MISTRESS, UPON THE BAYS WITHERED

Fair cruel, see the bays, which thou
Didst send to crown my verse:
How well with cypress and sad yew
Would it become my hearse !

⁷ owe] i e own D

'Tis thy unkindness that doth kill
The leaves, which fade like me ;
Yet on the wreath but cast a smile,
'Twill seem another tree.

Such shine will quicken what is dead ,
Then send it me again,
Which shall have virtue on my head,
To make the wearer green

Thus, in a frost, I'll meet a flame,
And Phœbus' priest am made,
And thee, I growing fresh, will name
My nymph, my light, my shade.

TAKING LEAVE WHEN HIS MISTRESS WAS TO RIDE.

How is it my ungentle fate,
When love commanded me to wait
Upon my saint, by break of day,
I brought a heart, but carried none away ?

When we join'd ceremonious breath,
And lips, that took a leave like death,
With a sad parting thought opprest,
Did it leave mine, to glide into her breast ?

Or was it, when like Pallas she
Was mounted, and I gaz'd to see,
My heart then looking through mine eye,
Did after her out at that window fly ?

'Twas so, and 'cause I did not ride,
My heart would lackey by her side,
Or some more careful angel be,
To see my mistress safe convey'd for me

Nay then attend thy charge, nor fear
Storms in the way, and if a tear
By chance, at looking back on thee
Bedew her eye, drink that a health to me.

But smile at night, and be her guest,
At once her music and her feast,
And if at any mention made
Of me, she sigh, say all thy travail's paid.

But when she's gently laid to rest,
Oh listen softly to her breast,
And thou shalt hear her soul, but see
Thou wake her not, for she may dream of me.

But what's all this when I am here,
If fancy bid thee welcome there?
Heart, this last duty I implore,
Or bring her back, or see thy cell no more.

LOVE FOR ENJOYING

Fair lady, what's your face to me?
I was not only made to see;
Every silent stander by
May thus enjoy as much as I
That blooming nature on your cheek,
Is still inviting me to seek
For unknown wealth, within the ground
Are all the royal metals found.
Leave me to search, I have a thread
Through all the labyrinth shall lead,
And through every winding vein
Conduct me to the golden mine;
Which once enjoy'd, will give me power
To make new Indies every hour.

Look on those jewels that abound
 Upon your dress ; that diamond
 No flame, no lustre could impart,
 Should not the lapidary's art
 Contribute here and there a star ,
 And just such things ye women are,
 Who do not in rude quarries shine,
 But meeting us, you're made divine

Come let us mix ourselves, and prove
 That action is the soul of love
 Why do we coward-gazing stand,
 Like armies in the Netherland,
 Contracting fear at either's sight,
 Till we both grow too weak to fight ?
 Let's charge for shame, and chuse you whether
 One shall fall, or both together.
 This is love's war, whoever dies,
 If the survivor be but wise,
 He may reduce⁸ the spirit fled,
 For t'other kiss will cure the dead

UPON THE PRINCE'S BIRTH.⁹

Fair fall the Muses, that in well-chim'd verse
 Our prince's happy birth do sing !
 I have a heart as full of joy as theirs,
 As full of duty to my king .
 And thus I tell,
 How every bell
 Did ring forth England's merry gleè ,
 The bonfires too,
 With much ado,
 It were great pity to belie her,
 Made all the city seem one fire,
 A joyful sight to see

⁸ *reduce*] See note, p. 178 D

⁹ *Upon the Prince's Birth*] Charles II was born May 29th, 1630 D

The graver citizens were fox'd¹ that day,
 With beer and joy most soundly paid²
 The constables in duty reel'd away,
 And charged others them to aid,
 To see how soon
 Both sun and moon,
 And the seven stars forgotten be;
 But when 'twas night
 Their heads were light,
 To which they did exalt their horn,
 Because a prince of Wales was born,
 A joyful sight to see

The Dutchmen, having drunk so much before,
 Could not so well express their joy:
 The French, condemn'd not to be sober more,
 Drank healths unto the royal boy,
 In their own wine,
 Neat, brisk, and fine.
 The valiant Irish, Cram-a-cree,
 It pledged hath
 In usquebath,³
 And being in this jovial vein,
 They made a bog even of their brain,
 A joyful sight to see.

The Welsh for joy her cousin prince was born,
 Was mean to change St. Tavie's day,
 Swearing no leeks was he hereafter worn
 But on the twenty nine of May,
 None so merry
 Drinking perry,

¹ fox'd] i e drunk D

² paid] See note, vol iv p 124 D

³ usquebath] So Rawlinson's MS The old copy "usque-
 bagh" D

And metheglin on their knee,
 Was every man
 A Trojan than,⁴
 Thus arm'd the tivel her defy,
 And dare tell Beelzebub her lie,
 A joyful sight to see.

The Scots in bonny ale their joy did sing,
 And wish'd the royal babe a man,
 That they might beg him but to be their king,
 And let him rule'em when he can
 The Spaniard made
 A shrug, and said,
 After my pipe, come follow me
 Canary sack
 Did go to rack,
 Some merchants went to Malago,
 Some drown'd in good old Charnico,
 A joyful sight to see.

[But while⁵ the bells about us make a din,
 And bonfires for the prince we make,
 The puritans did only burn within,
 With spiritual faggots for his sake,
 Should they maintain
 A fire profane?
 They rather martyrs wish'd to be.
 But these remit,
 Till judges sit;
 Next sessions, some or other may
 Find wholesome Tyburn in their way,
 A joyful sight to see]

⁴ *than*] Often used for *then* by our old poets D

⁵ *But while, &c*] This stanza is inserted from Rawlinson's MS D

And now let all good subjects' prayers ascend,
 That heaven with milk would swell their breast
 That nurse the babe , may angels still attend
 To rock him gently to his rest !
 Let his glory
 Raise a story
 Worthy an immortal pen :
 So Charles God bless,
 Our queen no less ;
 And in conclusion of my song,
 I wish that man without a tongue
 That will not say amen

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND THOMAS STANLEY,⁶
 ESQUIRE, UPON HIS ELEGANT POEMS

A palsy shakes my pen, while I intend
 A votive to thy muse , since to commend
 With my best skill, will be as short of thee,
 As thou above all future poesy.
 Thou early miracle of wit and art,
 That hath prodigiously so got the start
 Of ages in thy study ' Time must be
 Old once again in overtaking thee.
 I know not where I am, when I peruse
 Thy learned loves , how willingly I lose

⁶ *Thomas Stanley*] The intimacy between Shirley and this very learned man is noticed in the account of our author and his works. He was the son of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, of Laytonstone in Essex, and Cumberlow in Hertfordshire, and born about 1625. He was fellow commoner of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, on leaving which, he visited the continent. He married Dorothy, daughter and coheir of Sir James Enyon, Bart, of Flower in Northamptonshire, and died in 1678. His *Poems*, though they do not deserve so high an eulogium as the friendship of Shirley has bestowed on them, possess considerable beauty. D

Myself in every grove, and wish to be
 (Might it contribute to thy wreath) a tree '
 Carew,⁷ whose numerous language did before
 Steer every genial soul, must be no more
 The oracle of love, and might he come
 But from his own to thy Elysium.
 He would repent his immortality
 Given by loose idolaters, and die
 A tenant to these shades, and by thy ray
 He need not blush to court his Celia
 Thy numbers carry height, yet clear, and terse,
 And innocent, as becomes the soul of verse.
 Poets from hence may add to their great name,
 And learn to strike from chastity a flame
 But I expect some murmuring critic here
 Should say, no poems ever did appear
 Without some fault, this I must grant a truth,
 And sir, let me deal plainly with your youth,
 Not error-proof yet, something may admit
 A censure; if you will secure your wit,
 I know the only way to bring't about,
 Accept my love, and leave this copy out.

⁷ *Carew*] Thomas Carew, brother of Sir Matthew Carew, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and spent several years of his youth in France and Italy. By Charles the first he was appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer in ordinary. He is supposed to have died about the year 1639. His *Poems* and *Cælum Britannicum a Masque*, are still justly admired. "He was," says Clarendon, "a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way) which for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal if not superior to any of that time. but his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of christianity that his best friends could desire." *Life of the Earl of Clarendon*, vol. 1 p. 41, ed. 1827. D.

TO THE E[ARL] OF S[TRAFFORD]⁸ UPON HIS
RECOVERY.

My lord, the voice that did your sickness tell,
 Strook like a midnight chime or knell,
 At every sound
 I took into my sense a wound,
 Which had no cure till I did hear
 Your health again
 Restor'd, and then
 'There was a balsam pour'd into mine ear

It was my wonder first, what could invade
 A temper was so even made,
 Then fear stept in,
 Lest nature should commit a sin,
 By yielding to resign your breath,
 Upon whose hearse
 All tears and verse
 Would fall, but not enough lament your death.

But hymns are now requir'd; 'tis time to rise,
 And pay the altar sacrifice
 My heart allows
 No gums, nor amber, but pure vows,
 There's fire at breathing of your name,
 And do not fear,
 I have a tear
 Of joy, to curb any immodest flame

In you, since honour is restor'd, oh, may
 Health in your noble bosom stay,
 And with your blood
 Move in a circle all that's good,

⁸ *Earl of Strafford*] See the account of Shirley and his works
 This great man was born in 1593, and beheaded in 1641. D

And though time sicken with his years,
 And winters come,
 Let your age bloom,
 And look as fresh as when the spring appears!

ONE THAT LOVED⁹ NONE BUT DEFORMED WOMEN.

What should my mistress do with hair?
 Her frizzling, curling, I can spare,
 But let her forehead be well plough'd,
 And hemp within the furrows sow'd.

No dressing should conceal her ear,
 Which I would have at length appear,
 At which should hang with a device,
 The wealthy pearls of both her eyes

And such a nose I would desire
 Should represent the town a' fire,
 Cheeks black, and swelling like the south,
 No tongue, nor mark within her mouth.

Oh, give me such a face,
 Such a grace!
 No two should have sport,
 Or in wedlock better agree
 The devil should into the bawdy court,
 If he durst but cuckold me.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF BIRDS.¹

Let other poets write of dogs,
 Some sing of fleas, or fighting frogs,

⁹ *One that loved &c*] See note vol iv p 226 D

¹ *The Common-wealth of Birds*] In Rawlinson's MS stands thus

Listen, gallants, to my words,
 I sing the Commonwealth of Birds

Another's Muse be catching fish,
 And every bard² cook his own dish ;
 The Common-wealth of Birds I bring
 'To feast your ears ; then hear me sing.

A Buzzard is the Mayor o' th' town,
 And Gulls are Brethren of the Gown ,

A Buzzard doth command the town ,
 Gulls are brethren of the gown ,
 Great, but not Moguls they be,
 Of the land, and not the sea

There is, in every ward, of these
 Widgeons plac'd for deputies
 The citizens have merry lives ,
 They cuckoos are, who take to wives,
 Pretty Parrots, Black-birds, Rails,
 Many of them prove Wagtails

Each parish-constable is a Daw ,
 Wry-neck, watchmen with club law,
 Who, taking any Owls by night,
 Straight convey them to the Kite,
 Who keeps the Counter, and indeed
 Knows on Poultry how to feed

Divers gentlemen there are,
 A Robin-red-breast, and a Stare ,
 Canary Birds are not a few ,
 Rooks have crept among them too ,
 Dunghill Cocks, that will be beat ,
 Godwits, only good to eat

Would you know the Lawyers ? these
 Are a nest of Goldfinches
 But few men there are, that know
 The Physician from a Crow ,
 Yet Bitter many of them are,
 And the good like Black-swans rare

If any chance to ask of me,
 Where this Commonwealth should be,
 I answer, 'tis above the Moon,
 'Twas mine by revelation ,
 There the Larks are, and we shall
 See them, when the sky doth fall D

² bard] The old copy " Bird " D

Some Widgeons of the peace and quorum,
Commit all that are brought before 'em.

Cocks are the under men of trade,
Within whose hall a law is made,
That every spring each citizen
Shall march, to bring the Cuckoo in
Every constable has a claw,
A head of Bat, and brain of Daw ;
And, as wise as these, you will
Know the Watchmen by their bill,
Who take no wandering Owls by night
But they convey them to the Kite,
Who keeps the Compter, where together
They laugh, and drink, and molt their feather.

If you come to court, there are
A Robin-red-breast, and a Stare
Canary birds do sigh, not sing,
The Larks have quite forgot the spring ;
What should harmonious birds sing there,
When a Rook's master of the quire ?

They that do practise Common pleas
With greatest art, are Goldfinches,
And Crows by physick, plump and thrive ,
Men die, that birds of prey may live

If for the church you look, sad age !
You'll find the clergy in a cage
Faith and Religion declines,
When good wits are no more divines ,
For Lapwings everywhere you'll see
Perch up, and preach Divinity,
Who sing, though every soul be vex't,
Here 'tis, when farthest from their text.
But what most admiration moves,
The soldiers are all fighting Doves ,
And no reward for prose, or verse,
The scholars are turn'd Woodpeckers.
So fast the various Birds intrude,
Art cannot name them : to conclude,

Every wise man is a Wren,
 And black Swans the honest men
 A wonder in the close I bring ,
 A Nightingale to these is King,
 Who never (sweet bird) goes to rest,
 But has a thorn upon his breast.

TO THE EXCELLENT PATTERN OF BEAUTY AND VIRTUE,
 L[ADY] EL[IZABETH,] CO[UNTESS] OF OR[MOND].³

MADAM,

Were you but only great, there are some men
 Whose heat is not the Muses', nor their pen
 Steer'd by chaste truth, could flatter you in prose,
 Or glorious verse, but I am none of those
 I never learn'd that trick of court to wear
 Silk at the cost of flattery , or make dear
 My pride, by painting a great lady's face
 When she had done't before, and swear the grace
 Was Nature's , anagram upon her name,
 And add to her no virtue, my own shame
 I could not make this lord a god, then try
 How to commit new court idolatry ,
 And when he dies, hang on his silent hearse
 Wet elegies, and haunt his ghost in verse
 These, some hold witty, thriving garbs, but I
 Choose to my loss a modest poesy,
 And place my genius upon subjects fit
 For imitation, rather than bold wit ,
 And such are you, who both in name and blood
 Born great, have learn'd this lesson to be good.

³ *Llizabeth Countess of Ormond*] Wife of the celebrated James Butler, successively Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Ormond She was the cousin of her husband, and only child of the Earl of Desmond She died in 1684 D.

Arm'd with this knowledge, madam, I not fear
 To hold fair correspondence with the year,
 And bring my gift, hearty, as you are fair,
 A servant's wish, for all my wealth is prayer,
 Which with the year thus enters. May you be
 Still the same flowing goodness that we see.

In your most noble lord be happy still,
 And heaven chain your hearts into one will ,
 Be rich in your two darlings of the spring,
 Which as it waits, perfumes their blossoming,
 The growing pledges of your love, and blood ,
 And may that unborn blessing timely bud,
 The chaste and noble treasure of your womb,
 Your own, and th'age's expectation come ,
 And when your days and virtues have made even,
 Die late, belov'd of earth, and change for heaven

TO THE H[ONOURABLE] LADY D. C.,⁴ AT HIS
 DEPARTURE.

Madam, whose first stile is good,
 Great in virtue as in blood,

⁴ *To the Honourable Lady, D C &c]* in Rawlinson's MS
 stands thus

To the Right Honourable sisters, the Lady B and
 Lady Dia Curs

Ladies, whose first style is good,
 Great in virtue, as in blood,
 For my entertainment, take
 This poor sacrifice I make,
 In wishes only, so in part
 I shall express my thankful heart
 May you be happy all your life,
 Either of you a blest wife
 May your husbands' love renew
 Every day their marriage vow,
 And yourselves, as newly wed,
 Give each night a maidenhead
 When you sleep, may flowing numbers
 Charm you into heavenly slumbers

For my entertainment, take
 This warm sacrifice, I make
 In wishes, which flow best, while⁵ art
 Hath little traffick with the heart.
 May every sun that rises, pay
 You pleasure long-liv'd as the day,
 And at night the silent streams
 Of pious thoughts fill up your dreams.
 For him, to whom your heart is tied,
 Keep it still virgin, and bride,
 That often as you go to bed,
 You give and take a maidenhead
 Never sigh, but when you pray
 May your husband smile all day,
 And when clouds make dark his sky,
 Strike new daylight from your eye,
 And if e'er he think amiss,
 May you cure him with a kiss.

But, to keep his heart at home,
 Be rich in treasures of your womb,
 And taught by examples of your love,
 With every Olive branch a Dove

When you wake, may you be kept
 As free from sin, as when you slept
 Never sigh, but when you pray
 May your husbands smile all day,
 And, when clouds make dark their sky,
 Strike new daylight from your eye,
 And, if e'er they think amiss,
 May you cure them with a kiss
 May you happy mothers be,
 And your childrens' children see,
 Live to be very old, and then
 Return into your spring again,
 And when a second age is past,
 Though late, may you reach heaven at last D.

⁵ *while*] The old copy "which" D.

TO W[ILLIAM] M[ARQUIS] OF N[EWCASTLE] ⁶

Hail, great preserver of the king,
 And your own honour! Such a thing
 At court but rare appears,
 And when in calmer years
 So much virtue, so much crime
 Shall be read both at one time,
 Treason shall want a child, and, your worth known,
 Posterity shall thank the kingdom's groan

When I before did fancy men
 Of a most glorious soul, my pen
 Did prophecy of you,
 To whom so much is due,
 That each patriot must rise
 To court you with a sacrifice,
 And boldest writers telling ages why,
 Need fear no fiction in their poetry.

Great both in peace and war, thus fame
 Did honour Sidney; on your name
 Two laurels grow,⁷ and they
 That speak them both, may say,
 Thus the fluent Ovid wrote,
 And thus, too, wise Cæsar fought,
 For when your story shall be perfect, you
 May both deserve, and have their envies too

⁶ *William Marquis of Newcastle*] See the account of Shirley and his works This distinguished nobleman was born in 1592, and died in 1676 D

⁷ *grow*] The old copy "grew" D

TO MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER,⁸ ON HIS RENEGADO

Dabblers in poetry, that only can
 Court this weak lady, or that gentleman,
 With some loose wit in rhyme,
 Others that fright the time
 Into belief with mighty words, that tear
 A passage through the ear,
 Or nicer men
 That through a perspective will see a play,
 And use it the wrong way,
 (Not worth thy pen)
 Though all their pride exalt them, cannot be
 Competent judges of thy lines or thee

I must confess, I have no glorious name
 To rescue judgment, no poetic flame
 To dress thy muse with praise,
 And Phœbus his own bays,
 Yet I commend this poem, and dare tell
 The world I lik'd it well,
 And if there be
 A tribe, who in their wisdom dare accuse
 The offspring of thy Muse,
 Let them agree,
 Conspire one comedy, and they will say
 'Tis easier to commend than make a play

TO A LADY, UPON A LOOKING-GLASS SENT

When this crystal shall present
 Your beauty to your eye,
 Think that lovely face was meant
 To dress another by

⁸ *To Master Philip Massinger, on his Renegado*] These lines
 are prefixed to the 4th ed of that play, 1630 D

For, not to make them proud,
 These glasses are allow'd
 To those are fair,
 But to compare
 The inward beauty with the outward grace,
 And make them fair in soul as well as face

EPITHALAMIUM.

1. Oh, look anon, if in the seeded sky
 You miss no stars ; here I did spy
 Two gliding by
- 2 Did not thy trembling sense mistake the shine,
 Which from the flaming marriage pine
 Shot like divine ?
1. No, no, oh no, within his stock of light
 Hymen was never half so bright.
2. Behold, the nuptial train
 Come smiling back again .
 Hymen, hold up thy torch.
1. Now, now I see
 The virgin bride, fair Willoughby,
 From whose fair eyes
 This day did rise,
2. Whilst her chaste blushing strows
 Fresh roses on the morning as she goes
- 1 What music have they ?
2. None,
 But what's the bridegroom's own .
 See, where he follows to supply
 All that a well tun'd ear
 Can wish to hear,
 Being himself a walking harmony

Chorus

Heaven on this pair drop all the joys
 Of love, health, fortune, pleasure, boys !

A MOTHER HEARING HER CHILD WAS SICK OF
THE SMALL-POX.

What hath my pretty child misdone,
That heaven so soon,
(As if it did repent
The sweetness it had lent)
Making so many graves, mistook the place,
And buried all her beauty in her face?

But it foresaw, if she remain'd
Fresh and unstain'd,
So blooming in each part,
She might take every heart,
Charm all the Muses to forget their verse,
Or name no beauty in their song, but hers.

But this is still my sorrow, child,
With which turn'd wild,
I send my tears to seek,
And bathe thy wither'd cheek :
Which, could my kisses reach, with warm supplies,
I would leave thee no spots, or me no eyes

EPITHALAMIUM.

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND, MR. I. W

Adorn the altar, many come to day
To sacrifice,
But first upon't let me presume to lay
My grain of spice,
'Tis all I have, though others bring
Rich gifts, mine is the offering.

Live one in heart so long, till time forget
 You have been two ,
 Upon your bosoms, joys more frequent sit
 Than pearls of dew
 On the green cheek of earth, but may
 No sun kiss one of these away.

Plenty your tables, chaste desires still meet
 To crown your beds ,
 And may the bridegroom the first night beget
 New maidenheads.
 I could say more, but verse is tied ,
 Wild joys in prose are best supply'd.

A CATCH.

Come, let us throw the dice, who shall drink ?
 Mine is [1][2] [3][4], and his [5][6] [7][8] ,
 [9][10] and [11][12] is a cast, [13][14] and [15][16] not too fast ,
 Come aloft [17][18] [19][20] ; [21][22] [23][24] fair play ,
 [25][26] [27][28] is your throw, sir , [29][30] [31][32] they run low, sir ,
 [33][34] [35][36] we see , [37][38] [39][40] is but three ,
 Oh, where is the wine ? come, fill up his glass,
 For here is the man that has thrown [41][42] [43][44].

ON A BLACK RIBBAND

Though love and honour take a pride to dress
 Their servants in these silken liveries,
 But choose the colours always gay, and bright,
 Excluding black, as the dark child of night,
 (Which, constant to its own complexion, knows
 Not how to blush, nor one indulgence owes

Either to beauty, or the gift of kings,
This jealousy, and that vexation brings,)
Give me the black embracement on my arm,
Which, like a potent amulet or charm,
Shall countermand all magic, and defy
The smiles of love, and snares of majesty.
Of this I'll be more proud, than when the fair
Odelia once gave me her wreath of hair,
Wherein, her fingers, taught by love, had wrought
A net, to catch and hold each subtle thought.
This mourning bracelet is to me above
All ribbands, which the Robinhoods of love
Are trick'd withal, who but present at court
Which are the race nags for the ladies' sport
Give me that sable ornament, that may
Vie honour with the Nova Scotia,
Or crimson Bath, and still reserv'd to th'king
My reverence, who is the soul and spring
Of English honour, for the garter's sake,
I should not mourn, although the blue were black,
And 'tis within his breast, when Charles will please
To create one of black, to outshine these,
For what bold antiquaries will deny,
Of colours, sable the first heraldry ?

All orders have their growth, and this, when sent
To me, had something that was glorious meant,
From one, whose blood writes noble, but his mind
And soul's extraction leave that stream behind,
And this, who knows, in calmer time may thrive,
And grow into a name, if arts survive ?

Till when, to this black armlet, it shall be
My honour, to be call'd a votary.

TO GENTLEMEN THAT BROKE THEIR PROMISE OF A
MEETING, MADE WHEN THEY DRANK CLARET

There is no faith in claret, and it shall
Henceforth with me be held apocryphal ,
I'll trust a small-beer promise, nay, a troth
Wash'd in the Thames, before a French wine oath
That grape, they say, is binding ; yes, 'tis so,
And it has made your souls thus costive too
Circe transform'd the Greeks, no hard design,
For some can do as much with claret wine
Upon themselves, witness you two allow'd
Once honest, now turn'd air, and a-la-mode.
Begin no health in this, or if by chance
The king's, 'twill question your allegiance ,
And men will, after all your ruffling, say,
You drink, as some do fight, in the French way,
Engage and trouble many, when 'tis known,
You spread their interest to waive your own.
Away with this false christian, it shall be
An excommunicate from mirth, and me ,
Give me the catholic, diviner flame,
'To light me to the fair Odelia's name ,
'Tis sack, that justifies both man and verse,
Whilst you in Lethe-claret still converse ,

⁹ *To Gentlemen, that broke their promise, &c] in Rawlinson's MS stands thus*

To E H and W H

There is no faith in claret , now I see
That blushing wine doth merely Frenchify
Can promises in wine, and wine, that should,
Having no colour, best agree with blood,
Make men so cold, that after, they appear
As dull as they which compliment in beer ?
But 'tis no wonder, for we do not seek
A christian, where there is no catholick
'Tis sack that justifies , and had you both
Promis'd in sack, each word had been an oath D

Forget your own names next, and when you look
With hope to find, be lost in the church book.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN THAT DIED OF A FEVER ¹

Death, Time, and Sickness, had been many a day
Conspiring this sweet virgin to betray,
At last impatient, vow'd, ere the next sun,
To finish what their malice had begun.
Sickness went slowly on, but Time apace,
Death lagg'd behind, by night all reach'd the place
But when, resolv'd of a surprise, they came,
They found her guarded by a holy flame
Her waking fever kept this did affright
The thieves, who are still fearful of the light
Time stays without, but Sickness, by the sin
Of bribing a false servant, was let in,
Death follow'd the advantage, and did creep
Into her chamber, where though in her sleep,
Sickness faint-hearted could not stop her breath,
But she soon found the icy hand of Death
Her groan awak'd some friends, and, the maid
kill'd,
With sighs and clamours all the air was fill'd.
Fearing a swift pursuit, Time ran away,
Sickness no longer had the heart to stay,
Death with his prey soon hid him under ground,
Not since by any living creature found.

UPON THE DEATH OF G. M.

I lov'd him, and I lost him too, then why
Should others weep their farewell, and not I?

¹ Upon a Gentlewoman that died of a fever] In Rawlinson's MS these lines, greatly varied, are entitled, *Upon Sr G. Ca. Ladie Ep D.*

If souls know more by being body-free,
 He'll know, from all the rest, these drops from me.
 Then flow apace : I see where store of rain
 Is met, and swoln itself into a main ;
 Go lose yourselves in that ; it cannot be
 In vain, to add some water to the sea,
 Since heaven, whose glorious constellations are
 So many, hath yet took another star

If any think my grief has but a face
 Of mourning, and my tears a common place,
 Be judge yourselves, that know what 'tis to leave
 A friend, then wisely teach me how to grieve
 Be judge you that did want him, while he liv'd,
 But more now, since he then your lives repriev'd,
 Forfeit to miseries, and let me know
 What height and method you'll prescribe your woe.
 Be judge that were companions of his wit,
 And knew with what wise art he manag'd it.
 When nature's darling bleeds, who can be found,
 Whose heart would not drop balm into the wound ?
 Last be you judges, who best teach the way,
 And steer our erring souls to heaven , then say
 How much divinity is gone, and, by
 Your grief, I'll learn to write his elegy

UPON THE DEATH OF KING JAMES ²

When busy fame was almost out of breath,
 With telling to the world king James his death,

² *Upon the death of King James,*] March 27th, 1625 —This poem in Rawlinson's MS stands thus

Is the sea richer for a drop of rain,
 Or, being mingled, can we know't again ?
 Then why (though I have interest in the care)
 Should I into the flood let fall a tear ?
 Yes, drop into the sea my tear, before
 Heaven (which was full) hath a star added more ?

I gave the voice no credit ; not that I
 Believ'd in law, that kings can never die ;
 For, though of purer mould, at last they must
 Resolve to their cold principle, the dust,
 Distinguish'd only from the common men,
 That being dead, their dust is royal then

What though the king were old ? as soon must
 they
 Be at home, whose journey's down-hill all the way.

Credibile est illum non potuisse mori

When at my ear the rumour did arrive,
 Of the king's death, unwilling to believe,
 Perhaps, so sad a story, like a voice
 Empty of truth, having but made a noise,
 I gave't no entertainment, not that I
 Held an opinion, kings can never die,
 Who, though of purer mould, yet one day must
 Die, and dissolve again to princely dust,
 That's all the difference then, all life's a way
 'Twixt earth and earth, and sooner needs must they
 Finish their course, who old, of their years' sum,
 Having past many, leave but few to come,
 Bird-like the soul flies out, when once the cage
 Is made too weak a prison by old age,
 But I would trust my eye, not every sound,
 The ear oft catches things at false rebound
 To clear my doubts, some told me who did bring
 By torchlight the dead body of the king,
 (When every star, like kinsmen to the dead,
 That night, close mourners, hid their golden head)
 And had repos'd that royal burden where
 His people might embalm him with their tear
 My grief found quick direction I came
 Unto a house, I know not how to name,
 It had so many, only this I know,
 It might be justly call'd the House of Woe,
 Death's inn of late for princes, who there lay,
 Taking it, as a lodging, in their way
 Unto the grave Entering the court, I see
 Many were cloth'd in black, but this might be
 Their abstinence for Lent, for who was there
 That would not fast from colours once a year ?
 I pass'd the guard, and to the Presence came,
 Which did but mock enquiry with a name,

But I would trust my eye, not every sound ;
The ear oft catches things at false rebound.

To clear my doubts, some told me, that did bring,
By torch-light, the dead body of the king,
When every star, like kinsmen to the dead,
That night, close mourners, hid their golden head,
And had repos'd that royal burden, where
His people might embalm him with their tear.

Sorrow finds quick direction : I came
To a fair house, I cannot give't a name,
It had so many, only this I know,
It might be aptly call'd the House of Woe,
Death's inn of late for princes, who there lay,
As taking but a lodging, in their way
To the dark grave Enter'd the court, I see
Many attir'd in black, but this might be

For it presented nothing to the eye,
But blacks and tears for absent majesty
Thence to the Privy Chamber I did pass,
To see if he were there, but there, alas,
I found new shapes of sorrow ' men, whose eyes,
Drunk up by tears, shew'd life but a disguise
The mournful State here did renew my woe
Of the lost Presence, velvet hangings too
Made sorrow of more value, which beheld
The scutcheon royal in a sable field
To the Bed Chamber (which I cannot name
With too much veneration) next I came,
Now made the hallow'd shrine, wherein they said
The sacred body of the king was laid
Oh, fitly may we call the bed, the grave
Since we but sleep in both, in both we have
Our winding-sheet about us, thus to be
Prepar'd to sleep short death, or long sleep die '

This sad room

At first affrighted, opening, like a tomb,
To shew me death, where tapers, round about,
Flameless, would tell me that our light was out :
But, by the little day which was let in,
I'th'midst of an amaze, hope would begin
New comfort, and persuade my trembling eye,
The king was there alive, so fresh a dye

Their abstinence for lent, for who is there
 That cannot fast from colours once a year?²
 After some jostling with the guard, I came
 To th' Presence, which but mock'd me with a name,
 For it presented nothing to my eye
 But blacks, and tears for absent majesty.

Thence to the Privy-Chamber I did pass,
 In hope to find him there, but there, alas,
 I found new shapes of sorrow! men, whose eyes,
 Drunk up by tears, shew'd life in a disguise:
 The mourning state here did renew my woe
 For the lost presence, velvet hangings too
 Made sorrow of more value, which beheld
 The 'scutcheon royal in a sable field.
 To the Bed-Chamber then (the shrine, some said,
 Where the pale body of the king was laid)
 My wild devotion brought me This sad room
 At first did fright me, opening like a tomb,

Dwelt on his cheek, a terror in his brow,
 His eye[s] not clos'd by death, seem'd still to throw
 Their glorious beams upon us, and who could
 Not then expect a voice? But no sound would
 Bless our attentive ears oh, where were all
 The treasures of his tongue, which he let fall
 So oft in oracles! In this amaze,
 My eye with more intention did gaze
 Upon the countenance, and return'd at last
 An error in my judgment, that had past
 A sorrow upon trust, for what I see,
 Were but king James his ornaments, not he,
 A crowned model in th'imperial robe,
 Art, taught to hold a sceptre and a globe
 Alas! was this the way to get belief
 That he was dead, to paint him now to life,
 As if, when we had lost him, it had been
 Enough, to have thought him but alive again?
 This did my late suspicion renew,
 King James might be alive, for aught I knew,
 For what was this same figure to me more
 Than hundred pictures I had seen before?
 From this Black house unto the White, a place
 Which with his person he did use to grace,

To shew me death , where tapers, round about,
 Flameless, would tell me that our light was out :
 But, by that melancholy day was lent,
 I might discover on his monument
 A king, with subtle artifice so set,
 My sense did stagger at the counterfeit
 Alas, was this the way to gain belief
 That he was dead, to paint him now to life !
 As if, when we had lost him, it had been
 Enough to have thought him but alive again :
 But to these sad remonstrances I give
 No faith , the king I sought, might be alive,
 For all these figures, and their makers be
 (At least as my soul wish'd) more dead than he.

From thence to White-hall when I came, with
 wing
 Nimble as fear could make, I found the king ;
 I triumph'd here, and boldly did revive ,
 King James not dead, he was in Charles alive.

I went to be confirm'd, but, when I came,
 I found it turn'd all mourner but the name ,
 But, like the Burse frequented, every where
 Business and whisper that the king was there,
 King Charles, not James this granted, 'twas not strange,
 To say the Burse was there the Royal Exchange
 Our day being gone, no night hung o'er our eyes,
 For at sun-setting did the sun arise
 Here tears and triumph did divide me so,
 I knew not what to answer to my woe
 At length resolv'd to wait, I wish'd to see
 Our Jacob's staff, this springing majesty
 From ashes of our phoenix, whose bright ray
 Made such a sunshine in a rainy day
 At last, by unlook'd for happiness, I had
 Sight of his person, in whose face I read
 That which my late opinion did revive,
 King James not dead, he was in Charles alive
Credibile est illum non potuisse mori D

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS NEVILL.

Swelling eyes, forbear to weep :
Can the marble, that doth keep
So rich a Nevill, not appear
Full of cold drops, without your tear ?
Or the earth, beneath his tomb,
Not feel a labour in her womb,
When with her profaner dust
His ashes mingle ? Sure it must
Break with burden of new pain,
And from her root he grow again

AN ELEGY UPON THE HONOURABLE, FAIR, AND
VIRTUOUS MISTRESS BORLASE.

Come hither, virgins that are good, and fair ,
Instead of flowers, here careless strew your hair ,
Pay down the tribute due from all your eyes ,
For underneath this dewy marble lies
One, worth you all although you cannot make
Her live again, 'tis justice for her sake
To weep yourselves blind, for in vain you keep
Your eye-sight, while Maria's gone to sleep,
That was your path and leader. But away,
You are but common mourners , for this day,
Hid in a storm of tears, doth wait the name
Of great Borlase, wounded, and led by fame.
The mist is blown away , I see it come
With temper'd haste to look into her tomb,
To find an arm, which, from his body rent,
Does he embalm'd in this white monument
Forbear, chief mourner, and consent to be
Without this limb , more must be torn from thee,
And kept by death, till the whole body meet,
And sleep together, in one winding sheet

UPON THE DEATH OF C. DALBY, ENGINEER, WHO
DIED UPON SERVICE, TO WHICH HE HAD NO COMMAND.

If we those men for gallant justify,
Who, when they are commanded on, dare die,
Tell me, how glorious shall their valour stand,
That dare, like Dalby, die without command ?
Though order be the life of war, the sword
And bullet will not ask us for the word :
Nor did his courage know to make a pause,
When honour call'd so loud, and such a cause
As would untame a hermit, and make room
With his own fire to meet the martyrdom
All that the sons of phlegm and fear can say,
Is, that he might have liv'd , and so will they,
Like earth-worms, safe in their own slime, and
sleep,
Till the last trumpet wake'em, and then creep
Into some blind, and wish this worthy then
Alive, to hide them in some turfs again.
But his soul, wing'd with nobler flame, found out,
Not to be active, is the way about
To glory , which he being fond to taste,
They are too wise, that blame him for his haste

EPITAPH ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.¹

Here lies the best and worst of fate,
Two kings' delight, the people's hate,
The courtier's star, the kingdom's eye,
A man to draw an angel by,
Fear's despiser, Villiers' glory,
The great man's volume, all time's story

¹ *Duke of Buckingham*] The extraordinary man, whom these lines so concisely describe, was stabbed by Felton in 1628, in the thirty-sixth year of his age D

AN ELEGY UPON THE TRULY HONOURABLE, THOMAS
VISCOUNT SAVAGE ²

Is Savage dead² and can the rock which bears
His name, not straight dissolve itself in tears,
And weep into the sea, where it may have
A burial too, whilst every frightened wave,
At this new guest, may raise his curled head,
And in a storm tell all the world who's dead²
But here's no want of flood, for every eye
Conspires in melting to an elegy.

But first, see, where the king and queen are come,
To pour their grief into their servant's tomb.
Let public sorrow be first serv'd, 'tis clear,
The kingdom weeps in every prince's tear

And now his children drop their pious rain,
(Though none can soften his stiff clay again)
And sigh, they had a father, from whose care,
And wealth in virtue, every child's an heir.
Their tribute paid, close not the shrine see, where
The treasure of his bosom doth appear,
Now coming to her saint with her drown'd eyes,
For sorrow leads her where her dead lord lies,
To whose pale relic she devoutly pays
A kiss, as holy as his life, and prays
With many tears, till quite dissolv'd in them,
She seems contriv'd into a walking stream,
As destiny had meant her to descend
From Rivers, but to satisfy this end

² *Thomas Viscount Savage*] Sir Thomas Savage, Bart. was created Viscount Savage of Rocksavage in the county of Chester, Ireland, by Charles the first. He married the eldest daughter and heiress of Thomas Lord Darcy, Viscount Colchester, and Earl Rivers, by whom he had a large family. He died in 1635. I may add, that the Marchioness of Winchester, whom Milton has made immortal by an epitaph, was daughter of Viscount Savage. D

More sorrow doth attend this hearse, for here's
 A train of lords that follow, though no peers ,
 For all the stock of honour is too low
 For competition , yet upon this woe
 Wait all that in nobility are good,
 And he that weeps not, hath no gentle blood
 Nor are these all the mourners - see, how fast
 The rear advances , I suspect their haste,
 And weight, may overbear his sepulchre .
 Friends to the dead, contain yourselves, nor fear,
 You that were servants, crowding to the urn
 Of your dead lord, but you'll have time to mourn
 This, your immortal loss But why among
 Set shapes of mourning, suffer ye to throng
 Those that profane his monument, the poor?
 What make they at his tomb, and leave his door?
 He was their bread, and, miracles not gone,
 They hope to find it in his funeral stone :
 He gave the blind men eyes too, and they can
 Do no less now, than weep them out again.
 Be sorrow free for all men, since he dies,
 Worth love of heaven, and the world's sacrifice.

UPON MR. CHARLES BEAUMONT, WHO DIED OF
 A CONSUMPTION.

While others drop their tears upon thy hearse,
 Sweet Charles, and sigh to increase the wind, my
 verse,
 Pious in naming thee, cannot complain
 Of death, or fate, for they were lately slain
 By thy own conflict ; and, since good men know
 What heaven to such a virgin saint doth owe,
 Though some will say they saw thee dead, yet I
 Congratulate thy life and victory.
 Thy flesh, an upper garment, that it might
 Aid thy eternal progress, first grew light ,

Nothing but angel now, which thou wert near,
 Almost reduc'd³ to thy first spirit here ·
 But fly, fair soul, while our complaints are just,
 That cannot follow for our chains of dust.

THE PASSING BELL.

Hark, how chimes the passing bell !
 There's no music to a knell ,
 All the other sounds we hear,
 Flatter, and but cheat our ear
 This doth put us still in mind
 That our flesh must be resign'd,
 And, a general silence made,
 The world be muffled in a shade.
⁴[Orpheus' lute, as poets tell,
 Was but moral of this bell,
 And the captive soul, was she,
 Which they call Eurydice,
 Rescu'd by our holy groan,
 A loud echo to this tone]
 He that on his pillow lies
 Tear-embalm'd before he dies,
 Carries, like a sheep, his life,
 To meet the sacrificer's knife,
 And for eternity is prest,
 Sad bell-wether to the rest

ET LONGUM, FORMOSA, VALE

FRIENDSHIP, OR VERSES SENT TO A LOVER, IN ANSWER OF A COPY, WHICH HE HAD WRIT IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS

Oh, how I blush, to have ador'd the face
 Of any mistress, when I gave the grace,

³ *reduc'd*] See note, p 178 D

⁴ The lines in brackets are inserted from Rawlinson's MS D

For which I robb'd the flowers ! how I did swear
 Her eyes were stars, and love's soft nets her hair !
 Disgrac'd the chiming of the spheres, to tell
 Her voice ! and in her breath, profess'd to smell
 The eastern spices on the phœnix' pile !
 And, for her chin, and forehead did beguile
 Heaven of his milky way ! These trimmings must
 Be paid again , they're taken all on trust.

But let the mistress thou dost serve, be fair
 With her own beauty, as some such there are ,
 Compound with the whole sex, to make a mind
 Include the graces of fair womankind ,
 I shall not think her worth my praise, or smile,
 And yet I have a mistress all this while,
 But am a convert from that sex, and can,
 Reduc'd⁵ to my discretion, love a man,
 With honour, and religion , such a one,
 As dares be singly virtuous 'gainst the town ,
 A man that's learned too, and for his parts
 Is held a prodigy of all the arts ;
 A man of a clear soul, bold, temperate, free,
 Fortune and passion wear his livery,
 And do obey , and, when he will resign
 To mirth, is in at all things, but the wine ,
 Of an extraction noble, and, to do
 Him and the wonder right, he is young too ,
 As handsome as thy mistress, more divine,
 And hath no fault but that I call him mine
 My jealousy doth cloud his name, 'tis fit,
 Nor art thou ripe for thy conversion yet.

THE GARDEN.

This garden does not take my eyes,
 Though here you shew how art of men
 Can purchase nature at a price
 Would stock old Paradise again.

⁵ Reduc'd] See note, p 178 D

These glories while you dote upon,
I envy not your spring nor pride,
Nay boast the summer all your own,
My thoughts with less are satisfied

Give me a little plot of ground,
Where might I with the sun agree,
Though every day he walk the round,
My garden he should seldom see.

Those tulips, that such wealth display,
To court my eye, shall lose their name,
Though now they listen, as if they
Expected I should praise their flame

But I would see myself appear
Within the violet's drooping head,
On which a melancholy tear
The discontented morn hath shed.

Within their buds let roses sleep,
And virgin lillies on their stem,
Till sighs from lovers glide, and creep
Into their leaves, to open them.

I'th'centre of my ground compose
Of bays and yew my summer-room,
Which may, so oft as I repose,
Present my arbour, and my tomb.

No woman here shall find me out,
Or if a chance do bring one hither,
I'll be secure, for round about
I'll moat it with my eyes' foul weather.

No bird shall live within my pale,
To charm me with their shames of art,
Unless some wandering nightingale
Come here to sing and break her heart :

Upon whose death I'll try to write
 An epitaph, in some funeral stone,
 So sad, and true, it may invite
 Myself to die, and prove mine own.

CURSE

Woman, I cannot call thee worse,
 For thy vow-break, take this curse '
 May that man, whom thy embrace
 Shall make happy in my place,
 At a time when all thy blood
 Lust hath poison'd, and no good
 Left in a thought, strike, with that air
 He breathes upon thee next, despair ;
 Some death in his curl'd forehead sit,
 And every kiss more cold than it.
 Yet live, and my revenger be ,
 For when thou dost this Gorgon see,

⁶ *Curse*] In Rawlinson's MS stands thus

Woman, I cannot call thee worse,
 For thy change, I breathe this curse '
 May that man, whom thy embrace
 Would make wanton in my place,
 By thy example prove
 So false to thee and love ,
 And ere thy second sheets invite
 Him, to glory in my right,
 May thy own fears make thee see
 Medusa in his face, that he,
 With every look and hair,
 May teach thee new despair
 Rest not here, but, fond to know
 Whether thy heart be stone or no,
 Doubtful then, to be recast
 Bestow a wound upon thy breast,
 So bold and great, that I,
 Assured thou wilt die,
 And that thou art a sacrifice to me,
 And then I will forgive thy perjury D

Betwixt thy horror, and no doubt
 But that thou art a stone throughout,
 With some knife, or poniard, wound
 Thy heart, till falling to the ground,
 And pale, the world believe thee dead,
 But not one tear upon thee shed :
 No matter where thy spirit flies,
 Or whose pity close thine eyes.

TO THE PROUD MISTRESS.⁷

Proud woman, know I am above
 As much thy anger as thy love
 I did once think thou hadst a face ,
 But when next thou tak'st thy glass,
 If thou canst see through so much paint,
 Pray to thy own, no more my saint.

⁷ *To the proud mistress*] In Rawlinson's MS stands thus

Know, coy disdain, I am above
 As much thy anger, as thy love
 To thy mirror shew thy face,
 And thy blush will stain the glass ,
 Look upon thy eyes, and see
 What misleading fires they be ,
 But they cannot long hold bright,
 For lovers will curse out their light,
 Whom, like me, thou hast betray'd,
 When thou had'st thy engines laid,
 Counterfeiting wanton arts,
 To catch, then triumph o'er our hearts
 But I am now ashore, and fear
 No rock disguis'd, nor tempest near
 Sing like a Mermaid still, and be
 The scorn of all that sail by thee ,
 Grow enamour'd of some shelf,
 Beneath whose sands entomb thyself,
 Live not to spawn , or let me stand
 Safe upon some neighbouring land,
 That I may hear thee sigh, and mock
 Thy songs, in courting of a rock D

Thy eyes, those glouring twins, shall be
 No more misleading fires to me ,
 Nor hope they shall continue bright,
 For I will curse out all their light
 But this would shew that I were vext,
 And so thy triumph might be next,
 That thou should'st force me into rage .
 No, I will laugh thee into age,
 Strike wrinkles on thy brow, and not
 Discompose my pleasant thought,
 Till thou thy witch's face despise,
 And grow angry with thy² eyes
 Thus, wretched, thou shalt wish to die,
 But late obtain it , and when I
 Have jeer'd thee into dead and rotten,
 I'll throw thee into quite forgotten.

CUPID UNGODDED

Why how now, Cupid, grown so wild ?
 So great a tyrant, and a child ?
 What wert thou but an empty shade,
 Until our superstition made
 Thee first a god, blind, young, to be
 A soft and harmless deity ?
 Our fancy gave thee that rich pair
 Of wings, to wanton in the air ,
 Thy gaudy quiver, and thy bow,
 And golden shafts we did bestow,
 But for no other exercise,
 Than to kill bees, or butterflies.
 But since thou hast employ'd thy darts
 Only to wound thy makers' hearts,
 And that thy wings serve but to fly
 From lovers, when they bleeding die ,
 Thy blindness us'd but to invite
 Our pity, till we lose our sight ,

² thy] The old copy " their " D.

Thy weakness, not through want of years,
But from the surfeit of our tears ;
Stoop to the justice of thy fate,—
We can unmake, that did create.

And first give back, ingrateful thing,
To us, that made, thy glorious wing :
Those painted feathers thou shalt find
Contemn'd, and tost by every wind,
Till wandring in some night, they are
The mark of a prodigious star,
And blasted · these the world shall name
The spotted wings of evil fame.
Next, give thy arrows back, which we
Did mean for love, not cruelty.
That rich enamell'd bow is mine ,
Come, that gay quiver too resign,
And shining belt : these will I burn,
And keep their ashes in some urn,
Till open'd on that solemn day,
When men to souls sad requiems pay,
Lovers shall curse, and sigh, and make
A new litany for thy sake.

But thou art still alive , and be ,
To murder, were to pity thee
Know, wretch, thou shalt not die, before
I see thee begging at some door !
And, taken for a vagrant, stript,
Then by a furious beadle whipt,
No more with roses, but with thorn :
To all the world thus made a scorn,
I'll give thee eyes, before we part,
To see thy shame, and break thy heart.

FIE ON LOVE.

Now, fie on foolish love ! it not befits
 Or man or woman know it :
 Love was not meant for people in their wits ,
 And they that fondly shew it,
 Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
 And shall have Bedlam for their pain.
 If single love be such a curse,
 To marry, is to make it ten times worse

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY

Away with handsome faces, let me see
 Hereafter nothing but deformity !
 Ill favour'd ladies may have souls, and those
 In a capacity to be sav'd, who knows ?
 All that are fair are false , and, if you find
 A middle essence here of woman kind,
 Party per pale they are, and curst to be
 Halting betwixt mishape and perjury
 Madam, put on your mask, your eyes have lost
 Their charm , your beauty be at your own cost.
 I am ashore ,⁸ go muster up the train
 Of mermaids , I am deaf to every strain ,
 And will so voice their story to wise men,
 They shall not spawn upon the land again
 Farewell, fond love, for ever ! but to be
 Safe in my soul, I could want charity

DIALOGUE

1 I prithee, tell me, what prodigious fate
 Hath discomplexiou'd thee of late ?

⁸ *I am ashore &c*] Compare the latter part of the poem from Rawlinson's MS at p 456. D

2 Love, that doth change all minds and men,
 Hath thus transformed me, and when
 Thou seest her heavenly face—1. Describe her
 then.

2 Her hairs are Cupid's nets,⁹ which, when she
 spreads,
 She catches hearts and maidenheads,
 Her forehead the white Alps doth show,
 Or rather 'tis a shrine of snow,
 To which with fear approaching pilgrims bow

Her eye-brows are love's bows, from which her eyes
 Do never shoot, but some man dies,
 Her cheeks, like two fair gardens, rise,
 With the choice flowers of paradise;
 Her lips disclose where Music's temple is.

Her tongue I call love's lightning, but the throne
 Of Graces is her neck alone,
 Or poets may inspired say,
 There the wanton doves do play,
 When Venus means to make it holiday.

1. No more, for shame, how hath thy fancy stray'd!
 What a chimera hast thou made,

⁹ *Her hairs are Cupid's nets &c*] Compare a passage in *The Witty Fair One*, vol 1, p. 287.

This stanza, and the next, stand thus in Rawlinson's MS

Her hairs are Cupid's [nets], which when she spreads,
 She catches hearts and maidenheads,
 Her forehead makes all gazers proud,
 Not her, and is by gods allow'd
 A fairer coast, than heaven without a cloud

Her eye-brow is Love's bow, from which her eyes
 Do never shoot, but some man dies,
 Her lips the temple are of bliss,
 And he that can but get a kiss,
 Hath pray'd enough, his heaven he cannot miss D

To dote upon 2 What would I give
 Old Michael Angelo to revive,
 Make Titian, Vandyke, or bold Ruben[s] live ¹

1. But suppose one of them, or all their art,
 Should paint this darling of thy heart,
 A net, a rock, a shrine of snow,
 A church, a garden, and a bow,
 Is't not a pretty face compounded so?

Or if a pencil, and their hand, should make
 A flame of lightning, who will take
 This for a tongue ² or if men see
 A throne, doves billing two or three,
 Who will commend this for a neck but thee ²

Collect thy scatter'd sense, poor man, be wise,
 Love, but first give thy reason eyes;
 Thy fancy bears all like a flood:
 Reduce them to their flesh and blood,
 And women then are hardly understood

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER.

I had no intention upon the birth of these poems, to let them proceed to the public view, forbearing in my own modesty to interpose my fancies, when I see the world so plentifully furnished. But when I observed most of these copies corrupted in their transcripts, and the rest fleeting from me, which were by some indiscreet collector, not acquainted with distributive justice, mingled with other men's (some eminent) conceptions in print,¹ I thought myself con-

¹ mingled with other men's (some eminent) conceptions in print,] Three of the foregoing pieces, viz. *To his Mistress confin'd*, (p. 409) *Love's Hue and Cry*, (p. 410) and *Song*, "Would you know what's soft" (p. 411.) &c, were printed, with very considerable variations, among the *Poems of Thomas Carew*, in 1640. D

cerned to use some vindication, and reduce them to my own, without any pride or design of deriving opinion from their worth, but to shew my charity, that other innocent men should not answer for my vanities

If thou beest courteous, reader, there are some errors of the press scattered, which thy clemency will not lay to my charge, other things I remit to thy judgment if thou beest modest, I repent not to have exposed them and myself to thy censure J S

NARCISSUS,²

OR

THE SELF-LOVER

Hæc olim.

Fair Echo, rise, sick-thoughted nymph, awake,
Leave thy green couch and canopy of trees;
Long since the quiverers o'th' wood did shake
Their wings, and sing to the bright sun's uprise.
Day hath wept o'er thy couch, and, progressed,
Blusheth to see fair Echo still in bed.

If not the birds, who 'bout the coverts fly,
And with their warbles charm the neighbouring
air,

If not the sun, whose new embroidery,
Makes rich the leaves that in thy arbours are,
Can make thee rise, yet, love-sick nymph, away,
Thy young Narcissus is abroad to day

² *Narcissus* &c] From the subject of this piece, and from the motto prefixed to it, there can be little doubt, that it is a reprint of the poem published by our author in his youth, under the title of *Echo, or The Infortunate Lovers*. See the Account of Shirley and his writings. D

See, not far off, Cephissus' son appears ,
No nymph so fair in all Diana's train,
When, like a huntress, she for chace prepares ,
His bugle horn, tied in a silken chain,
And mounted on a comely steed, which knows
What weight he carries, and more proudly goes

Pursue him, timorous maid, he moves apace ,
Favonius waits to play with thy loose hair,
And help thy flight ; see, how the drooping grass
Courts thy soft tread, thou child of sound and air ,
Attempt, and overtake him, though he be
Coy to all other nymphs, he'll stoop to thee.

If thy face move not, let thy eyes express
Some rhetoric of thy tears, to make him stay ;
He must be a rock, that will not melt at these ,
Dropping these native diamonds in his way,
Mistaken, he may stoop at them, and this,
(Who knows how soon ?) may help thee to a kiss

If neither love, thy beauty, nor thy tear,
Invent some other way to make him know,
He need not hunt, that can have such a deer .
The queen of love did once Adonis woo ,
But hard of soul, with no persuasions won,
He felt the curse of his disdain too soon.

In vain I counsel her to put on wing ,
Echo hath left her solitary grove,
And in a vale, the palace of the spring,
Sits silently, attending for her love ,
But, round about, to catch his voice with care,
In every shade and tree, she hid a snare.

Now do the huntsmen fill the air with noise,
 And their shrill horns chafe her delighted ear,
 Which with loud accents give the wood a voice,
 Proclaiming parley to the fearful deer :
 She hears the jolly tunes, but every strain,
 As high and musical, she returns again

Rous'd is the game, pursuit doth put on wings ,
 The sun doth shine, and gild them out their
 way ,
 The deer into an o'er-grown thicket springs,
 Through which he quaintly steals his shine away
 The hunters scatter , but the boy o'erthrown
 In a dark part o'th' wood complains alone

Him Echo, led by her affection, found ,
 Joy'd (you may guess) to reach him with her eye,
 But more, to see him rise without a wound,
 Who yet obscures herself behind some tree
 He vex'd exclaims, and asking, where am I ?
 The unseen virgin answers, here am I

Some guide from hence ! will no man hear ? he
 cries ,
 She answers in her passion, O man hear'
 I die, I die, say both , and thus she tries
 With frequent answers to entice his ear,
 And person to her court, more fit for love ,
 He tracks the sound, and finds her odorous grove

The way he trod was pav'd with violets,
 Whose azure leaves do warm their naked stalks ,
 In their white double ruffs the daisies jet,³
 And primroses are scattered in the walks ,
 Whose pretty mixture in the ground declares
 Another galaxy emboss'd with stars

³ jet] i e strut So the old copy Shirley most probably,
 for the sake of the rhyme, wrote " jets " D

Two rows of elms ran with proportion'd grace,
Like nature's arras, to adorn the sides ;
The friendly vines their loved barks embrace,
While folding tops the checker'd ground-work
hides

Here oft the tired sun himself would rest,
Riding his glorious circuit to the west

From hence delight conveys him unawares
Into a spacious green, whose either side
A hill did guard, whilst with his trees, like hairs,
The clouds were busy binding up his head
The flowers here smile upon him, as he treads,
And, but when he looks up, hang down their heads

Not far from hence, near an harmonious brook,
Within an arbour of conspiring trees,
Whose wilder boughs into the stream did look,
A place more suitable to her distress,
Echo, suspecting that her love was gone,
Herself had in a careful posture thrown

But time upon his wings had brought the boy,
To see this lodging of the airy queen ,
Whom the dejected nymph espies with joy,
Through a small window of [sweet] eglantine ,
And that she might be worthy his embrace,
Forgets not to new dress her blubber'd face

With confidence she sometimes would go out,
And boldly meet Narcissus in the way
But then her fears present her with new doubt,
And chide her over-rash resolve away .
Her heart with over charge of love must break ,
Great Juno will not let poor Echo speak

Ungentle queen of heaven, why was thy curse
 So heavy on this virgin? Jove compress'd
 Not her, and must her destiny be worse
 Than theirs' that methis⁴ flame? Thy angry breast
 Holds not in all the list a blacker doom.
 Better transform the maid, than make her dumb

Thy jealousy was sin, above what she
 Was guilty of, but she is wife to Jove
 For that in heaven must there no justice be?
 Or didst thou find this cruelty, for her love
 To this coy lad, whom in the book of fate
 Thou didst foresee thyself shouldst love too late?

Thou, tedious to thyself, not being fair,
 To whom thy wakeful jealousy succeeds
 A greater curse when mortals jealous are,
 They're cur'd to know their faith abus'd what
 seeds,
 For some act worse than her's, grow up in thee,
 At once to doubt, and know Jove's perjury?

But still this nymph was innocent, reverse
 Thy rash decree, repentance is no sin
 In heavenly natures, but I vain rehearse
 The⁵ story of thy hate it is not in
 Poor Echo's power to court the boy with more
 Than smiles or tears, and his last breath restore

Narcissus now collects his scatter'd sense,
 He finds himself at loss, drawn thither by
 Imagin'd answers to his grief, from whence
 That he may find some surer guide, he'll try
 His bugle horn, whose sound was understood,
 But drew no great compassion from the wood

⁴ *his*] The old copy " her " D

⁵ *the*] The old copy " Thy " D

Only, so soon as he dispatch'd the air,
At her own bower Echo receiv'd the noise ,
Every thing help'd to bring the message near,
And the wind, proud to wait upon the voice,
When she return'd a cheerful answer, knew
The way again, and with loud musick flew.

Narcissus, glad that such return was made,
And flatter'd by his over-busy ear,
Was soon directed to the virgin's shade,
Without a thought to find a fair nymph there ,
Nor did he see the maid, for she, so soon
As he appear'd, found passage to be gone

The boy, inquisitive, looks round with fear,
But could see none to make addresses to,
Nor observes any print of foot-step there ,
The flowers unpress'd his modest forehead
view,
And court his stay , the trees, and every thing,
Give him a silent welcome to the spring

Amazed what this solitude should mean,
And wondring at the sound that did invite him,
So late, to that fair desert, a new scene,
With a most curious arbour doth delight him,
Who now, to please his late surprised eyes,
Whilst they do gaze, down on a bank he lies

And now does every object shew what spell
It hath upon his senses , too much sight
Deprives him of his eyes, a mist doth dwell
About 'em, and by soft degrees invite
The boy to slumber , which glad Echo spies,
And, while he dreams, keeps sentry with her eyes.

In silence she approaches where he lay,
 With his arms chained 'cross upon his breast :
 His silken bonnet, sliding, did betray
 A face, which all the nymphs did call the best ;
 A bank his pillow was, the flowers his sheet,
 His blanket air, the trees his coverlet

Sometimes the wind befriends a tender bough,
 Part of his leafy canopy, which hides⁶
 The subject of all wonder, his white brow,
 And helps it nearer to obtain a kiss,
 Which once enjoy'd away the twig doth skip,
 Not daring to be taken at his lip.

While taller boughs hover about his head,
 And jostle one another for their view,
 The humble branches are enamoured,
 And have their short caresses with him too :
 Thus all conspire him several ways to woo,
 For whose love only they delight to grow.

Echo at every look feels new desires,
 And wishes that he were Endymion,
 For whom, in her most glorious star-attires,
 Oft in her night-gown came the love-sick moon
 To Latmos' sacred hill, when for his sake,
 Whilst he did sleep, she'd ever wish to wake.

But this she soon revokes, her love will bear
 No rival thoughts, no competition ,
 The queen of heaven must have no interest here ,
 This beauty's empire must be all her own .
 Thus, while she all embraceth, her desires
 Conspire but to enlarge her funeral fires.

⁶ *hides* *kiss*] The rhyme being imperfect here, "hides" is probably a misprint, but I know not what word can be substituted for it D

Her eye takes in more flame now than before ,
Gazing improves her love's perfection,
Whose every part riseth a silent wooer,
And the most taking presence doth put on,
Sweetly enticing her delighted sense,
To lose herself in every excellence.

One while she thinks all but a cozening dream,
And him but some fantastic mockery ,
'Tis too much happiness if he be the same,
And she the nymph that she was wont to be ,
If she sleep not, who blessed more than she ?
Yet if she dream, awake she'd never be

How could his hair, so many finest threads
Of gold, but make a net to catch her sight ?
How could she trace his brow ? or see those lids,
Whose either ivory box shut up a light
To travellers more cheerful, than the star
That ushers in the day, but brighter far ?

She with her danger doth these parts admire,
But loves'em more , another's flame and art
May praise , her love belongs to her own fire,
And is the office proper to her heart .
But Echo has not done, for she pursues
Dangers, above what she at distance views

Sh'as yet but exercis'd her wondering eye
Upon his wealthy cheek, his brow, his hair ,
Another sense the nymph will satisfy ,
She thinks his heavenly lips forgotten are,
Which now she boldly tastes, and, at first kiss,
Concludes, there is no other heaven but this

The lips that will not open to praise his,
She wishes may be clos'd eternally
These, freely touch'd, are able to entice
The soul to lose its immortality,
The gods may boast ambrosia alone,
But she feeds on a dew above their own

Oft doth she kiss, as often doth she see
A fresher blush dye o'er his coral gate,
Whose close enjails his tongue, and seems to be
Asham'd, the maid is so insatiate,
But speak he cannot, though she do him wrong,
Her door and his do double bar his tongue

But stay, rash Echo, see what thou hast done
His lips, that kiss'd themselves like two rose
leaves,
Grow pale o'th'sudden, thy impression
Them of their blushing modesty bereaves,
His blood will be requir'd of you, I fear,
And see, some drops upon your lip appear

And wilt thou still, forgetful nymph, pursue
Thy wanton touches? all the blood is gone,
What, of his cheek wilt thou be murderer too,
Thinking the other's sanguine thither run?
Alas, there is but of its own a part!
Fear hath sent back the rest unto his heart

Leave, shameless Echo, leave a little here,
Another time to enrich thy lip withal,
For thy own sake this cruelty forbear,
Dost think the guilt of such a blood is small?
But 'tis the last she fears, and cannot tell
Better, than with a kiss to take farewell

But use thy freedom, I'll not blame thee now ;
 Thou know'st his stubborn disposition ,
 Hasten thy kisses then, and take enow
 To serve thee for an age, ere thou hast done ;
 And, when thou hast took all but one, foresee
 Thou be'st a taking that, eternally.

But Echo needs no counsel to proceed ,
 Fearing too soon Narcissus should awake,
 She plies his lips, as if to make them bleed,
 Were to restore the colour she did take :
 But mark what follows this offence , his eyes
 Ope by degrees, and she thence guilty flies.

It was a cowardice to steal away,
 Not daring to avouch what she had done .
 Fugitive lover, thou hadst better stay,
 The boy's alone, and put fresh beauty on ;
 Nor dost thou wisely, maid, pursue thy choice,
 For Echo seldom goes without a noise.

But she is gone, and the fair youth is risse,⁷
 Suspicious that he felt some person there ;
 Then busily he looks about the trees,
 Whose boughs would guide him on the way to her
 Directed by the wind, at last he found
 The beauteous nymph laid careless on the ground.

Amaz'd that such a presence should remain
 In such an unfrequented place as this,
 He takes the wisest counsel of his brain,
 In supposition she some goddess is ,
 And, when he had devote submission paid
 To her, thus with a trembling voice he said .

⁷ *risse*] or *rise* (see note p 364), used by our old Poets for
risen D

Celestial dweller, sure thou art no less,
 Such brightness never knew mortality,
 Or if thou be'st a mortal, I may guess
 There are no gods, nor heaven, if gods there be,
 Thou dost excel, and if a heaven, 'tis clear,
 That here it is, because thou art not there.

Yet here it cannot be, for I am here
 Conscious, that I am wretched and alone.
 If this be heaven, I wish myself elsewhere,
 All joys inhabit heaven, but here are none,
 For, if true joy exceed the name of things,
 We must deduce them from the higher springs.

Where am I then? alas I cannot tell,
 Whether in earth, or hell¹ if earth it be,
 Then it is both; yet can it not be hell,
 For that cannot be capable of thee,
 Beside, if sages do not hell belie,
 In hell, I sure should have more company

But I do walk this labyrinth alone,
 And this adds to the languish of my heart,
 That, in this sad confinement,⁸ I have none
 Will join his misery, and take a part:
 I never yet provok'd the high heavens so,
 That they should mark me out alone to woe.

With many more as late I hunting was
 In this unlucky wood, I know not where
 I lost my train, ill fortune, and the place,
 Conspiring with my horse to leave me there.
 Since when, endeavouring myself to find,
 I might as well o'ertake, and stay the wind

⁸ *confinement*] The old copy confinements D.

Fair goddess, then inform me, where I am,
And, with thy kind and safe direction,
Convey a lost man thither, whence he came,
Or, if not thither, to a place more known,
Nay, into any other wilderness,
There is a path from any place, but this

Then shall the nymphs, for they affect my name,
Build thee a glorious temple for this deed,
Wherein they shall a stately altar frame,
Which shall not with the tender firstlings bleed,
They shall present fresh chaplets, which their love
Shall set on fire, and their sighs incense prove

Echo, who all the while attentive sate,
And heard the music of his passion,
But held first pity due to her own fate,
Yet knew not with what art it should be done,
Rallies her wiser thoughts, and, while he stays
Expecting answer, to herself she says

What shall poor Echo do? I want a voice
To tell him, what I am, how I have lov'd.
Juno, thy curse was an unhappy choice,
Some other punishment thou mightst have prov'd,
Revoke this cruel doom, a power restore
To my chain'd tongue, I'll never ask thee more.

Meantime, like a pale prisoner at the bar,
Oppressed more with fear, than his own chains,
(These of the feet, those the head troubles are)
Suspecting much her silence, he complains
In smother'd sighs, and, 'cause they not prevail,
Look, and you'll see a tear is breaking jail

The nymph, in pity of his grief, put on
Her stock of smiles, and love in either eye,
Courts him to shine, the majesty is gone
That frightened him, and now a fresher dye
Dawns in his cheek, and his own eye, so near
New burnish'd, drew up the complaining tear

Echo, now thinking she had won the prize,
Seeing all clouds clear up, and in his brow
The milky path of heaven again, his eyes
Sparkling out heavenly fire, which even now
Peep'd through the brine of sorrow, came once more
Boldly to kiss her convert paramour

But Echo miss'd her aim, for he went back,
And with his hand check'd her unruly one,
As such addresses did good manners lack,
She else perhaps might an embrace have stol'n
Angry he was, a second knowledge now
Appears too plain upon his rugged brow

Look, how some infant, by the parent beat,
For having played the wanton with her breast,
Afraid to cry, looks pale, some pearly wet
Swelling to peep out of her watery nest,
Shrinking his pretty lip, hangs down the head,
His red to pale, his pale converts to red

So far'd poor Echo in this extacy,
Whose trembling blood, although it had forsook
Her cheek, was ignorant yet where to be,
Fear had deflower'd the beauty of each look,
And had not some divine relief been sent,
She had settled there her own pale monument.

But, unexpectedly, her tongue releas'd
By Juno's own compassion to the maid,
Whose sufferings in love her wrath appeas'd,
Gave Echo a new life ; who thought to have said
Within her heart, proud boy, thou'st done thy worst,
But found her voice a clear one as at first

Then wisely fearing to have call'd him proud
Could be no argument to make him kind,
She thought to cure him with a palinode,
Saying her heart was of another mind,
And thought him gentle , yet, some spirits gain'd,
Unto the boy thus she at last complain'd -

Mankind, from henceforth, must not nature call
An equal mother, fondly to bestow
Upon thee one, her beauties' stock, her all,
And others by her empty hand undo ,
For, though not eldest, she hath made thee heir,
And thou, above thy numerous brethren, fair

But too much sweetness is ill plac'd upon
A stubborn heart , a panther and a dove,
Cruel and fair, were never meant for one ,
Resign thy beauty, or else put on love ,
Thou wert unkind, Narcissus, to deny
Thyself the office of a courtesy.

What was a kiss ? the rape of such a treasure
What tyrant, were he judge, would call a sin ?
Thou canst not lose thy lip, but find a pleasure .
Come let us now, though late, love's war begin ,
And meet me boldly, for one kiss of thine
I'll give a thousand , love's exchequer's mine.

If thou beest scrupulous, I will not pay,
Thou shalt have half in earnest, if thou please,
Or if not so, I ask no longer day
To number the whole sum, before I cease,
And at the total, if thy lip repine,
I'll treble all, to have one more of thine

But whither doth suspicion draw thy eye?
Thou may'st commit thyself to silent groves,
The listening trees grooms of my chamber be,
This air close secretary to our loves
Be not too coy then to receive a kiss,
Thou might'st have kiss'd me twenty times ere this

Come, sit thee down upon this bank a while,
And let us sport, as other lovers do
The heaven in gold, the earth in green doth smile,
My heaven on earth, prithee do thou so too.
Unwreathe thy arms, and with an amorous twine
Girdle my waste, whilst I encircle thine

My shady province, wall'd about with trees,
The wealthy currents that divide the land,
Shall give up all their treasure to thy eyes,
Pleasure itself shall spread, at thy command,
Her most desired soul, and thou, as free
As air, shalt move, and share all bliss with me

If thou wilt hunt, the lion and the pard
Shall every morn unto the chace invite thee,
The boar and panther, when thou art prepar'd,
Shall play before thy spear, and never fright thee,
Bleed any beast, hunt what thou likest most,
All wild shall tame before thee, as thou go'st.

See, how the trees bow their exalted heads,
And not a shrub but sign of gladness bears,
Which else would shrink into their earthy beds,
Or through their bark break out in gummy tears,
And for thy absence weep out all their rind,
Proud if they have for thee their soul resign'd.

The wind, thy herald, flies about the groves,
Aloud proclaiming thee the wood-nymphs' king,
Snatching up odours, as he whistling roves,
At thy hand to unlade them from his wing ;
The silvans frisk about, while nymphs prepare
A rosy garland to o'ertop thy hair.

Shepherds shall all the day new pastimes spring,
A masque of satyrs shall beguile the night ,
The choicest birds shall to the anticks sing,
The stars grow brighter to behold the sight .
Yet these but shadows of the mirth we'll prove,
If thou wilt stay, and be thy Echo's love

I have a cloister overlooks the sea,
Where every morning we, secure from fear,
Will see the porpoise and the dolphins play,
And all the wonders that inhabit there,
Where many a bark into the clouds doth leap,
While surges caper round about the ship

Lovely Narcissus, prithee, stay with me .
If thou do thirst, from every spring shall rise
Divinest nectar, and thy food shall be
The glorious apples of Hesperides ;
A nymph shall be thy Hebe, if thou need
Shalt have another for thy Ganymede.

Feel how my pulses beat, my breasts swell high :
Come, come, be not so modest, pretty one ,
Why dost thou turn that heavenly cheek from me ?
Who but thyself would such a blessing shun ?
Those frowns will discompose thy beauty quite ,
My lips do blush in daring thee to fight.

Prithce, unlock thy words' sweet treasury,
And rape me with the music of thy tongue,
But let no accent touch upon deny ,
This will thy beauty, and my passions wrong .
I'll rather praise thy silence ; it may prove
What lovers use t'expound, consent to love

The boy seems pleas'd, and here begins to break
Into a language, extasied the maid ,
By her own heart's dictamen he did speak,
And, if she ask'd him love, he lov'd he said
She darts a glance, and he returns a smile ,
She sees, and surfeits on his lips the while

But soon these sun-beams vanish'd , all his smiles
Were feign'd, to get some knowledge how to quit
The wood , when she, not moved with those wiles,
Told him all information was unfit
Against herself at this, swift as the wind,
Away he flies, but leaves his frown behind

Echo laments his absence, and in vain
Calls him again unto her amorous wars ,
She hath too sure a proof of his disdain ,
She sighs and curses her malignant stars,
And, while she chides the fate that gave her birth,
Her eyes make poor themselves, t'enrich the earth

Oh, that I ne'er had seen his face, quoth she,
That ignorant of the sweetness, I might rest
In supposition, what the bliss might be !

My knowledge has betray'd me to the best,
And, by acquaintance with so much delight,
I find a new flame in my appetite

Justice, thou dreadful queen Rhamnusia,
Punish with sorrow my contemner's pride,
And, by some strange and most prodigious way,
Let him the weight of thy revenge abide ,
And since to me his heart a rock hath prov'd,
Let him so love at last, and die unlov'd

Echo hath spent her sting Narcissus now
Hath got the top of an aspiring hill,
Whose site commands the country round, to view
Some tract, to lead him from the place , but still
In vain he does employ his searching eyes ,
Through thick embracing woods no path he spies

Wounded with objects that no comfort bring,
He might conclude his fortune at the worst,
Had he not seen hard by a goodly spring ,
And thither he descends to quench his thirst
Oh, do not taste, Narcissus¹ hence will flow
What will thee more than¹ thy past fate undo

Thy eyes betray thee, and are sorrow's spies,
Contain thy feet, thy danger is beneath ,
Run not quicksighted to a precipice ,
A blind man cannot miss his way to death ,
Thy liberty was all thou lost before ,
The nymphs too soon may thus thy death deplore

¹ *than*] The old copy " thou "

Chuse any other fountain hark, and fear ,
The birds are singing dirges to thy death ;
Does not a sooty raven strike thine ear,
From an high oak tuning her fatal breath ?
A mighty cloud obscures the sun's bright eye,
Not willing to behold thy tragedy

And yet these move thee not then reach the stream,
And meet thy blacker destiny , the sun
Is bright again, wrath burns in every beam,
And gilds the scene of thy destruction ,
Each sullen wind is in his prison penn'd,
Lest with their murmur it the spring offend

No portion of a bird's forsaken nest
Fell from the boughs to interrupt the calm ,
No wither'd leaf did in his fall molest
The stillness of it, smooth as settled balm,
But crystal less transparent such a mirror,
So form'd, could only shew disdain his error

And now Narcissus, humbled on the grass,
And leaning with his breast upon the brink,
Looks into th'water, where he spies a face ,
And, as he did incline his head to drink,
As fair a countenance seem'd to meet with his,
Off'ring to entertain him with a kiss.

Giving a little back, he doth admire
The beauty of the face presented to him,
Thinking at first some water-nymph was there,
And rising from her silver couch to woo him
Yet court she cannot whom she did surprise,
Never from water did such flames arise.

His heart glows in him , punishment fulfils ,
Love leaps into full age, at the first hour ;
New wonders, like the waves, with rolling hills
Follow his gazes , all that lov'd before
Have flung their gather'd flames into his breast,
Fit him for love, a sacrifice and priest.

But, stricken with his own, his burning eyes
Are only thirsty now , he drinks apace
Into his soul the shadow that he sees,
And dotes on every wonder of the face
He stoops to kiss it , when the lips half way
Meet, he retreats, and th'other steals away.

He, mov'd at the unkindness which he took
By his own teaching, bows himself again ,
The other meets him in the silent brook ,
They spy again, but he cannot refrain
To court whom he desires, and, at his talk,
The lips within the water seem to walk ,

And every smile doth send his own again
This cheers him , but he cannot hear a sound
Break from the watery prison, and he then
Complains afresh, that his unhappy wound
Admits no cure, and, as he beats his breast,
The conflict under water is exprest.

What e'er thou art, come forth, and meet me here,
He cries , why dost deceive me with a look ?
What means that imitation ? come near,
Leap from the depth of thy imprisoning brook ,
Fold not thy arms like mine, [n]or smile on me,
Unless I may enjoy thy company.

But whither is my wiser reason fled ?

It is the shadow of myself, I see,
And I am curst to be enamoured

Where did I lose my soul ? or where am I ?
What god shall pardon me this sin, if here
I must become my own idolater ?

'Thou fatal looking-glass, that dost present

Myself to me, my own incendiary,
Oh, let my eyes, in love with their lament,
Weep themselves out, and prove a part of thee !
This I shall gain, either my shade may fleet,
Or, if it stay, I may want eyes to see't.

Under this burthen of my love I faint,

And find I am with too much plenty poor ,
Wealthy I am in nothing but my want ,
I have, and yet, Oh gods, want nothing more '
Mysteriously divided thus I stand,
Half in the water, half upon the land.

But, sure, it cannot be myself I love ,

How with myself despair I to agree ?
By one example both must gentle prove,
If I Narcissus love, can he hate me ?
It is no shade then doth my fancy flatter,
But something that's divine doth bless the water

Essence of all that's fair, ascend to me ,

To thy acceptance I present my heart ,
Let not these elements our prisons be,
I in a fire, and thou in water art ,
Oh let a friendly kiss, as we two meet,
From thy cool water rise t'allay my heat '

This said, Narcissus doth his hold secure ,
 And, with intention to receive a kiss,
 His lip descends to meet the other there,
 But hence his expectation cozen'd is ,
 For, touching but the superficies,
 He did too soon the frighted image leese ⁹

Th'offended water into circles ran ,
 And with their motion so disturb'd the place,
 The lover could not see himself again
 Then doth he call aloud unto this face,
 Thou bright-beam'd star, oh, whither art thou gone,
 But newly shewn thy head, and set so soon ?

Or if a comet, thou hadst spent thy light,
 (The matter gone, should feed thy flaming hair,)
 Thou art mistaken ; thy unnatural flight
 Is heaven , all meteors to the earth repair,
 Where I now mourn thy absence , but I fear
 I have some way profan'd the waters here

What god soever doth this fountain owe,¹
 Forgive me , and you Naiades that lave
 Your tresses here, trust me I did not know
 What sacred power, or president you have
 My mother was a nymph, Liriope ,
 Oh, for her sake, some kind one pity me !

Forgive, disturbed water, my rude touch,
 'Twas not to rob thee of the smallest drop ,
 In penitential tears I'll pay as much,
 As there can hang upon my lips' cold top :
 Oh, calm thy brow then, let thy frowns declare
 Themselves at once finite, and circular !

⁹ leese] 1 c lose D ¹ owe] 1 c own D

In thy smooth bosom once more let me pray
A sight of that sweet figure I adore,
Unless to heaven return'd some other way ;
And if it be, 'tis not so far before,
But I can die, and, off this flesh robe hurl'd,
I'll overtake it in the other world.

Now doth each swelling circle gently haste
To be dissolv'd, and spread themselves to air ,
No polish'd marble seem'd more smooth and fast ,
The boy takes this a fruit of his own prayer,
Yet ere he thank'd the gods, he thought it fit,
To see his love, and, seen, forgot them quite.

Fearing to be depriv'd again, he woos,
As every syllable had bled a life,
A sigh at every clamorous period goes,
With greater noise than it, but no relief
His air of tongue and breast thus spent, a look
Presents their stories, doubled in the brook

But all in vain ; the face, he saw before,
Is in the same ill-shewing silence drest,
Chang'd to more sad, but not one accent more,
Deaf as the stream , and now he beats his breast,
Condemn'd again to his more hapless thought,
He had but all this while his shadow sought

This multiplies his grief into despair,
Since his own image doth procure the fire,
And nothing left in nature to repair
His vex'd affections, that now grow higher ,
That face, his own, or whoso'er, was that,
Which took him first, to unlove is too late

He beckons to the figure, that replies,
 Taught by his posture how to call him thither ,
 To lift him from the water then he tries,
 But, when their white hands should have met
 together,
 A new distraction fell upon the stream,
 And his, because alone, thence weeping came

When he, to bear that company, lets fall
 More tears than would have made another spring,
 Till grief had not another drop to call,
 Though to have cur'd his eyes: but will this bring
 The loved shade again? no , every tear
 Was both his own and t'other's murderer.

But more than this must be, Narcissus, borne,
 As a revenge for many nymphs that lov'd,
 And died upon the torture of thy scorn :
 And see, his eyes, that once so charming mov'd,
 Do lose their beams, and hasten to be dead,
 In their own hollows born and buried.

See, what a dotage on himself hath sent
 That brow, that challeng'd late the snow for white,
 Veins, that were made to shame the firmament,
 The cheek, that so much wonder drew to it,
 The voice, when tun'd to love, might gods entice
 To change for earth their immortalities ,

All, all is vanish'd Nemesis, have yet
 Some pity, let him live! he faints, he dies .
 'Twere safer for the boy himself to hate,
 Than, if he love, to pay so dear a price .
 He did but love himself, and, if he die
 That loves, propose the hater's destiny.

But Nemesis' irrevocable doom
Must be obey'd, though Echo late repent ;
Who, with a murmuring pace, unseen was come
To mourn for his and her own punishment ,
His groans had thrill'd her soul, and, at his death,
She comes to catch his farewell-taking breath

And as a glimmering taper, almost spent,
Gasping for moisture to maintain its fire[s],
After some dark contentions, doth present
A short-liv'd blaze, and presently expires ,
So he, collecting ebbing nature, cries,
Oh youth, belov'd in vain, farewell ! and dies

Farewell poor Echo did repeat, and fled
With what wings sorrow lent, t'embalm the boy ,
But, looking carefully to find the dead,
She miss'd the shadow of her lifeless joy ,
His body vanish'd , by what mystery
Convey'd, not found by her inquiring eye.

But, in the place where he did disappear,
Out of the ground a lovely flower betrays
His whiter leaves, and visibly did rear
His tufted head, with saffron-colour'd rays ,
Upon a smooth stem all this beauty grows ,
This change to heaven the lost Narcissus owes

Echo with wonder turns a statue-now,
Yet not an idle figure , for her eyes
From their² dark swelling springs do overflow,
Having no power to check them as they rise :
She thus presents a fountain, as she were
Meant to refresh the new-born tulip there

² *their*] The old copy " her " D.

To which, after some truce with tears, she says,
Art thou a pledge for the sweet boy I lov'd?
Oh, take a voice, tell, by what airy ways,
The choicest flower of nature is remov'd!
If in the blessed shades, I can make room
Through death to meet him in Elysium.

Assume the wings of love, Echo, away
Unto the Stygian lake, go, follow him,
There thou mayst find him on a bank of clay,
Eying himself upon the water's brim,
The sooty gods enamour'd on him are,
And round about him on his beauty stare

But since he was unkind alive to me,
I must despair to meet his love in death,
And this remaining flower, another he,
Shall be preserv'd with my best use of breath,
And, though the obstinate deserv'd to die,
I will be just, and love his memory.

But, since his curse, though just, upon his pride,
Hath made him this example for his sin,
Never shall dream ease my distracted head,
Sleep shall forget his office, and within
Dark shades, shut up from all society,
In rocks or caves I'll undiscover'd lie.

And, to redeem the shame my folly had
Contracted, by preposterous wooing man,
Whose bolder nature was in order made
To court our sex, Juno, take back again
Thy gift, from henceforth Echo will return
But their own words, sent back again in scorn

This said, she walketh to the fountain's side ,
Where she no sooner did the stream survey,
But her own shadow in the glass she spied,
And cried, some other witchcraft did betray
That heavenly boy Oh perish in some wave,
Be drown'd for ever, since thou wouldst not save !

It is not thee I seek open, thou stream,
And shew me where that fairer strumpet is,
That, from whose sight the boy's infection came,
And from poor Echo did her soul entice
Will no charm call it back ? poor Echo then,
Here cease to be the scorn of gods and men

With that impatient, she threw her weight
Into the tempting stream, where now we leave
her ;
Whom the proud waters did imprison strait,
Yet of her voice they did not quite bereave her ,
For, when I ask'd aloud, is she not dead ?
Not dead, distinctly the nymph answered
Of Echo now no more remains to tell,
But that I her, and she bid me farewell

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES,

WRITTEN TO SEVERAL PLAYS PRESENTED IN THIS
KINGDOM, AND ELSEWHERE.

A PROLOGUE TO MR. FLETCHER'S PLAY IN IRELAND

I am come to say, you must, or like the Play,
Or forfeit, gentlemen, your wits to day.
'Tis Fletcher's Comedy . if after this,
¹Detraction have but so much breath to hiss,
An English poet bid me tell you, when
He shall salute his native shore again,
He will report your stories, all this while
False, and that you have serpents in this isle ²
For your own sakes, though th'actors should not
hit,
Be, or seem wise enough to like the wit

A PROLOGUE TO THE ALCHEMIST, ACTED THERE.

The Alchemist, a play for strength of wit,
And true art, made to shame what hath been writ
In former ages, I except no worth
Of what or Greek or Latins have brought forth,

¹ *detraction*] The o 1 copy "Distraction" D

² *serpents in this isle*] See *St Patrick for Ireland*, vol. iv
p 441 D

Is now to be presented to your ear,
 For which I wish each man were a Muse here,
 To know, and in his soul be fit to be
 Judge of this masterpiece of comedy,
 That when we hear but once of Jonson's name,
 Whose mention shall make proud the breath of
 fame,

We may agree, and crowns of laurel bring
 A justice unto him the poets' king.
 But he is dead time, envious of that bliss
 Which we possess'd in that great brain of his,
 By putting out this light, hath darken'd all
 The sphere of poesy, and we let fall,
 At best, unworthy elegies on his hearse,
 A tribute that we owe his living verse;
 Which though some men, that never reach'd him
 may

Decry, that love all folly in a play,
 The wiser few shall this distinction have,
 To kneel, not tread, upon his honour'd grave.

A PROLOGUE THERE TO THE IRISH GENT[LEMAN.]³

It is our wonder, that this fair island, where
 The air is held so temperate (if there
 Be faith in old geographers, who dare
 With the most happy, boldly this compare)
 That to the noble seeds of art and wit,
 Honour'd elsewhere, it is not natural yet

³ *A prologue there to the Irish Gentle[man]*] "There is no prologue in the old quarto," says Mr Gifford, in his prefatory notice of *The Royal Master*, "but among Shirley's Poems will be found one addressed to the '*Irish Gentry*,' which I am inclined to assign to this comedy" vol iv p 102 Mr Gifford must have looked but hastily at the title of the present lines there cannot, I think, be the slightest doubt, that '*Irish Gent*,' is the name of a play, though no such piece has come down to us D

We know at first, what black and general curse
 Fell on the earth, but shall this isle be worse?²
 While others are repair'd, and grow refin'd
 By arts, shall this only to weeds be kind?
 Let it not prove a story of your time,
 And told abroad to stain this promising clime,
 That wit, and soul-enriching poesy,
 Transported hither, must like serpents die.⁴
 Unkind to both alike, shall the fair train
 Of virgin Muses only here be slain?
 Forbid it Phœbus, that this air should still,
 Like things of venom, all thy prophets kill!
 Disperse thy beams through these cold killing
 parts,
 And make it fruitful in thy own great arts.
 Oh, do not bury all your brain in glebes,
 But tune your harps to build the walls of Thebes;
 With harmony new towers frame, to be
 Dwellings for you, and your posterity!
 But truce poetic rage, and let not what
 Concerns the country, fall upon a spot
 Of it, a few here met to see a play
 All these are innocent, the better they
 To tell this fault abroad, that there may be
 Some repair done to injur'd poesy
 Then we may grow, and this place, by your rays
 Cherish'd, may turn into a grove of bays.

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY THERE, CALLED, NO WIT
 TO A WOMAN'S⁵

We are sorry, gentlemen, that with all pains
 To invite you hither, the wide house contains

⁴ *like serpents die*] See *St Patrick for Ireland*, vol. iv p. 441 D.

⁵ *No Wit to a Woman's*] Most probably the comedy by Thomas Middleton which was not printed till 1657, when it was entitled *No Wit No Help like a Woman's* D

No more Call you this term ? if the courts were
 So thin, I think 'twould make your lawyers swear,
 And curse men's charity, in whose want they thrive,
 Whilst we by it woo to be kept alive
 I'll tell you what a poet says ; two year
 He has liv'd in Dublin, yet he knows not where
 To find the city . he observ'd each gate ,
 It could not run through them, they are too strait
 When he did live in England, he heard say,
 That here were men lov'd wit, and a good play ;
 That here were gentlemen, and lords , a few
 Were bold to say, there were some ladies too
 'This he believ'd, and though they are not found
 Above, who knows what may be under ground ?
 But they do not appear, and missing these,
 He says he'll not believe your Chronicles
 Hereafter, nor the maps, since all this while,
 Dublin's invisible, and not Brasil ,
 And all that men can talk, he'll think to be
 A fiction now above all poetry
 But stay, you think he's angry , no, he pray'd
 Me tell you, he recants what he has said ,
 He's pleas'd, so you shall be, yes, and confess
 We have a way 'bove wit of man to please ,
 For though we should despair to purchase it
 By art of man, this is a Woman's Wit.

A PROLOGUE TO ANOTHER OF MASTER FLETCHER'S
 PLAYS THERE

Are there no more ? and can this Muses' sphere
 At such a time as this, so thin appear ?
 We did expect a session, and a train
 So large, to make the benches crack again
 There was no summons, sure . yes, I did see
 The writs abroad, and men with half an eye

Might read on every post, this day would sit
 Phœbus himself, and the whole court of wit
 There is a fault, Oh give me leave to say!
 You are not kind, not to yourselves, this day,
 When for the pleasure of your ear would come
 Fletcher's dear shade, to make Elysium
 Here, where each soul those learned groves might
 see,

And all the sweets are fam'd in poesy
 Were there a pageant now on foot, or some
 Strange monster from Peru or Afric come,
 Men would throng to it, any drum will bring
 (That beats a bloodless prize or cudgelling)
 Spectators hither, nay, the bears invite
 Audience, and bag-pipes can do more than wit
 'Tis pity, but awake, brave souls, awake,
 Throw off these heavy chains for your own sake
 Oh do not grieve the ghost of him, whose pen
 Had once the virtue to make statues men,
 And men turn statues! less could not besit
 Their justice, and the wonder of his wit
 Stoop, when you touch the laurels of the dead,
 Be wise, and crown again the poet's head

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY THERE, CALLED THE TOY ⁵

So sickly are the palates, now a-days,
 Of men that come to see and taste our plays,
 That when a poet hath, to please some few,
 Spent his most precious sweat, Minerva's dew,
 And after many throes, a piece brought forth,
 Legitimate in art, in nature, birth,
 'Tis not receiv'd, but most unhappy dies,
 Almost as soon as born, wit's sacrifice,

⁵ *The Toy*] No such drama is known to exist most probably it was never printed D

When children of the brain, not half so fair
 And form'd, are welcome to the nurse and air
 Since 'tis not to be help'd, and that we find,
 Poems can lay no force upon your mind,
 Whose judgments will be free, 'tis fit we prove
 All ways, till you be pleas'd to like and love
 And as at a great mart or fair, we see
 Some things of price, which all men do not buy,
 But guided by their eye, or strength of purse,
 Lay out their pence upon a hobby-horse
 Sometime, or a child's rattle, so we are
 In this wit's market furnish'd with all ware
 But please yourselves, and buy what you like best,
 Some cheap commodities mingle with the rest
 If you affect the rich ones, use your will,
 Or if the Toy take, you're all welcome still

TO ANOTHER PLAY THERE

A prologue you expect, we ask'd for one,
 Our poet said 'twas old, and should have none
 We urg'd the custom, he replied, if good,
 The play needs not, if bad, a prologue would
 Not make it better, taxing us to be
 Too superstitious We desir'd that he
 Would then give way to have another writ,
 He swore there should be none, and this was it

TO A PLAY THERE, CALLED THE GENERAL ⁶

There are some soldiers then, though but a few,
 Will see the General before they go,

⁶ *The General*] Was probably never printed a fragt-comedy under this title, was in the library of Dr Farmer, and afterwards in that of Mr Reed D

You're welcome Players have suffer'd since you
came,
And wounded too in fortunes and in fame :
Your drums and trumpets carried all the town
Into the fields, and left them here to moan
Their own sad tragedy, for want of men
Enough to kill'em. Strange ! the benches then
Were all the grave spectators, but that here
Some cruel gentlemen in your hangings were.
O dreadful word *vacation* ! But they mean
To be reveng'd upon't, and change their scene
Awhile to th'country, leave the town to blush,
Not in ten days to see one cloak of plush
I do but think how some, like ghosts, will walk
For money surely hidden, while the talk
O'th'city will be, would the term were come !
Though law came with it, we would make it room,
And own our faces in the shop again,
And for a time hope to converse with men,
To trust, and thank'em too This is a curse
For their not seeing plays, or something worse :
But to you, gentlemen, whom we have no art
To multiply, welcome, with all my heart
The General should have a guard, but we
Conceive no danger in this company .
But if you fear a plot from us, alas !
Here are so few, I think the play may pass

POEMS BY SHIRLEY,

FROM

RAWLINSON'S MS

POEMS

THE KISS

I could endure your eye, although it shot
 Lightning at first into me,
Your voice, although it charm'd my ear, had not
 The power to undo me:
But, while I on your lip would dwell,
My ravish'd heart leap'd from his cell,
 For, looking back into my breast,
I found that room without a guest

Return the heart you stole thus with a kiss,
 When last our lips did join,
Or I'll forgive the theft, to change a bliss,
 And have your heart for mine.
I ne'er till now believ'd it truth,
'That lovers' hearts were at their mouth ,
 Now by experience I may say,
 That men may kiss their hearts away.

ORPHEUS

From the Stygian abyss,
Where all kind of torment is
For the sinful race of men,
Comes pale Orpheus agen,
With groans upon his lyre to tell
Horrid pains, and plagues of Hell

Walking through the gloomy brakes,
Some I saw were whipt with snakes ,
Some did burn , while others cried,
In the frozen lakes they died,
But by shifting of their pain,
They found it death to live again
For whose sake, when I did try
With my harp to mollify,
Not one torment could I charm
To do the pale, poor ghosts no harm ,
Their pains encreased at my chime,
For abusing life and time
Though I mov'd the forest here,
I drew no compassion there
Strains may men and satyrs quell,
But no art can soften Hell.

UPON THE LADY RIVERS, WHO DIED WITH GRIEF ,
EPITAPH.

Gentle eyes, your tears distill
So oft upon this stone, until
The marble yield, for under there's
A River to receive your tears.
If the stone prove hard, and so
Deny a passage to your woe,
Shed so many drops upon
The marble, till you drown the stone,
For between two Rivers then
Shall no more this tomb be seen
If you not so much water have
To drench this figure in a wave,
In it sad Niobe will appear,
Or statua compos'd of tear ,
A frozen sorrow, all her own,
A woman wept into a stone

PARANYMPHI

- 1 Come away, Hymen doth stay,
 All his tapers burn away
 2 Time it is, to change the life
 Of barren maid to fruitful wife
 1. Come away, away, away,
 2 And upon his altars lay
 Nuptial vows, these are the myrrh
 With which his fanes perfumed are
 1 You shall need no fire but this,
 2 All is kindled with a kiss
 1 Joined hands, united hearts,
 Music is of many parts
 2 Wear no garlands on your head,
 But of roses, white and red
 1 To Hymen, Venus, and her son,
 Haste, and let the rites be done

UPON M. E. S. EPITAPH

If, to maintain the use, I must
 Say, here lies,—Here lies the dust
 Of one, that added to the Graces,
 Whose memory no death defaces,
 Not she herself to heaven flown,
 Earth hath nothing but her own
 She cannot be, it is most true,
 Here, and in heaven an angel too

UPON A PARSON

For them that leave no monument
 Behind them good, much gold is spent
 To build a tomb—the gentle son
 Will turn his father into stone,

And on a cushion carved fair
 Cut him into form of prayer,
 And in jet beneath command
 To be writ in golden hand,
 (If no other good beside,)
 His worship's name, and when he died.
 But when did charity find room
 To raise an honest parson's tomb,
 Or bestow upon his hearse
 Figure, or a marble verse?
 Then let her, whom he did trust
 With life and love, enclose his dust
 At the cost of double mite,
 (The widow's all,) and underwrite
 This epitaph, which she'd have read
 To shew her duty to the dead

Epitaph inscribed on a small piece of marble

No more marble let him have,
 He hath treasure in his grave,
 And his piety will survive,
 To keep his memory alive
 A glorious nothing it would be,
 To say, his tomb were rich, not he.

VERSES

Canst thou, dear God, forgive so soon
 A soul hath sinn'd so long?
 Canst thou submit thyself to one,
 That loads thee still with wrong?
 Canst thou invite me to repent,
 And woo me to return,
 As if thy Godhead were destroy'd,
 If I in hell should burn?

Thou never wert in such distress
 Of me, a barren shade,
 Nor could thy honour have been less,
 Though I had ne'er been made
 Could I with all the saints compare,
 Yet I were black to thee ,
 But more defil'd than lepers are
 Whence is this love to me ?

Canst thou be just in the reward
 Of goodness, and of sin ?
 Are angels at heaven's gate a guard,
 And shall I enter in ?
 It is no virtue of mine own,
 But blood of him that died,
 Our elder brother, and thy son,
 Whom my sins crucified

Strange way, by such a guiltless wave,
 To wash away our crimes,
 Whose least drop was enough to save
 The world a thousand times '
 For every crimson tear, that he
 Thus shed to make me live,
 Oh, wherefore, wherefore have not I
 A thousand souls to give !

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN, THAT DIED, WITH CHILD.
 BY BLOOD-LETTING

Tears are too late, sad friends to her that's gone ,
 You should, when she was living, wept upon
 Her sufferings , had you conspir'd your woes,
 Your sighs, and elegies in time, who knows
 But heaven would have relented, and maintain'd
 Her life, at once if many had complain'd ,

She's now past reach of sorrow. Had she been
One of a small and single virtue, then
The world, that suffers not in private theft,
Had pardon'd you and death, since more were left
To have repaid that loss, but when she died,
Richer in goodness than her sex beside,
You were to blame to summon no relief,
When millions would have fled to prayer and grief,
To have preserv'd her still. Beside, you knew
What brought her to that groan, out of which flew
Her angel soul, compassion to see
Sin in the earth so fruitful, and to be
A benefactor to the world, she tried
To multiply her virtue, and so died.
Thus, while she labour'd to enrich us all,
We lost both copy and original
But now I find, why no sad voices rent
The air, opinion made you confident,
'Twas the physician you did trust, whose art
Made promises to reconcile her heart
To a calm temper, but the blood he took
Convey'd her life with it; 't' th' crimson brook
Who could not see it ebb? Then, if you be
Excus'd for silence, ye shall join with me
T'arraign him, and such agents for the tomb,
That betray bodies, ere their time be come,
To the cold marble: what can they reply
To make us be less discontent to die
Hereafter, than be cur'd? were they not curst
That they have medicine to restore the worst,
And is it not within their art to give
Them life, for whose sake they and others live?
No marvel if so many women be
Afraid to be so chaste and good as she
If thus physicians practise, heaven I crave,
Let it be death hereafter, when they save!

COMMENDATORY VERSES

BY SHIRLEY.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO THE AUTHOR UPON HIS POEM ¹

While other Muses wanton poems sing,
Thy pen, being taken from a cherub's wing,

¹ *To the Author upon his Poem*] Prefixed to *La Dance Machabre, or Death's Duell* by W^c [olman] in d small octavo it has an exquisitely engraved title page by Cerill, and a dedication in French "A la Royné"—i e Henrietta Maria. I used to consider my copy of this poem unique, till I discovered another among the volumes bequeathed to the Bodleian Library by Malone, who has noted, on one of its fly leaves, that he "purchased it at an enormous price," at the sale of Mr Reed's books. For the benefit of those readers who are curious in old English literature, I subjoin a few stanzas from *La Dance Machabre*

"The careful pilot, wafting from the shore
His full fraught vessel, sitteth at the stern,
Judiciously to guide what goes before,
And from the hoary-headed pole doth learn
Which way to steer, and furrow up the ocean,
With a secure, though unsteady, motion

"The world's the sea, and we the vessels are,
Consideration steersman, and pale Death
The stein, in which we have an equal share,
Swift-footed Time still towards us beckoneth,
Dappled with age, which careless youth doth know,
Yet all too late believes it to be so

"But so it is, whate'er we do pretend,
And fondly flatter our imagination,
Being as near unto our journey's end,
For ought we know, as aged declination,
Experience tells us, whence we may presage
No certainty in youth, nor hope in age

Teacheth the way to bliss, where they and we
 Meet in a quire, to adore eternity:
 Death must begin our triumph, and the dust,
 That hangs upon our fleshy garment, must
 Be first brush'd off the vanities of life,
 Riches and pleasures, that but sweeten strife,
 And to the eye of sense make² Death appear
 Deform'd, by thy diviner raptures here
 Are quite destroy'd, the rugged path made even,
 And men acknowledge thee the way to heaven

" The one may live, the other cannot long,
 A possibility on which we build
 Our certain ruin, and receive a wrong
 That's irrecoverable, if we yield
 Unto such reasons nature will produce,
 In her desires evermore profuse

" He whose pulse beats the strongest, hath no more
 Assurance of his life than he that lies
 Upon his death-bed, and perhaps before
 His dear companion, whom he mourns for, dies
 The near-allied, whose care the sick attends,
 Sicken themselves, and die before their friends

" The Priest doth offer holy sacrifice
 Upon the altar for departing souls
 Live to be present at his obsequies,
 And hear the sexton's death-bell when it tolls
 So the physician, while he physic gives
 T'another, dies himself, his patient lives

" The forward heir, who thinks that life too long
 By which he lives, desirous to see
 His father canoniz'd whilst he is young,
 And not go limping t'immortality,
 Leaves him oft-times, although decrepit, ill,
 To be the over-seer of his will

" For honour this, for office, that man waits,
 A third gapes for a new-bought benefice,
 Meanwhile Death with inevitable baits
 Cancels their hopes, the Priest the Clerk survives,
 And many a time and oft, when he is dead,
 Feeds on the goose that grazeth o'er his head.

pp 4, 5, 6 D

² make] The old copy " makes " D

TO MY FRIEND³ MASTER JOHN FORD

Unto this altar, rich with thy own spice,
 I bring one grain to thy Love's Sacrifice;
 And boast to see thy flames ascending, while
 Perfumes enrich our air from thy sweet pile
 Look here, thou,⁴ that hast malice to the stage,
 And impudence enough for the whole age,
 Voluminously ignorant! be vext
 To read this tragedy, and thy own be next

'TO THE DESERVING AUTHOR, UPON HIS ESSAYS⁵

'Tis common to commend; but to deserve,
 Is for some few, that march in a reserve
 With thee Thy Essays, rich in native worth,
 Need not our trimming praise to set them forth,
 But while judicious men the readers be,
 Are monuments of judgment, wit, and thee

³ *To my friend, &c*] Prefixed to *Love's Sacrifice*, 1633

⁴ *Look here, thou, &c*] Prynne Octavius Gilchrist (*Letter to W Gifford, 1sq on the late edition of Ford's Plays, p 33*) observes, that, though the title of Prynne's book, *Histrion-mastix, the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedie*, in addition to its whimsical division into acts and scenes, might have suggested to Shurley the point with which he closes these verses, it is most probable that the expression "thy own tragedy" was an anticipation of the punishment about to fall on that maligner of the drama D

⁵ *To the deserving author, &c*] Prefixed to *Horæ Iacuae, or Essays Some Occasionall Considerations*, by John Hall, 1646, 16mo This little volume was published by Hall at the age of nineteen His *Poems*, which appeared with the same date, have been reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges He wrote several other works, and died before he had completed his twenty-ninth year D

IN LAudem AUTHORIS ⁶

Though here be wonder when 'tis known
 A child⁷ should make this work his own.
 (Since he that can translate and please,
 Must needs command two languages)
 Yet this is nothing to the rest
 Of treasure, which this little chest
 Contains, and will in time break⁸ forth,
 'To call just volumes of his worth.
 If thus a branch, what will he be
 When he is grown to be a tree?⁹
 So glorious in the bud, let men
 Look for th'Hesperides again,
 And gather fruit, nor think't unfit
 A child should teach the world more wit

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER RICHARD BROME,
 UPON HIS COMEDY, CALLED A JOVIAL CREW, OR
 THE MERRY BEGGARS.⁹

This Comedy, ingenious friend, will raise
 Itself a monument, without a praise
 Begg'd by the stationer, who, with strength of purse
 And pens, takes care to make his book sell worse
 And I dare calculate thy Play, although
 Not elevated unto fifty two,

⁶ *In Laudem Authoris*] Prefixed to *Youth's Behaviour, or Decency in Conversation amongst Men* (composed in French by grave persons, for the use and benefit of their youth Now newly turned into English By Francis Hawkins The fourth Edition, &c 1646, small 8vo D

⁷ The translator was only eight years of age D

⁸ *break*] In an ed of 1668 "bring," as cited in *Brit Bib* vol iv p xii D.

⁹ *To his worthy friend, &c*] Prefixed to the 4to ed of *A Jovial Crew*, 1652 From the pen of Richard Brome, who was originally a menial servant to Ben Jonson, we possess sixteen plays one of them was written in conjunction with Heywood D

It may grow old as time or wit, and he,
 That dares despise, may after envy, thee
 Learning, the file of poesy, may be
 Fetch'd from the arts and university,
 But he that writes a play and good, must know,
 Beyond his books, men and their actions too
 Copies of verse, that make the new men sweat,
 Reach not a poem, nor the Muses' heat
 Small bavin wits and wood may burn awhile,
 And make more noise than forests on a pile,
 Whose fibres¹ shrunk may invite a piteous stream,
 Not to lament, but to extinguish them
 Thy fancy's nettle, and thy strains much higher
 Proof 'gainst their wit, and what that dreads, the
 fire

UPON THE PRINTING OF MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S
 WORKS.²

What means this numerous guard? or do we come
 To file our names or verse upon the tomb
 Of Fletcher, and by boldly making known
 His wit, betray the nothing of our own?
 For, if we grant him dead, it is as true
 Against ourselves, no wit, no poet now,
 Or, if he be return'd from his cool shade
 To us, this Book his resurrection's made
 We bleed ourselves to death, and but contrive
 By our own epitaphs to shew him alive
 But let him live, and let me prophecy,
 As I go swan-like out, our peace is nigh,
 A balm unto the wounded age I sing,
 And nothing now is wanting but the King

¹ fibres] The old copy. Ivers. D
² Upon the Printing of Mr. John Fletcher's Works.] Piched
 to the folio collection of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays,
 1617. D

TO MY VERY MUCH HONOUR'D, AND JUDICIOUS FRIEND,
MAJOR WRIGHT, UPON HIS LOVING ENEMY.³

This book, sir, needs no fillet on the brows,
Or silken Muse, to grace it ; Beauty grows
In every line, and borrow'd Grace defies,—
Tie ribbons where you mean to sacrifice.

Oh, had this fair composure been my own,
I should have boasted some perfection,
And my exalted soul reach'd that degree,
Before I died, to *love my enemy* !
But this piece to your art owes all her glory,
And I but late admitted to your story,
Am only now concern'd to wonder, how
You should throne Love and Malice in one brow,
So sweet, I knew not, as the flames were drest,
Whether the Fiend or Angel pleas'd me best ,
For still Chione ravish'd as she mov'd,
Her rage as excellent as when she lov'd ;
Had there been less of either in her blood,
I had repented Laurean was so good.
But with what reason, some bold critic says,
Should I on you translate the Author's praise ?
'This was Bellay's divide me 'twixt you two ,
But what I understand I owe to you.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR EDMUND PRESTWICH,
UPON HIS ELLGANT POEMS⁴

Sir, you have gently cur'd my fears, and I
Congratulate emergent Poesy,

³ *To my very much honoured &c*] Prefixed to *The Loving Enemy, or, a famous true History, Written originally in the French Tongue, by the most incomparable Penman of the Age, J. P. Camus B[ishop] of Belley Made English by Major Wright, As his Recreation, during his Imprisonment, 1650, 12mo* D

⁴ *To my noble friend &c*] Prefixed to *Hippolitus, Translated out of Seneca By Edmund Prestwich Together with divers other Poems of the same Author's 1651 12mo* D

And you, her tutelar Angel, who have made
 Her live, and by your wit secur'd her shade.
 By you (his better Seneca) reviv'd,
 Hippolitus is now grown longer liv'd,
 And Seneca himself, that could not die,
 Hath gain'd another immortality
 Yet here you but translated · when you chuse
 An amorous tract, and speak your own free Muse,
 My admiration over-reads my eye,
 And I am lost in the full harmony.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR JOHN OGILBY.⁵

In what part of our hemisphere could spread
 A cloud, so long t'obscure thy radiant head?
 Shine forth, prodigious star, and make us know
 What to thy welcome beams our age must owe!
 As thou appear'st, how doth each trembling light
 Retreat, whilst thou emergent from the night,
 Like day's new sovereign, hast discover'd more
 Than all their revolutions shew'd before!

At this a marble heaves' Methinks, I see
 The learned shade of Virgil rise to thee,
 Taught our own language, with that soul and sense
 As hath not sham'd his Roman eloquence;
 And, kissing his fresh shroud, smile that he must
 Confess himself thy debtor in his dust,
 Whilst we admire both thy bold hand and fate,
 Who hast perform'd the next thing to create

Yet here thou leav'st us not, as if thy fame
 Were narrow, and too stooping for thy name,
 Æsop, the great Mythologist, thy pen
 Hath rais'd, and more than made alive again

⁵ To my worthy friend &c] Prefixed to *The Fables of Æsop Paraphras'd in Verse and adorn'd with Sculpture*, by John Ogilby, 1651, 4to Concerning Ogilby, and his acquaintance with Shirley, see the Account of our poet and his writings D

When rhymers vex'd his ghost and men to see't,
 Staining fair paper with their cloven feet,
 Thou hast new made him, for, as if by thee
 Shuffled into his antique dust, we see
 Him rise, but visible in some carthy part,
 His soul is the new creature of thy art
 This could thy great converse with Virgil do,
 To make old Æsop rise a poet too

What in thy method must our wits amaze
 Next thy Translation, and this Paraphrase ?
 Awake that Poem, born from thy own flame,
 And at least second in heroic name ,
 This, only this remains , then, thou may'st try,
 And thy Muse tell thee 'tis too late, to die.

ON THE DEATH OF ANNE,⁶ QUEEN OF JAMES THE
 FIRST

Oh, let me weep ! and, though I censur'd be,
 I'll add one drop of water to this sea .
 Yet why should this be vain, since that before
 Heaven being full, one star is added more ?

*Flens post posuit Jac Shurley, Aul Cather in
 Art Bar*

⁶ On the death of Anne &c] These verses, and the epitaph, are written on a fly leaf at the end of a copy of the following work, in the possession of Mr David Laing of Edinburgh, who kindly communicated them to me *Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses In obitum Serenissimæ Reginæ Annæ, Conjugis dilectissimæ Jacobi Magnæ Britanniæ et Hiberniæ Regis*, 1619, 4to The first four lines were transplanted by Shurley, with some variations, into his poems *Upon the Death of G M* and *Upon the Death of King James*, as the latter stands in Rawlinson's MS see p 443 D

EPITAPHIUM

Lo, here the star, which rose on Denmark's sky,
By Juno fix'd in Scotland's royal sphere !
Whose princely orb did mount her up so high,
That she on kingdoms three shun'd sixteen year,
To mighty kings both daughter, sister, wife,
And mother,—have her princely son long life !
Now God her soul, the world her fame doth keep,
All hearts her love, her corpse herein doth sleep

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FINIS.